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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1982 \$2.95

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PRIMAL THRILLS**

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A VERBAL
INTERVIEW**

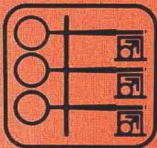
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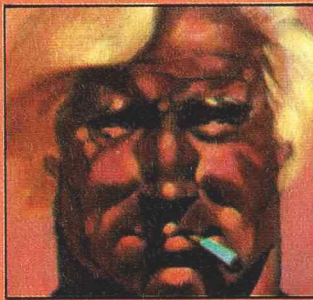
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Pet of the Month



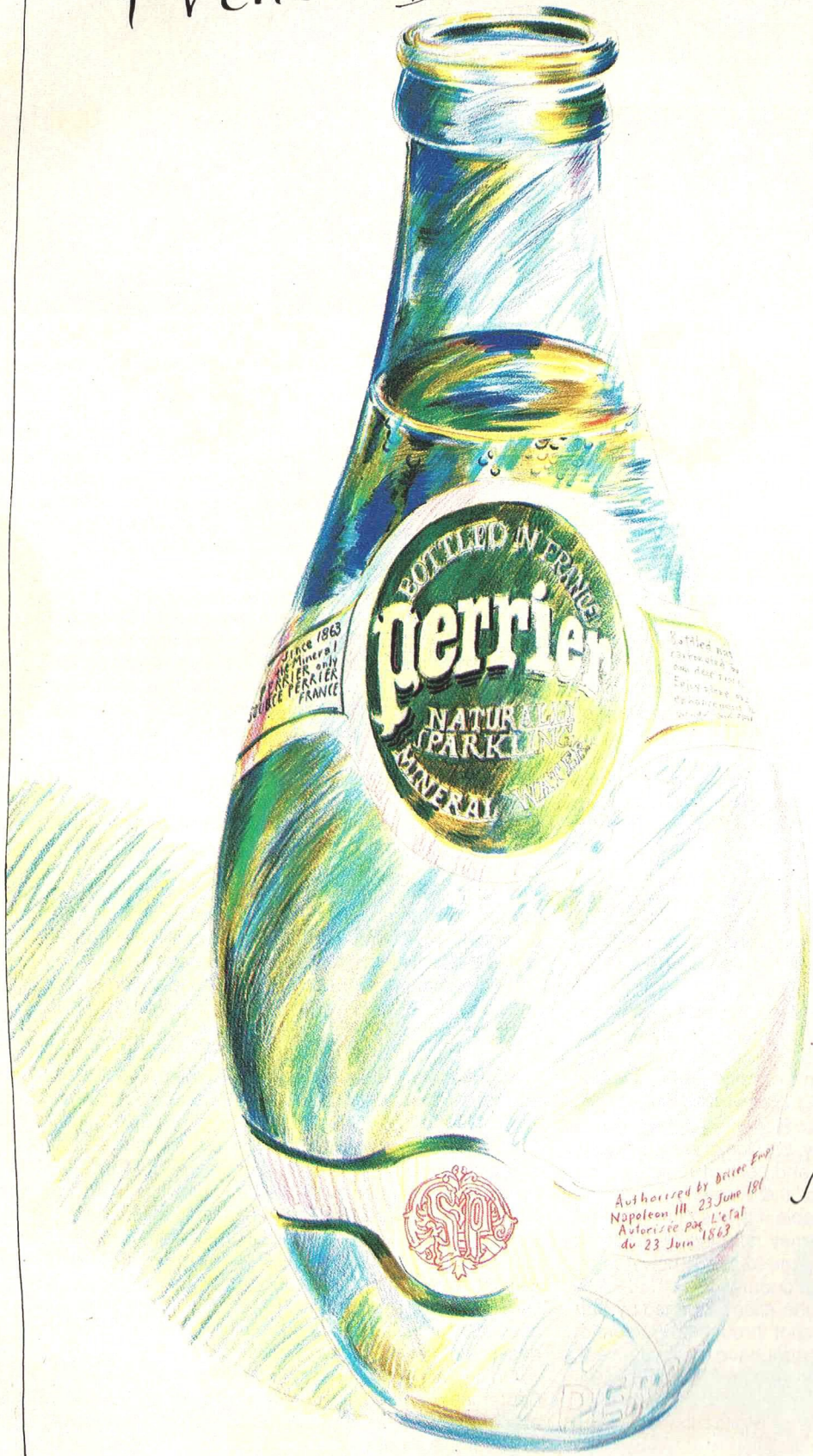
The Broad View



Special FX

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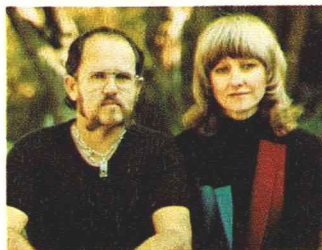
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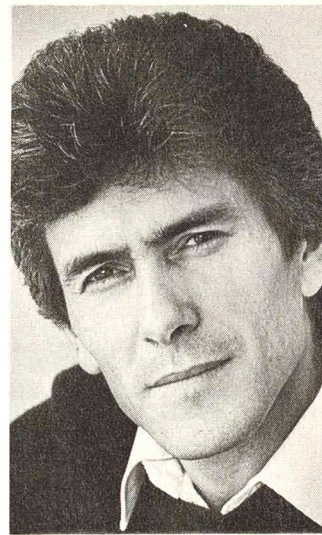
GREG HUNTER



ROBBIE SWAN



OTTO & CHRIS



PETER MCKAY

HOUSECALL

This month, *Australian Penthouse* makes some startling and exclusive disclosures about the secret US installation at Pine Gap. The Australian public has never been told the exact nature or number of US bases in Australia. Even the Federal Government appears to be in the dark about their purpose. When the existence of a particular operation is acknowledged, we are informed that it is concerned with space research or geological studies. But convicted American spy Christopher Boyce has claimed that the US is deceiving Australia on the subject of bases like Pine Gap, and it is now generally accepted that these facilities are a crucial component of the Americans' military communications network. The picture is grimmer than that, however. An accidental discovery by *Penthouse* writer Geoffrey E. Smith indicates that Pine Gap is much more than a passive communications centre. In *The Pine Gap Puzzle*, starting on page 34, Smith makes some alarming suggestions about what is really happening behind the electrified fences which surround the most vital US base in Australia.

This may be the nuclear age, but until someone comes up with an atomic handgun, the human hunter will have to choose between the rifle and the bow and arrow. After spending a weekend out west with some of the country's top bowhunters, Phil Abraham found it easy to understand the rising popularity of the sport. Peter Simons shot the stunning photo series for *The Hunting Party*, which starts on page 54.

That controversial cancer doctor, Milan Brych, focused the media spotlight on the Cook Islands a few years ago when he set up a clinic on the tiny archipelago which lies only eight flying hours north-west of Sydney. The Cooks don't usually generate much news in Australia — but that doesn't mean the place is just another tranquil tropical paradise. In fact, as William Royal discovered when he flew there recently, the Cooks are a bankrupt banana republic ruled by a bickering and corrupt regime which survives on the excessive goodwill of the Western world. The situation in the Cooks would be laughable if it wasn't for the fact that a huge amount of Australian money is being squandered there. Turn to *Plundering Paradise* on page 82 to see how Australian aid abroad becomes Australian aid underwater.

Were you amazed by the antics of the *Alien*? Stunned by *Star Wars*' special effects? Riveted to the spot throughout *Raiders of the Lost Ark*? If you were, then you'd better hang on to your seat, because you ain't seen nothing yet. In *Special FX* on page 94, Denis Whitburn offers a behind-the-scenes look at the special effects industry, which spends hundreds of millions of dollars annually convincing you to believe the unbelievable. Whitburn also previews some upcoming offerings featuring bizarre effects which outdo anything you have ever seen on the screen.

Once again, *Penthouse* has been speaking with the men who matter. This month we offer two interviews with two very different personalities. At the age of 24, Mark Birrell is the youngest member of the Liberal Party's Federal Executive. Birrell is the man many Liberals are looking to in their attempts to attract the youth vote — a section of the electorate which the party has previously tended to ignore. In an outspoken interview with Robbie Swan, Birrell points out the flaws he sees in his party's attitudes toward young voters. Debbie Russell illustrated *The Pied Piper of Politics*, which begins on page 62.

Penthouse writer Greg Hunter conducted our second interview with Rugby League commentator Rex Mossop. Mossop's abrasively macho style and unique delivery have elevated him from being a mere football caller to the status of a national identity — five times winner of the *National Times* tautology pennant. Hunter found Mossop to be an intimidating (at first) and entertaining conversationalist: a tremendously opinionated individual, particularly on the subject of the VFL invasion of his Rugby League territory. Hunter's talk with Mossop is on page 128. Margaret Olah shot the photo.

September *Penthouse* continues its History of Crime in Australia with an account of the bloody gang wars in Sydney during the 1920s which earned the city the title of "Chicago of the South". Brothel-owners, drug distributors and sly grog traders waged war for control of the back lanes of Darlinghurst, with the cut-throat razor as their weapon. *The Law of the Razor*, the fifth in this 12-part series by Denis Whitburn, begins on page 120.

If you haven't been scoring too well lately, then perhaps you should turn to page 91 and take some advice from Kathy Lette, whose pointers for pants men might tell you where you've been going wrong. Frants Kantor created the accompanying illustration of the all-Australian male. However, if you've had enough advice from women for a while, try Michael Kent's satirical look at the feminist movement, *I Was a Token Male*, for a little light-hearted relief. Nicholas Harding did the illustration on page 50.

Also this month, we continue the story of Morris Lurie's Professor of Pornography with *In The Flesh*, illustrated by Otto and Chris, who also painted the American Eagle which adorns the Pine Gap story. Richard Morgan presents the array of new 1982 hi-fi creations; fashion editor Sue Smith looks at casual wear; Ben Bova considers the likelihood of a war in space in *Advise and Dissent* and motoring expert Peter McKay previews some of the absolutely amazing creations coming out of the hub of automotive design innovation: northern Italy.

On the subject of amazing creations, consider Marilyn Natty, September *Penthouse*'s cover girl and Pet of the Month. Our blue-eyed blonde Pet flew to Bali with photographer Warwick Gibson to shoot this month's centrefold. For your pleasure we also present pretty baby Cami O'Connor and Lari Jones, a backwoods girl who's right up-front. 



For the man with the gentle touch.

The AWA-Clarion PE-962 is one beauty you'll never tire of playing with. Its electronic PLL digital synthesizer tuner, with ten station (5FM and 5AM) presets, a programmable memory, and a choice of auto-scan, seek and manual up/down tuning modes, makes favorite-station selection pushbutton simple. You'll never miss or mistune a station again.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Any time

Pubic hair or no pubic hair — Michelle Rodin (July *Penthouse*) can come and sit on my face any time she wants. — *Name and address indecipherable*

Our boys

Thank you for your story in July *Penthouse* called "Our Boys In The Sinai". My son is over there and of course we get mail from him, but it was a terrific surprise to see his picture in your magazine. We live in a town of 2800 people. The local news-agent gave me a copy of *Penthouse* to read the story. Well, when we found his picture inside I think three-quarters of this town bought the magazine. His name is Corporal Jim Bohm, Instrument Fitter. I wonder if you could send us a negative of that photo, as I'm keeping a scrapbook. Again, thank you for a wonderful story. — *Iris J. Bohm, Narromine, NSW*

A Munday man

Congratulations on your Jack Munday interview (May *Penthouse*). As one who was privileged to know Jack in the early Seventies, I can attest that he is a man of extraordinary integrity. I vividly recall his passing mention of big-money offers from developers — typically scorned — when he was speaking at the University of New England in 1972. As the recent Royal Commission has revealed, "Big" Norm Gallagher had no such principles, but rather chose to feather his own nest. He stands condemned. I share Jack's dreams for the future. — *Gary Ansell, Darwin, NT*

Come on, girls

As an occasional reader of *Penthouse* I am always pleased with the standard of your magazine's articles. But "The Last Cowboy" (February *Penthouse*) drew a slight chuckle from a few of the boys at the station. Come on girls, who are you trying to kid? That photo of the mob being chased by some silly bugger with a rope is a good one — they're the only brumbies I have seen that were shod! Yes, that was a bit of a blue, wasn't it? Also, the horses in another photo have pulled tails. Who did that — the fairies, I suppose? Don't get me wrong, though. I'm glad to see the ringer finally getting recognition for the life he has chosen to lead. Come to Queensland and I think you'll find your share of real ringers. — *Damien Hobbs, Bulloo Downs, Qld*

Beaut Ute

Seeing the June issue of *Penthouse*, and your Pet of the Month Ute Hochmeister, made my mouth water and caused my heart-rate to rise rapidly. Where do you find all these beautiful women?

Not forgetting the sensuous curves of that Brisbane chick, Gabrielle Baldwin. Her eyes melted me. Keep up the good work. A word of advice: perhaps a more intimate look at the girls in future? — *Michael Lions, Hackham, SA*

A word of advice: subscribe to *Penthouse* and we send you the NSW version, in which, because of less stringent censorship laws, we provide a much more intimate look at the girls. — *Ed*

Hard rocker

Congratulations on a great magazine. How about a photo feature on the ladies of Aussie rock? We've got some real spunks on the music scene — like Sharon O'Neill, the two Cheetah chicks, Annalise of The Numbers, Renee Geyer, and my favorite: Chrissie Amphlett of The Divinyls. I'd like to see her bent over a school desk in her uniform, with her knickers down, of course. — *Mick Cooper, Athol Park, SA*

Tatts okay

How good it is to see Aussie rock and roll featured in your magazine. The article on Rose Tattoo's Angry Anderson (July *Penthouse*) was an excellent piece of journalism which was, I'm sure, enjoyed immensely by your readers. The Tatts are definitely Australia's premier rock band and I applaud your taste. But Rose Tattoo is just one of many bands that pump out great music around the traps.

It would be good to see a few more Australian bands making an appearance in *Penthouse*. Perhaps Midnight Oil or Heroes might also be interviewed by your fine publication. There is ample talent to draw from. — *Murray Nash, address not supplied*

Cross at us

Please find enclosed two pages of cartoons called "Cross Purposes" from the June issue of *Penthouse*. Since you have seen fit to publish these pages you must appreciate them. I fail to see anything funny in them, and for your sake I hope you can't either. Both my husband and I enjoy

reading *Penthouse*, but I'm afraid both of us took offence at these pages. If similar articles appear we will cease to buy the magazine. — *Andria J. Smith, Brisbane*

To each his own. We're not out to offend anyone, but if we think something's good we see no reason to hold it back from the general public in case it may disturb a minority group. Perhaps that's a risk certain people take when they buy *Penthouse*. — *Ed*

Killing in space

A copy of the June issue of *Penthouse* was brought to my attention this week. The article "Space Wars," by Ernest Volkman, was very interesting.

I thought I might add the following information about the practicality of killer satellites and death rays as mentioned in your story.

The concept of a war in space may be a greater fantasy than we suppose. A single two-megaton nuclear blast outside the sensible atmosphere of earth would set up a pulse in objects as far as 36,000 kilometres away, rendering most of the sophisticated weapons discussed in your article useless.

Such a blast would send out in all directions high-energy radiation, such as gamma rays and X rays, which would induce extremely large currents and voltages in the electronics of these satellites, causing the burnout of the semi-conductors and transistors. The effect is called a System Generated Electromagnetic Pulse, or SGEMP. Besides the SGEMP effect, there would also be TREE effects (Transient Radiation Effects on Electronics), which would damage crystalline lattices in semi-conductors and set up currents in other solid-state devices.

A single nuclear device would damage hundreds of satellites and space stations. Which of the superpowers would break the present agreement to exclude nuclear weapons from space is a moot point, as its own weapons would also fall victim to the latent radiation over a period of time.

Although I am a physics teacher, I am no genius. A complete discussion of this topic appeared in the March 12, 1982, issue of *Science*.

I am glad to see your magazine taking an intelligent look at this crucial subject. — *Name and address withheld*

PREPARE FOR ACTION.

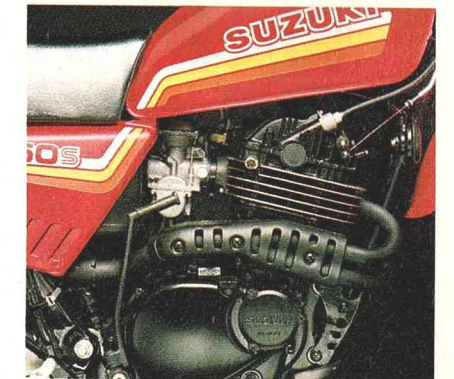


At last there's a 250 that really is dual-purpose. Because SUZUKI's new DR250 is new from the ground up, not just a motocrosser with lights or a road bike with high-mounted mudguards.



SUZUKI'S OHC four-stroke single DR250 brings you superb road manners for economical everyday transport, as well as dynamite performance on the dirt.

the design of the DR250's single overhead camshaft, four-valve motor. Our patented TSCC (Twin Swirl Combustion Chamber) system gives outstanding power, with stump-pulling torque. This means a super-wide power range to give you instant throttle response at virtually any revs.



IT'S A WORKER.

On the road, the SUZUKI DR250 behaves impeccably. The features that make it such a weapon on the dirt also result in a comfortable, convenient commuter that delivers excellent fuel economy into



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It even comes in four colours.



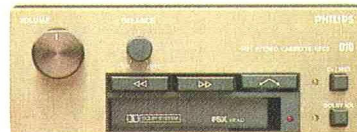
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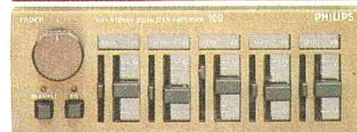
Take a trip on Surrealistic Sound.



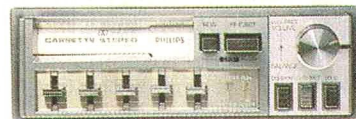
AC290 Stereo Cassette Player. Locking FF/Rewind, separate bass boost and muting switches.



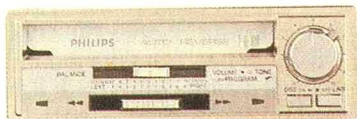
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to: Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Rhapsody in blue

I noticed recently while reading "Forum" that people are sharing not only their experiences but also their fantasies. Here is my favorite fantasy.

I am lying on a large bed and there is a soft, blue light shining down on me. My wrists are tied to posts with silk scarves. My legs are free. My arse is at the edge of the bed and my feet are in velvet stirrups.

A man steps from the darkness into the circle of blue light and kneels in front of my pussy. He begins caressing my thighs with his lips, lightly tasting my flesh. He lingers near my pussy, breathing in my musky, woman smell. He parts my lips and runs his tongue from my arse to my clit. I gasp from the rush of pleasure and can feel my breasts swell and my nipples harden. I turn my head to the side to concentrate on the sensations and suddenly notice that there is someone watching.

From his hips up he is in the darkness. His lower body is in the light. He is dark from the sun and thickly muscled. With his left hand he is caressing his large balls, and with his right he is stroking his cock.

His cock is enormous. My eyes are wide with terror and anticipation, and my heart beats wildly as I realise that the man between my legs with the soft lips and talented tongue is getting me ready for an experience I'll never forget.

I stare at my captor's large cock and feel he must be proud of it. It is getting hard like a flexed muscle and turning darker from the blood rushing into it. The head is sleek and very big around. A drop of clear fluid seeps out and he smears it over the head.

I am starting to sweat from the excitement and struggle at my bindings. I want to touch and taste his manhood. I feel two fingers enter my snatch and it aches for more. I feel my pussy juice running down my arse as another finger is inserted. Oh, how good it feels! He is opening me up so that there will be room. The musky perfume of my pussy fills the air, and I want to taste his fingers. Suddenly he withdraws and says, "She's ready".

My captor walks toward me and I feel faint. He kneels on the bed and straddles my breasts. He's letting me taste it. I run my tongue along the underside of his huge shaft. Will he try to put all of it inside me? I hope so. I roll my tongue around the head and wrap my lips around it. It fills my mouth and he moans his pleasure.

I look up as he withdraws from my lips. I see the fire of lust in his eyes. I feel honored to be his captive. He kneels beside me and surveys my body in the blue light. He gets up and stands at the edge of the bed. He picks up my arse and moves me a couple of feet. He kneels between my legs and rubs the head of his cock between my pussy lips, getting himself wet with my juices. He spreads my lips and inserts the head. I feel the tremors of my first orgasm, and suck in my breath. He slides another inch into my pussy, then another, slowly, so that I will get used to the size. He has most of it inside of me now and I feel him hit bottom. There are two inches to go. He pushes gently and firmly, and I feel him deep in my belly, throbbing against the walls of my womb. I let out my breath and relax, and he withdraws all but two inches. He slowly slides those two wonderful inches in and out of my dripping pussy and drives me to a frenzy. How I love to be teased. He rubs my clit with his thumb and I explode in a mind-numbing orgasm.

Suddenly he plunges himself in to the hilt and his balls slap against my bum. I am still coming. I wrap my legs around him as he thrusts his thick pleasure rod in and out of my quivering pussy. Oh, give it to me! He pulls out again and teases me with the head. I am spoiled for life. I've never felt such ecstasy. Again and again he pounds his beautiful cock into me, lifting my arse from the bed. I am moaning wildly and I can hear him groaning with pleasure. I am tripping from one continuous orgasm.

Suddenly his cock swells and his balls get tight. His muscles stiffen. He's grunting like an animal as he slams his hips against me long and hard. I am coming again with such force that I find it hard to breathe, and scream with pleasure with the last of my breath. My mind is spinning into a black void as I feel his hot come gushing into me. — Name and address withheld

Banana split

I have been enjoying your magazine since my first year at university and have always been fond of your sexy pictorials and provocative letters. My fiancée, Leslie, and I have grown extremely fond of the "Forum" section because of the fantasies and ideas it provides us with sexually. It really does expand both our imaginations.

Anyway, I would like to turn your readers on to an experience I had last

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Published by
ADM FRANCHISE PTY. LTD.
Executive Director: Peter McWilliam

EDITOR
Andrew Cowell

EDITORIAL

Production Editor: Corinne Mackay; Staff Writers: Phil Abraham and Greg Hunter; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Art Director: John Byrne; Assistant Art Directors: Cheryl Collins and Fiona Polkinghorne; Fashion Editor: Sue Smith; Editorial Assistant: Steve Loneragan; Political Correspondent: Mungo MacCallum; Hi-Fi Editor: Richard Morgan; Contributing Editors: Denis Whitburn, Sallie-Anne Huckstep and Jeremy Cook.

ADVERTISING

Advertising: Tony Flook; Advertising Traffic Manager: Jill Van Der Horn; Victorian Representative: Peter Reid, Tel. (03) 519-282; SA Representative: Mark and Harry Hastwell, Tel. (08) 79-9271; Queensland Representative: Media Services, Tel. (07) 229-6033; WA Representative: Ian Sutton, Tel. (09) 367-1813.

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PRODUCTION

Production Manager: Dennis Bradshaw; Production Assistant: Malcolm Burgess; Typesetting: Harlen Overset.

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
165 Riley Street, East Sydney, 2010; Box 4084
GPO Sydney 2001. Telephone 331 6444

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon and Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(US edition)

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SEPTEMBER

PHILIPS
We want you
to have the best

week with Leslie. Let me first give you a description of this spunkrat. She is 24, with wild brown hair, and a face and figure so luscious that I crave her constantly. She has a lovely pair of breasts with large nipples, a firm and sexy arse, shapely legs, and a very pretty face. Her best part, though, is her pussy, sporting a full, brown bush leading down to the most luscious twat lips I have ever seen. The shape they make is sometimes very hard to conceal in pants, as the mounds on each side of her slit protrude and her pants climb right up her slit. This was the first thing I noticed when I met her and it made me feel I really had to have her.

One night Leslie came over to my place unexpectedly, and she was more horny, anxious, and excited than I have ever seen her. She came with a small travel bag, and she told me she had a surprise she was dying to give me. She told me to strip and wait in the kitchen for her.

When she called me into the bedroom I almost exploded at the sight. She was lying on the bed wearing a sexy black-lace top with tassels dangling from her tits to her belly button, a black and red garter belt, black stockings, and black high heels.

The look in her eyes was totally wild and I now knew why. Between her legs, staring me in the face, was the best dessert I have

ever seen. She had loads of whipped cream perfectly placed in the shape of her bush and snatch, with a cherry placed in the centre! I dove in face first and began tasting the whipped cream, eating some, and then slowly running my tongue the length of her slit, stopping to flick her swollen and protruding clitoris and her tight arsehole. She then began bucking and burst into a shuddering orgasm. The taste was absolutely delicious. She was so hot and turned on that she had her nails dug into my arms.

I then ate the cherry, and with the taste of that and the whipped cream and come in my mouth, I spread her gaping, hot lips wide apart and went down on her juice-flowing box. I slipped my tongue into her and got a shock, because as I probed her insides, out popped a chunk of banana, that was inside her, into my mouth!

The flavor of the banana was combined with pussy juice, and this blend must be tried to be believed. I sucked and chewed the banana and then went back down on her to find another chunk in her cavern. This time all Leslie could say was "Please stick it in me."

I took the can of whipped cream and sprayed her up again, this time also on her nipples and on my pulsating, swollen cock. She spread her legs wide and I rammed my cock up her, feeling the whipped cream and her juices all over us. Leslie clawed at my back as I screwed faster and

faster. I finally exploded and pumped out what seemed like a gallon of come. Leslie was right behind me. We both agreed that the orgasms we had were the most intense either of us had ever experienced. — *Name and address withheld.*

Cinema verite

Last weekend I had the greatest time of my life. I wish every weekend was like my last one. When I tell you about it, I am sure most of your female readers will agree with me.

First of all, I am 20 and petite. Lots of people don't like being short, but I don't mind. I figure if I'm so small, the men I meet can't help but be big.

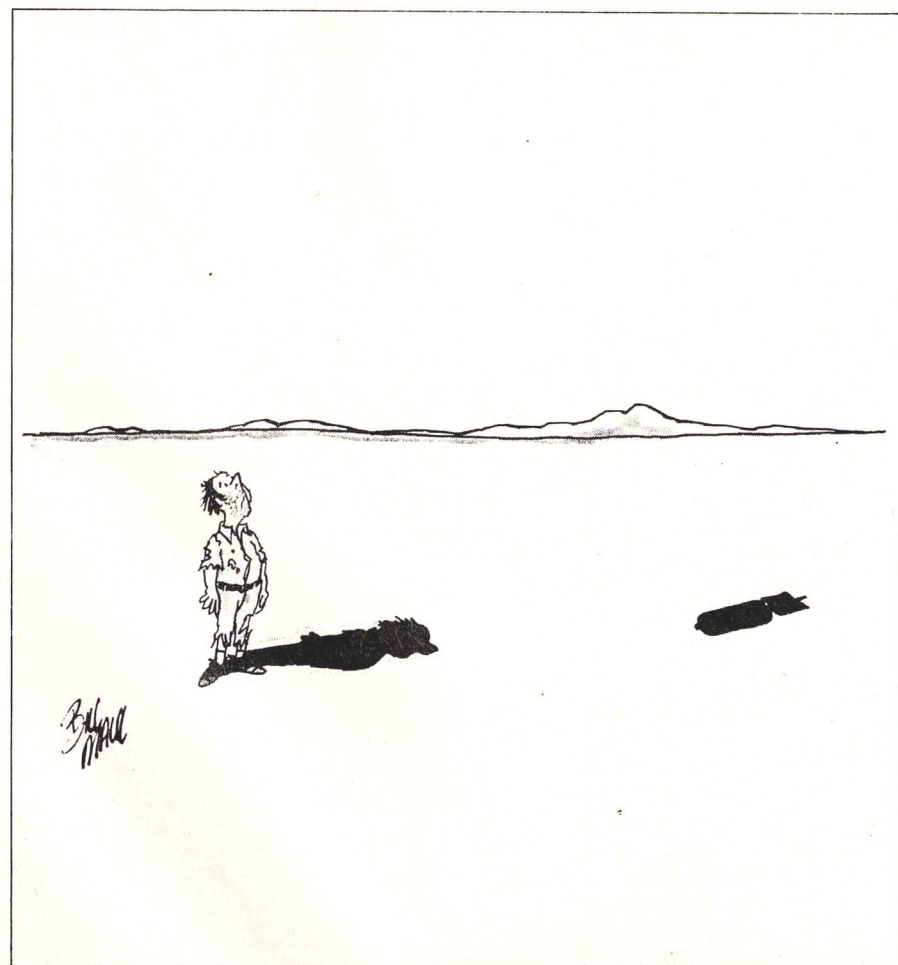
Anyway, back to my weekend. Last Saturday night I went over to see my neighbor Freddy. I had been away at uni and hadn't seen him for a while and I wanted to say hello. Well, Freddy wasn't home, but his brother, Mitch, was there and said I should come in anyway. Mitch is about 30, and about six of his friends were also at the house, relaxing after some cricket. We talked for a bit and then one guy, Mark, asked Mitch if I was going to stay and watch television with them. Mitch wasn't too sure at first but they all talked him into it. I wasn't sure what was up but I knew it was something.

The guys turned on a video recorder and some porn movies came on. They were all short ones, just a couple of minutes long. I had never seen a porn film before, and I think I saw more sex in 20 minutes than I had ever seen before.

The guys were all getting really turned on by the movies, and so was I, when I realised how it was getting to them. When the films were over, Mark said, "How did you like it, Sue?" I just laughed, and then Mark said, "Did you learn a thing or two?" I kind of blushed, because I had seen things in those movies that I didn't know people could even do. Finally Mark said, "Wish you were one of the girls in those movies. Then you'd know how to take care of us." I don't know why, but I said, "Wish you were one of the guys in those movies. Then you'd know how to take care of me." Mitch began to look a bit scared about what was being said, but Mark was quick. He sat down beside me and put his hand on my boob and kissed me hard. By this time the other guys wanted to get in on it, and Jerry put his hand on my other boob and also kissed me. I could feel Tim undoing my shoes, and by this time Mark was unbuttoning my jeans. Paul started pulling them off, and Mark and Jerry started taking off my shirt. "What a little body!" said Syd, who was already taking off his own shirt.

About this time I started to get a little scared because this was all happening so fast. But it couldn't be stopped, and even Mitch was getting turned on by it. I didn't know how I was going to survive all those guys.

Mark undid my bra and shouted, "Just



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look at these beautiful little tits! Her nipples stick out just like cherries." He leaned down and sucked one into his mouth and I let out a moan. I heard one of them say, "This little thing is as hot as a firecracker!" I felt some hands grab for my panties and I got scared and tried to cross my legs, but they pulled my legs apart and whipped my panties off me.

I'm blonde and I haven't got much muff hair, and I was real wet. I suddenly felt Mitch's tongue on my clit and I came for the first time. Syd had his cock in my face and told me to suck it. Mark and Jerry were going at my boobs while Mitch was eating me. Tim and Paul were just waiting for their chance.

It didn't take Syd long before he said he was going to come and Paul called for a come shot, like in the movies. Syd pulled out of my mouth, because I couldn't get my hands up to hold him in, and his hot come splattered my face and neck. I didn't really want that, so I opened my mouth wide and he directed his second and third squirts toward it. This really turned the guys on.

Tim said we had to get organised. Paul was lying on his back, and the guys picked me up and sat me on his cock. I could feel somebody rubbing himself on me and I shouted for them to stop, but Tim had his

penis up me almost before I knew it. That was my first double pommel, and it was great. I could feel both cocks rubbing inside me and I came twice before it was over. Tim's cock made a popping noise when it slipped out of me and Mitch picked me up off Paul and laid me on my back. Then he slipped my legs over his shoulders and began screwing me. When he was done they began doing me doggie-style, and I blew one guy at the same time. It seemed almost like the rule, because every one of them pulled out of my mouth and shot his come at my face so the others could see. By the time it was over, every guy had come at least once in my mouth and once in my pussy.

Well screwed, I practically crawled home. My 21-year-old sister, Cindy, was sitting in our room when I got home. She asked what I had been up to, and when I told she couldn't believe it. — *Name and address withheld.*

Work it on out

I am a steady customer at an area gym, and sometimes the manager asks me to close up on weekends. It puts a damper on my social life, but the money is good.

It was about 9.30 one night, and I'd just finished my workout and was waiting for 10, when I could close and get to the bars. But when a car pulled up and a woman got out, I knew I'd never get out early.

The women who come to this gym are

housewives who are out of shape and just stand around and talk. Well, needless to say, I was shocked when this lady stepped through the door dressed in a full-length white mink and five-inch heels. She had flaming red hair.

She only said "Hi" as she moved back to the dressing room, and I couldn't wait to see what was under that coat. My wait wasn't long or disappointing, because under that mink was a small well-shaped lady dressed in a red leotard with thin straps that went over golden shoulders down to an open back. I was getting quite a hard-on just looking at her.

She asked me to help her lift so she could get done sooner, so we moved to the first machine. She lay on her back, and I was positioned right above her head. With all the mirrors around, she couldn't help but see the bulge in my shorts.

My hopes of making it with this lady soon diminished after the first machine. She was here for a workout, not socialising. Twenty minutes later, when we finished, she turned toward me and said that she was going to take a sauna and wanted me to join her because it was so boring in there alone. I hurried to the front and locked the door, then ran back and got into the sauna. I was breathing hard.

She came in wearing the skimpiest swimsuit I have ever seen. She came over, sat down beside me, and reached over and grabbed my cock through my shorts. Then, with a soft assuredness, she pulled them off and pushed me onto my back. Wrapping her hand around my organ, she guided it to her mouth. With one movement she had it in her mouth and was sucking with a talent only a few women have. She kept my whole cock in her mouth and only moved her lips around the base. Within minutes I came, and she swallowed every drop.

She rose and with slow striptease movements removed her suit. Her breasts were firm and pointing straight up, and her whole body had a perfect, golden tan. Only her thick red bush broke the flow of gold.

Lying down on her back, she told me to come over and put my muscle to good use. Climbing on top of her, I placed the head in her vagina, and she pulled me in with her pussy lips. When she had it completely in her, she screwed me to the best orgasm I've ever had.

After our session in the sauna, we went to the whirlpool and screwed some more. If you've never had a water jet shooting toward your organ, I recommend you try it.

Two hours later I closed the front door, and she got into her car and took off. I work again this weekend and hope she comes back for another workout. — *Mr F. Isaacs, Victoria*

Freeing herself

I'd like to relate an incident that happened a couple of years ago when I was a



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desk clerk at a hotel in Brisbane. At this time I was dating a very open-minded girl who worked at a nearby hotel. We had gotten into watching some X-rated movies and had even bought a vibrator and two dildos. One was six inches long and had a strap, and the other was eighteen inches long with two heads. My girl friend, Pat, had a surprise for me one night when I got to her apartment — another girl! That was our first threesome and very delightful.

But our incident at the hotel was truly unforgettable. I was working the night shift. That's when I first saw "Mrs. Jones." I remember her being dressed in a business suit as she checked in. Later that evening she got some change from me, and that's apparently when she got my name from my name tag.

Not long after that she called the desk and asked for me. She was wondering if I would check her air conditioner. I told her I could send the maintenance man to the room. But she said not to bother and asked what time I got off. I told her eleven and she asked me if I would stop by. I readily agreed.

At eleven I was caught off guard when she opened her door. I stared at a very chic lady, clad in a sheer pink nightie with absolutely nothing on under it. I looked from the triangle of dark hair up to her

hardening nipples pressing against the nightie. She just smiled and said, "I want you to treat me like a whore!" I couldn't believe that the woman who seemed so conservative earlier was now confronting me in this manner. I stepped inside the room and closed the door. I reached for her and caressed her nipples, and she said, "You can treat me like trash, and I'll do whatever you want, as long as there's no hitting."

Needless to say I had a throbbing hard-on, so I told her to get on her knees and pull my dick out. She got down in front of me and pulled it out and started licking and kissing it as I took my shirt and tie off. I told her to get on the bed as I took my shoes and socks off and stepped out of my pants. I watched as she started fingering herself and she told me to talk ugly to her. So I walked beside the bed and told her to rub my cock and keep fingering her pussy. I started feeling myself coming, so I got on the bed and straddled her chest. Remembering something from a movie, I told her I wanted her to jerk me off as my sperm shot out on her. She started rubbing me faster till I came and spewed out on her face, around her mouth, and she ran her tongue around to gather what she could. The rest oozed out on her chest.

After I had relaxed for a while, I thought of my girl friend, Pat, and asked the woman about having a friend come over. At first she just looked at me, but then I told

her how I'd really like to see her being treated like a whore, and that she should do what I wanted. She quickly agreed, so I dialled Pat and told her about this woman and told her to bring our toys. After I hung up, I pushed her nightie up to free one breast. I started sucking on her nipples and fingering her juicy pussy. Then I put my wet finger in her mouth and asked her how she liked her juice. She said she'd never tasted it before, so I told her she was going to eat some pussy that night. She didn't reply as I moved down and started licking her creamy pussy.

I got another hard-on and had her get on her hands and knees as I pushed her nightie up on her waist and started screwing her doggie style. I was almost ready to come when there was a knock on the door. I pulled out and told her to answer the door, and if it was Pat, to let her in.

It was Pat, and she smiled at seeing the attractive woman. I told Pat that this was our whore and the woman just said "Hi". Then I told her to come back and sit on my cock. Pat watched as the woman straddled my cock and started humping me. I told Pat to get comfortable and she started undressing. She only had on a pair of jeans, panties, and a tube top. I had her leave her panties on so our whore could do the honors.

After I emptied into her pussy, I had her sit on the edge of the bed while Pat stood in front of her. Later Pat told me she really got off on having the woman pull her panties off and finger her. Then I had our whore lay back, with her feet still over the bed so that Pat could straddle the woman's face. As the woman started eating Pat I got the dildos and vibrator out of Pat's bag. I first started using the vibrator on her, then stuck one end of the dual-headed dildo in her. When Pat got off, I was still pumping the woman's pussy with the dildo and teasing her clit with the vibrator. Our whore looked up to see what I was doing, and squirmed and said she liked it.

When they finally finished, both were wet with perspiration. I asked the woman how she liked it from the rear, and she said it was great. I held the strap-on dildo and asked Pat if she'd like to try it out. When she agreed, I helped strap it on the woman and told Pat to get on her hands and knees. The woman looked great moving behind Pat and working it in. Soon Pat was moving with the woman's strokes and the woman caressed Pat's dangling breasts. That was all it took to give Pat a powerful orgasm.

We decided to catch our breath and ordered a bottle of wine. Then we had a few glasses and I thought about our evening. I got another erection. I dipped my fingers in my glass and wiped it on my dick and made the woman lick it off. Then we went to the bed and I had her lick wine off Pat's nipples and out of her pussy. We got the double-headed dildo and started screwing her with it, trying to push the

whole thing in her as she ate Pat out. We started calling her a slut and a piece of arse, and she really got off on that. —Name and address withheld.

On call

Steve and I had fantasised for about two years about having sex with another girl. Our fantasies were the source of many orgasms for us. Finally, one night they came true. I had already gone to bed after over-indulging in some good times when the phone rang.

Steve said that he had some horny chick with him who wanted to be with both of us. I said no, and he got really pissed off and hung up. That's when I noticed that my pussy was already wet and I was really horny; so I called him back and agreed to go over to his flat.

When I got there, they were both naked in bed. Steve undressed me and I lay down on the other side of him. He started kissing me, and I could taste Donna's pussy juice on his lips and it made me even hornier! She and I were embarrassed when he pushed us together and we didn't really know what to do. Steve started kissing us and rubbing our pussies. He said that we had the two wettest pussies he had ever felt.

He put my hand on Donna's breast, and I started rubbing all over and touching her hard nipples. Her boobs are real round, full and hard. I loved kissing them and touching them. Then she started rubbing mine and licking them so softly that it made my pussy ache.

The whole time Steve kept rubbing our pussies and putting his fingers in and putting them in our mouths so we could taste pussy. He moved my hand down to her pussy and I put my fingers inside. It was so tight and soft. She was so hot and wet I couldn't believe it! I moved my fingers inside her and rubbed her clitoris. Steve whispered in my ear to eat her. She didn't want me to at first but I did. Steve kept putting his fingers in me until I came.

Donna has such a hairy pussy and her clit was so smooth. I put my tongue in as far as I could and was really surprised at how good she tasted. When she ate me it was so soft and light that I could barely feel it, yet it almost drove me crazy.

Next, Steve put his dick inside her real slow. I had never seen him so big around and long. I was dying of horniness while he screwed her hard. At the same time I fingered her clit and sucked on her nipples. It took her a long time to come, but she finally did.

Steve pulled out of her and started screwing me. It was what I had been waiting for. I came almost instantly. We screwed and played until five am even though we had to be at work at eight.

There is one thing that still makes me especially horny to think about: Donna and I were lying on our backs and Steve was down at our feet watching us masturbate

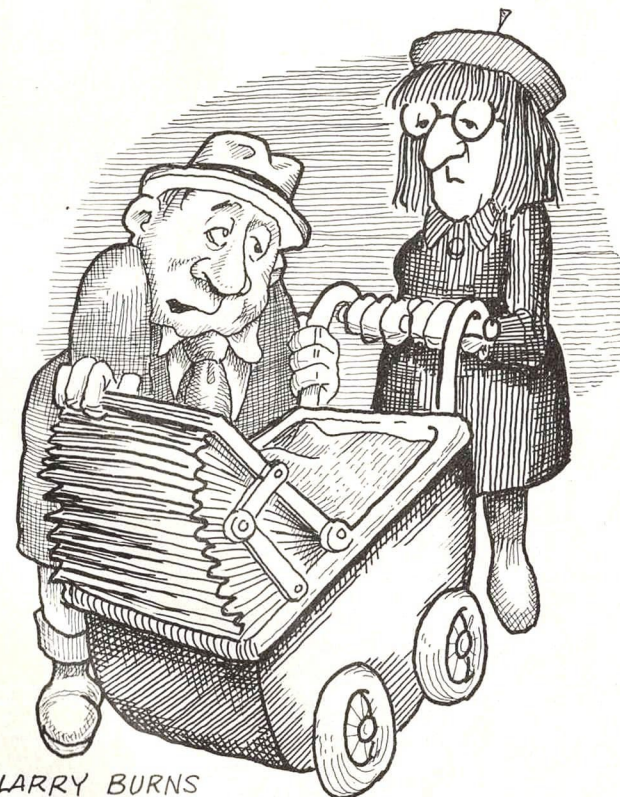
each other. (It makes me horny just for him to watch me masturbate, never mind Donna and I masturbating each other.) He had the lotion and was stroking his dick, and I could tell she was about to come so I told him to put his fingers in her pussy. Well, he put three fingers in her and three fingers in me, and we both came all over his hands.

All night long he'd either root me or her first and then the other. He'd screw her and at the same time put his fingers in me or kiss me, or vice versa. Once he came on Donna's belly and we rubbed it in her stomach and pubic hair. We'd rest once in a while, but someone always got horny and started it again. I would watch his balls bouncing up against her arse while he screwed her. Once, I put lotion on his arse and slid my finger in, and he came inside Donna almost at once. We all must have

come gallons that night. There's no way I could write about everything we did that night but these are some of the best.

There was only one bad thing: Steve said we didn't suck his dick enough. We've all been together three or four times since then and we've made up for it. He said that now it's like a contest to see who can suck him the most. No other time has been as good as the first, though.

Whenever Steve and I talk about these wild nights when we are making love, I always climax a lot. He wants me and Donna to be together by ourselves, but we never will because it wouldn't be as good without him there to encourage us. The whole time Steve whispers to us what he wants us to do, and that helps a lot. I wouldn't have done nearly as much the first time if he hadn't done that — Name and address withheld



LARRY BURNS

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THE VIETNAM VETERANS' ADVISOR

Cover-up on toxic sprays" — so read the headline of the Melbourne Age editorial on February 26, 1982. That editorial said, in part: "The Government talks about its duty to its war heroes. On the basis of the new evidence, the Government has a clear moral duty to its Vietnam veterans to make public all the documentary evidence on the subject. Until it does, the public will conclude that the Government is hiding something which, if known, would be deeply troubling to the public conscience and seriously damaging to the Government's reputation."

The allegation of a cover-up has been made on many occasions in the last couple of years. A press statement issued on September 29, 1980 by the Vietnam Veterans' Association was headed "Chemical Cover-Up Attacked" and said:

"We are seeking an urgent meeting with the Prime Minister before the [1980] election. We remind him that we served our country to preserve democracy. We are being denied the very thing we fought and died for."

And on March 27, 1980, Victorian Labor MP Clyde Holding, after asking questions in parliament of Prime Minister Fraser, issued a statement which said: "The Prime Minister today refused to answer questions on his knowledge of the Agent Orange issue when he was Minister for Defence . . . The Prime Minister must understand that Vietnam veterans and their families will not accept . . . Mr Fraser's amnesia."

Why have these cover-up allegations been made, but never answered or denied? To answer that question it is necessary to go back more than a decade.

In October 1969, US military forces stopped spraying poisonous chemicals in populated areas in Vietnam because of the dangers to both the civilian population and the troops. This was less than a month before Malcolm Fraser became Defence Minister, on November 12, 1969 — a position he held until March 8, 1971. Fraser had earlier been Army Minister during Australia's military involvement in Vietnam, from January 1966 to January 1968.

As Clyde Holding has said many times both inside and outside the parliament, Malcolm Fraser either knew or ought to have known about Australian use of chemicals in Vietnam. To quote Holding: "The Prime Minister as the then Minister for Defence knew or ought to have known both the extent and nature of the defoliation programs which were being carried on in Vietnam, the exposure of Australian troops to those defoliants and the dangers that were implicit in that situation."

In fact, on September 18, 1980 the then Defence Minister Jim Killen confirmed (in answer to one of Holding's many ques-



The Prime Minister
must understand that Vietnam
veterans and their families
will not accept his amnesia

tions on this matter) that Fraser did know that herbicides were being used, and also that he [Fraser] was aware at the time of US decisions to cease the use of "certain herbicidal substances". However, despite the US decision to stop using these toxic chemicals the Australian Army went on using dangerous defoliants until at least 1971. This is admitted in the Government's own report: *Pesticides Used in Vietnam Hostilities and Their Use in Australian Agriculture — A Comparative Study*. Indeed, it has been alleged by former Lieutenant Craig Steel, an Australian hygiene officer in charge of chemical spraying operations in Nui Dat, that Australians continued to use these chemicals until some time in 1972. That allegation has never been denied, despite being raised in the parliament

on at least two occasions in the last two years. The Government of Malcolm Fraser has said repeatedly that more scientific evidence is necessary. But there are further questions which relate to legal, political and moral matters. What were Australia's responsibilities in international law? Should we have used these chemicals in Vietnam at all, given that Australia had ratified the 1925 Geneva Protocol on May 24, 1930?

In the face of all the scientific and other evidence already available, the Vietnam Veterans' Association of Australia has not sought automatic compensation for themselves and their families. Rather, they have repeatedly asked, for well over two years, for an independent judicial inquiry to examine all the evidence, and their claims based on that evidence. That inquiry is supported by an impressive list of institutions and individuals. The list includes the Australian Senate, two of Malcolm Fraser's Ministers, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, the Labor Party, the Democrats, trade unions and environmental organisations, as well as 27 ex-service organisations.

Yet in 1982, Vietnam veterans have the dubious distinction of being the only section of our society which has sought a judicial inquiry but has been unable to get one. Why are these men denied access to that process? One can only conclude that such an inquiry, with its access to records and documents, would expose for all to see the gross and cavalier manner in which decisions to continue defoliation spraying, after the Americans had abandoned it, were carried out by the Australian Army with what must have been the knowledge and approval of the then Minister for Defence, Malcolm Fraser. He knows that in any properly-based judicial inquiry his own knowledge would be scrutinised. That is why Vietnam veterans will never get the inquiry they seek from this Government. ☐



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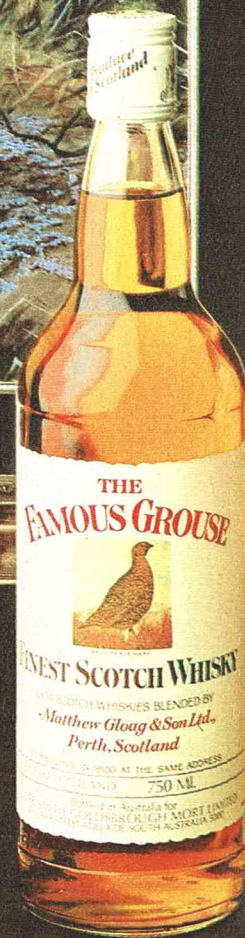
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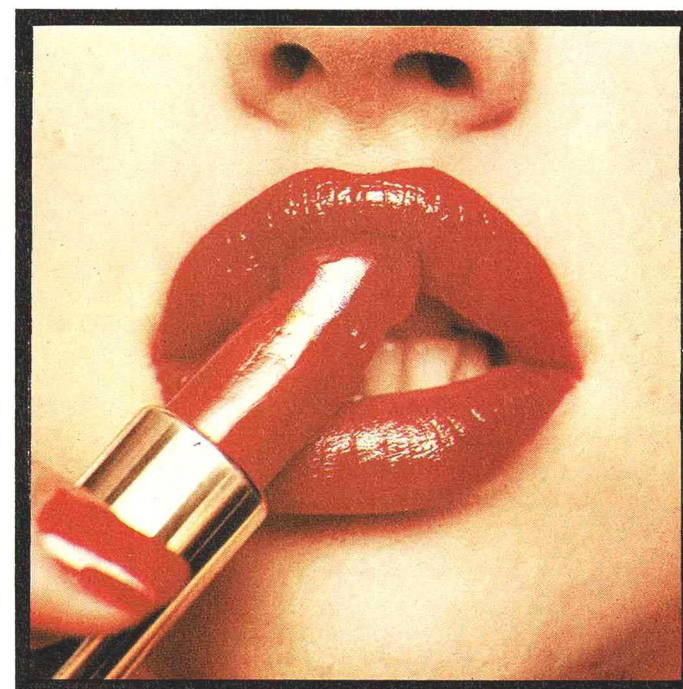
“I was half
crazy but I could
hear her moaning
with passion
beneath me”

XAMIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a teacher in a small rural town in Western Australia. There's a basic earthy, sexy atmosphere in the school, and just being streetwise did not prepare me for a well-formed 18-year-old, seated in the front row, who flashed her snatch while I tried to conduct a biology lesson. But my gravest danger was not in the classroom. It came about because of a clause in my contract that stated that I would coach the girls' basketball team. There are few positions in the world of sports sorrier than this one. My team was the leftovers: the fat and the skinny ones, the six-footers who couldn't touch their toes without falling on their heads, the ones with double vision, and the ones who looked like hulking female rugby players in braces. But each season brings with it one or two girls of the school's elite who are well-rounded. They are invariably beautiful, intelligent, and mature. Their bodies combine the best of adolescence and adulthood.

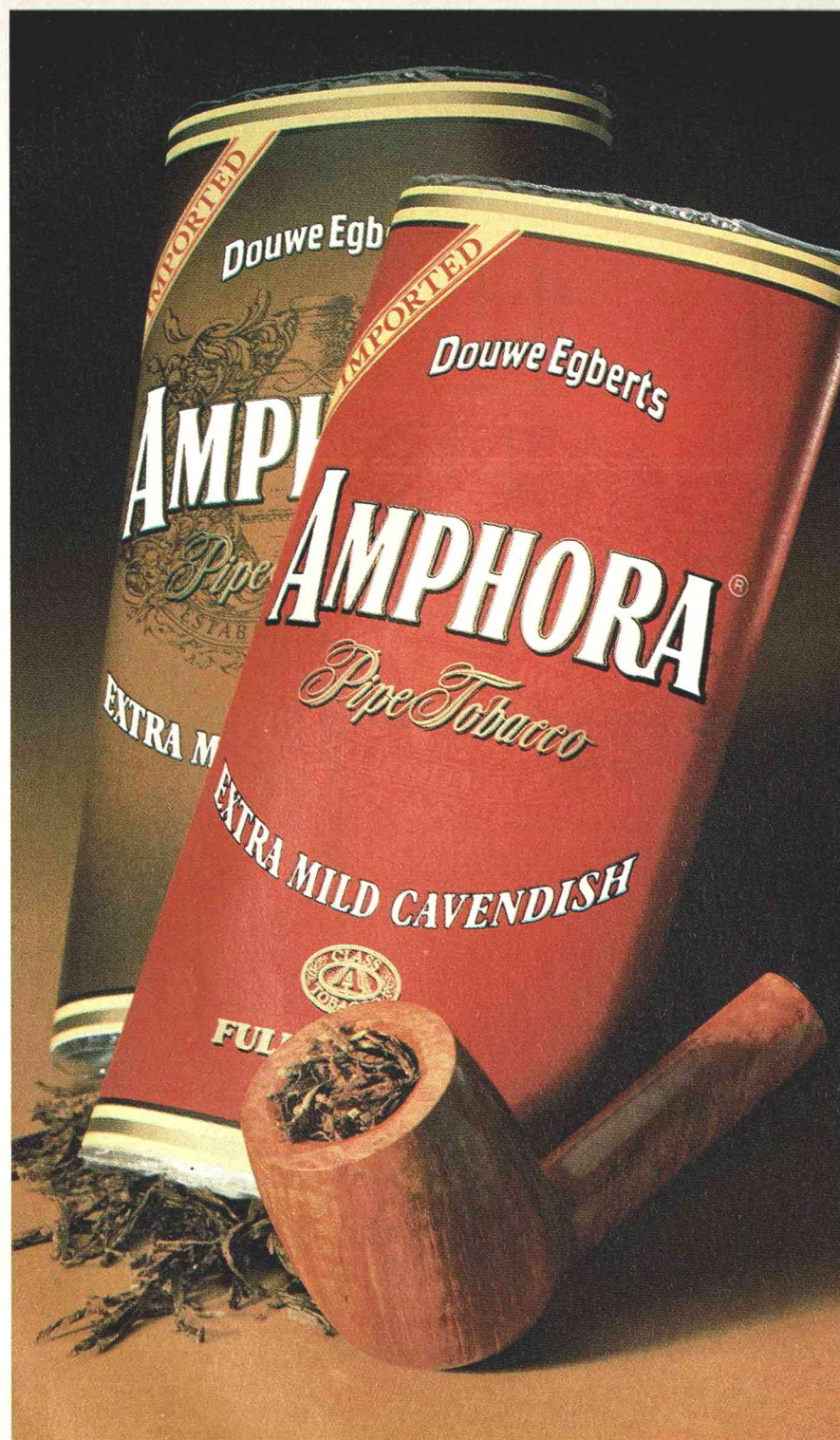
I was holding a midweek practice one drizzly Thursday night in winter. I put the girls through some drills and we knocked off early. I was in my broom-closet office afterwards when I heard someone still shooting baskets. It was Julie, this year's beauty. I was about to yell at her to quit when I heard a thud which meant a body had hit the deck. I rushed to the door and saw her beneath the basket with a leg turned under her body. Reckoning her for a broken ankle, I clumsily helped her into the locker room and sat her down on a bench. I discovered that it was only a bad sprain. I was applying the ankle wrap when her leg snapped back in a massive cramp. She screamed for me to do something about the pain. I slid forward, cradled her foot between my legs, and pressed down hard on the muscles above the knee, working them with my fingers.



As I followed the cords of muscle higher on her leg, she begged me to go faster. When my hands were a few inches from her crotch, it occurred to me just exactly what I was doing. I shifted my position on the bench to get more leverage, which brought my crotch in contact with her feet. Instantly my cock began to stiffen. I saw her eyes go from pain to astonishment. They became very sensual as she felt and saw my bulge. Her mouth formed an "O" and her breathing stopped. I inched ahead until the heel of her foot was tight against my crotch. She surrendered and her toes settled gently over my pulsating cock. "Higher," she whispered. My fingers now penetrated the elastic band of her shorts and traced a thin, high ridge of muscle

right into the pubic arch. I was now inside her panties, a hair away from her pussy. I continued massaging her through the damp mop of pubic hair. With a tiny shift of her hips, my fingers crossed that gap and slid into the hot, slick lips of her snatch. Three fingers went to work: one pressing her clit, another stroking her labia, and the third thrusting into her vagina. No words were spoken as she stripped off her shorts and panties.

I leaned forward, lifting her legs till they perched on my shoulders, and buried my face in her pussy. You cannot imagine the overpowering smells that came from that hot little snatch. It was a blend of sweat and salt. I slurped, licked, and gnawed her hole until I had her practically on her head. Then she reached around and explored my crotch. She released my cock with a snap of the jockstrap. Her hands worked my cock like it was the family cow. Her hips were knocking hard against my mouth as she had her first orgasm. Those athletic legs nearly crushed my skull. She went limp and I dropped her as carefully as I could under the cir-



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APT2

XAVIERA

cumstances. Then I sank my cock in her up to the hilt. I grasped her shoulders so that she would not get pushed off the bench, and she helped by hanging on to the metal legs. I gave her deep, full strokes, my balls sliding on the varnished wood and thumping against her sopping-wet pussy.

I thought of the cockteasing girls who continually flashed their pussies and I imagined that she was every young pussy who had ever teased me. I was half crazy but I could hear her moaning with passion beneath me. I slowed and worked from the hips, which gave her a chance to use her hands, grooving my back, then moving down until they found my swaying balls. I pounded harder, nearly throwing her body off the bench. Her snatch closed down hard, shuddered, and squeezed every drop of come out of me.

When I pulled out, there was a puddle of pussy juice and come on the bench. She looked at me, smiled, picked up her scanty clothes, and jiggled to the showers. I returned to my shower and thoughtfully scrubbed myself, soaping my aching cock twice as long as usual until I heard the rumble of the metal doors, which meant she was gone. While driving home, I knew that I would have to think long and hard about what had just happened. She was a prime piece of arse, but I had my job to worry about. I had heard stories about teachers caught with their students in compromising positions. Invariably, they had been let go by the administration for any number of reasons. I decided that I would just keep quiet and leave it up to my 18-year-old beauty.

It turned out fine for everyone involved. After the next practice she came to my office and, after some small talk, slipped my prick out of my gym shorts. She slowly started stroking the inside of my legs, teasing me with her steamy tongue, until finally she reached my balls. I was rock hard at this time. She licked my cock up and down while playing with my balls and caressing my arse. The feeling was indescribable. Soon I shot my load while she took almost every drop of my come.

We had an affair for a few months, which ended when she left school. Since then, I haven't run across another basketball player worthy of her talents. To be honest, I'm a little wary of looking for one. Sometimes a lady can be crazy, you know. — C.D.W.

What can I say? You are obviously not complaining that a teacher's lot is an unhappy one. More power to your cock or to your team, as the case may be. They certainly know how to have a good time on or off the court. Keep up with your broad-minded training program.

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'The power output claims are modest for the unit is readily capable of producing 625 watts into an 8 ohm load with both channels driven...'

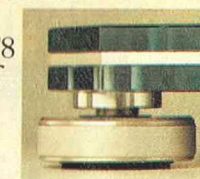
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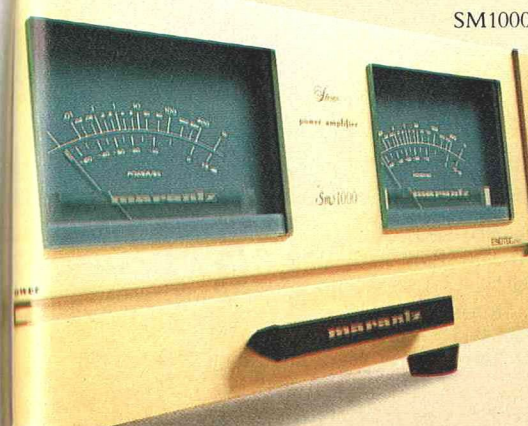


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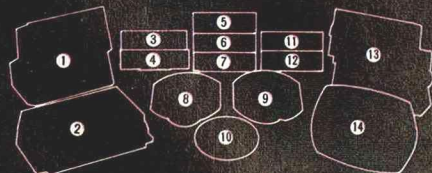
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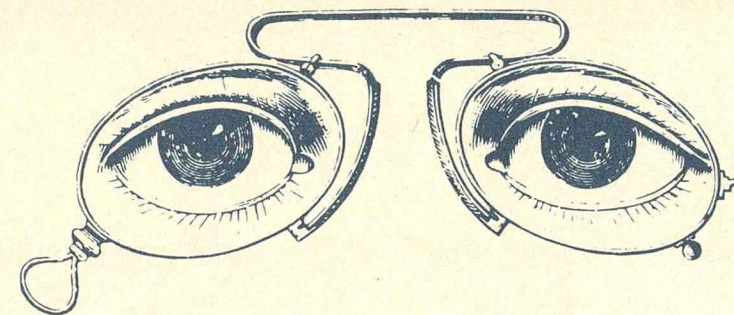


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VIEW FROM THE TOP

NATURE'S LULLABIES

BY G.J. BURCHALL

Try as I might, I just can't help being prompted to comment on a series of newspaper and magazine advertisements for the Environment Record Series. But, for the life of me, I don't know what kind of a comment I can make. From what I've been fed through these ads, I've been left completely astounded.

Apart from purchasing the discs in question and letting them bend my ear, there is nought else I can do but tell you of the amazing statements made in the publicity scree.

There are these eight different LP records, see, and each has two environments on it (in some offers you get the eighth free if you buy the other seven). "What are environments?" I hear you cry, drooling with anticipation. How can I describe it? A recorded environment is . . . just that.

For instance, there is *Gentle Rain in Pine Forest* (gentle rain in any other type of forest is entirely different, so don't be fooled. The flip-side to that one is *Ultimate Thunderstorm*).

There's *Pacific Ocean* back-to-back with *Caribbean Lagoon*, *Alpine Blizzard* with *Country Thunderstorm*.

Not forgetting *Dawn at Okefenokee Swamp, USA* and its B-side winner, *Dusk at Okefenokee Swamp, USA*.

There are all these little silhouetted figures on the Environments who extol the virtues of Environments thus: "An orchestra of natural sounds"; "Nature's lullaby couldn't be improved"; "Aids my imagination"; "Fantastic background for concentrating during heavy reading and study"; "A movie for the mind";

"Almost like a vacation in itself"; and, if all that wasn't enough, "Sex used to be boring". One of these anonymous people even claims Environments "is Bob Dylan's most favorite record series" but it's not clear whether he is talking of Bob Dylan the nasally singer/songwriter of *Blowin' in the Wind* fame, or some other Bob Dylan who perhaps dwells on the fringe of the Okefenokee swamp.

There are also some quoted reactions from American magazines *Newsweek* and *Life*. *Newsweek* apparently called Environments "a sonic tonic" while *Life* pointed out the collection was "better than booze and safer than pot." They are, needless to say, an American

creation and the promoters claim Environments have already sold 10 million copies in that country.

And why should you shell out your well-earned cabbage on Environments? To quote the ads again, it seems this remarkable set of recordings can — now be sure to get all of these down — "prolong lovemaking, aid meditation, neutralise unwanted noise, assist you to unwind, increase concentration, cure insomnia, anxiety and depression, calm children, bring solitude" and, on top of all these miracles, the records "aid plant growth".

Don't you doubt it — 10 million Americans can't be wrong.

Environments present to the listener "a perfect ocean gliding over pristine sand", "a thunderstorm so realistic you will swear it's raining" and "a sailboat that makes the room sway". Every home should have one.

The four other chart-stoppers that I failed to

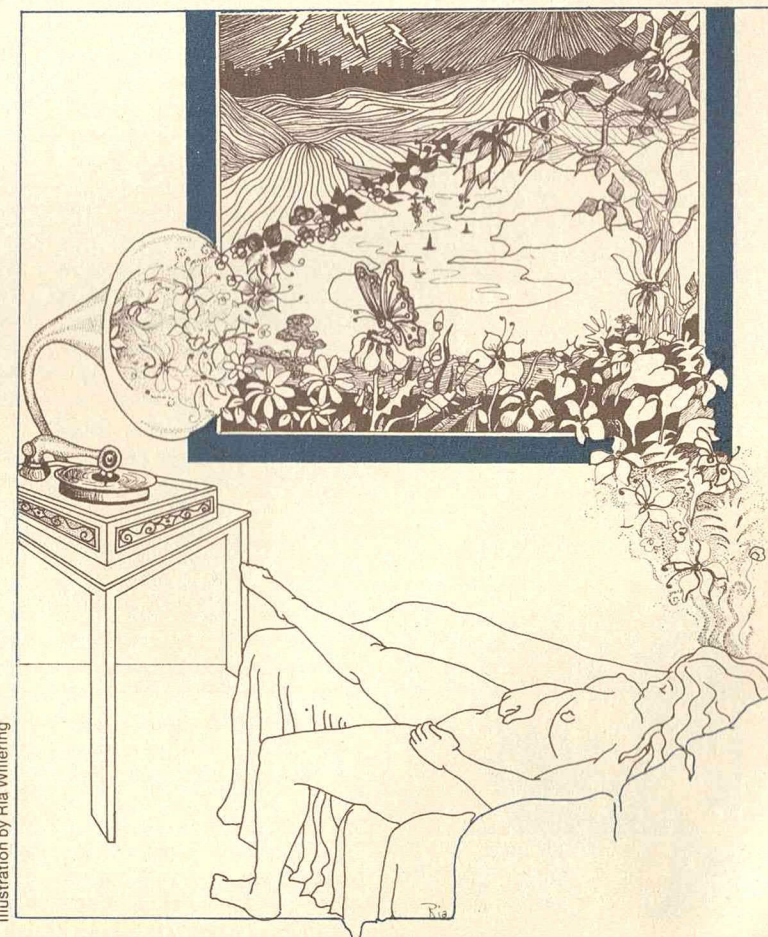
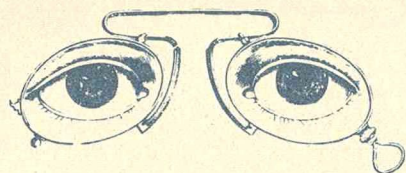


Illustration by Ria Willering



mention earlier are, for your interest, *Ultimate Heartbeat* and *Wind in the Trees*, *Intonation* (Om Chant) and *A Summer Cornfield*, *Woodmasted Sailboat* and *Country Stream* with the best-seller *English Meadow* and *Night in the Country* completing the set.

As developed as my imagination is (or as I like to imagine it is), while being able to hear, in my mind's ear, the sounds of country streams, thunderstorms, heartbeats, blizzards, rain, Om chants and woodmasted sailboats, I can't — try as I might — feel confident about discerning between *Wind in the Trees* and *A Summer Cornfield* nor, unfortunately, can I perceive the noises of *Caribbean Lagoon* and *English Meadow*.

But that, of course, is just me. The Environment Record Company may be thankful I am part of a minority.

However, minorities cannot be ignored. Somebody must cater for the hard-to-please pests we are.

To that end, I have recently founded the Tell-It-Like-It-Is Environment Record Series. In my series, the sounds are so much more instantly recognisable and representative of our environment. Just consider the titles I am including: *The Ultimate Thunderstorm* and *Power Failure* (complete with crashes at black-out intersections, people being caught in lifts and looting), which is back-to-back with *Gentle Chain-saws in Pine Forest*. There's *Bulldozers at Okefenokee Swamp*, *USA* and *Factory Pollution Pouring into Lagoon*; *Intonation* (Rowdy Drinkers) and *A Summer Bushfire*; *Traffic Jam* and *Alpine Smoker Coughing Lungs Out*. The possibilities are endless...

At present (well, tomorrow) I will begin work on the latest addition to my batch of sleepy-time environmental recordings. It is a double-A side to be called *Parliament in Session*. Yes, nature's lullaby can be improved.

SOUNDS



VINTAGE FERRY

Like a vintage wine, Bryan Ferry's plaintive croon continues to mellow. But it's not a drop for laying down and avoiding, as *Roxy Music's Avalon* (EG) demonstrates. This third outing since their 1979 reformation comes complete with Phil Manzanera's rich, if understated, guitar textures and Andy Mackay's evocative sax and oboe. Both musicians opt for a more continuously fragmented style than in the past. Ferry's wistful urban love sonnets run the gamut of pop ("More Than This"), precise funk ("The Space Between"), and even shades of Barry White ("True To Life") — maybe he accidentally

Manzanera... understated



put on the wrong white tux in the locker room. Still, even at his sweetest Ferry maintains a certain dignity, if not grandeur.

Elsewhere, Manzanera gives his personal rehearsal and demo tapes the "This Is Your Life" treatment. Interspersed between the instrumental tracks on *Primitive Guitars* (Editions, EG) are bits of chat — the type of patter that makes rehearsal tapes unlistenable except by the players involved. For students of the guitar it's a chance to check out the Manzanera Method, in which the sound-making is not cluttered by it being turned into songs. There's some inventive doodling — great for that popular party game "Which pedal/effect is that?"

A belated arrival to this turntable is Melbourne's *Serious Young Insects'* debut, *Housebreaking* (Epic/CBS). They have worked hard at drawing the most out of the trio (guitar, bass, drums) in the studio. Live, they lack as much presence and the guitar is often stuck on a filling chorus effect (a la Police). Vocals are shared but the effect of delivery is consistent. The songs, tarnished by "The Great Australian Suburbia", have angular melodies and moods that echo XTC — but the wit and arrangement of the boys' observations are not as fully developed.

The fresh-faced lads from *Haircut 100* (so who's counting?) grin all the way to the beach in knobby sweaters. Their bikinied partners presumably sport similarly-patterned goosebumps. For all their cute image, they have made a surprisingly listenable album. *Pelican West* (Arista) has smooth brass and sax over marimba, congas, weeny roast bongoes, clean guitars and ooh-ah harmonies. They celebrate that it's a "Fantastic Day" in their neck of popland.

With *A Flock of Seagulls* it's a case of dodge the droppings; they smell a bit old. Well-

produced, mind you, and they do sound good as they whiz past. *A Flock of Seagulls* (Jive) is full of notions ("Modern Love Is Automatic", "Telecommunication", "Space Love Song") that suggest Deutsch synth-rock cabaret. Their current single "I Ran" is the strongest track and has nothing to do with the Middle-East situation.



Haircut 100... smooth

Back at the boutique, *Spandau Ballet* have made a journey to their glory box and come up with some super mountaineering gear and some leather tat for *Diamond* (Chrysalis). Changing their music with their outfits, the new funk of "Chant No 1" blares the primitive call of London clubland. Whitey gets down, and quite effectively in spots.

Duran Duran (Divan Divan to Mentals' Greedy Smith) are "Hungry Like a Wolf" on *Rio* (EMI) and ready to go for Spandau's neck for supposedly putting their image before the music. No slouches in the sartorial department themselves, they impress with some rich sounds (especially keyboards) and pushy dance beat. Some songs get a too-similar treatment, but they are presently proving to be one of the classier English rock units.

Glen Frey's comment about his old band "the Eagles are back in the Seventies where they belong") is an admirable senti-

ment, but *No Fun Aloud* (Asylum) hardly sees the guitarist charging reborn into the Eighties. Still, between bouts of amusing himself in the studio, he took time out from his Jacuzzi to help produce (his first real attempt) Jerry Wexler's "find", Lou Ann Barton. *Old Enough* (Asylum) showcases a voice gritty enough to comply with the title. This Texas R and B singer elicits a rockier performance from the same Muscle Shoals players that Frey used on part of his disc — though the session men tend towards fairly pedestrian arrangements.

Back East, *Marshall Crenshaw* reworks his composition "Brand New Lover", (which Barton uses) on his own debut *Marshall Crenshaw* (WEA). Operating from the basis of a three-piece (guitar, bass, drums), this refugee from the "Beatlemania" stage show (he did the West Coast Lennon) demonstrates a bouncy, wry pop sensibility: "I fell in love from my head to my feet...girls, girls, girls, are all that I really care to see." His influences are clear,

Shannon was convinced by Tom Petty to ride more of a rock horse. Petty produced *Drop Down And Get Me* (Elektra) and his band, the Torpedoes, provided backing. Shannon is obviously held in respect by these "youngsters", having been prominent in early Sixties pop — through his jangling guitar style and "Runaway", one of his earlier hits. This ex-fatty and born-again Christian doesn't attempt to preach, just pop. He does so with glee and an understandable amount of déjà vu.

Meanwhile, around the corner at the local bar, proclaimed *The Slide Area* (WEA), *Ry Cooder* has assembled many of the players from his *On The Borderline* album. They turn in a set of bubbling country funk that often has the looseness of a live recording.

Gruff, thigh-slapping, tongue-in-cheek times are had by all, as when the "UFO Has Landed In The Ghetto". ("Those shiny metal threads he's wearing really got some class, I'd say he was doing the Bomp, but I can't



Duran Duran and Spandau Ballet... effective

and at times too obvious — as in "The Usual Thing", which sounds like the Beatles doing "Rock and Roll Music" while bowing gratefully in the direction of Buddy Holly.

Diverted from a proposed sojourn to Nashville to break an eight-year recording silence, *Del*

seem to find his ass"). He also makes sure we know the pain of love — with a smile on his face and with his slide guitar overriding any objections.

Still, after about 10 years, Ron Mael's melodramatic, gulped vibrato puts forward a believable case for *Sparks* having *Angst In*



Sparks... Angst In My Pants

My Pants (Atlantic). With his brother Russell (keyboards, moustache — "when I trimmed it real small, my Jewish friends would never call"), he displays familiar cartoon sensibilities. There is no doubting their potential for extreme silliness, but some of their scenarios are very funny. Produced by Giorgio Moroder protégé Mack (who did Queen's latest), the churning synthesizers and relentless arrangements often bury the humor. Still, who can deny them their penchant for grinding rock, when they can "sing like Sherlock Holmes" about characters like Nicotina the cigarette ("she had a tiny voice and she sang all day" but she's now "only a tiny cloud").

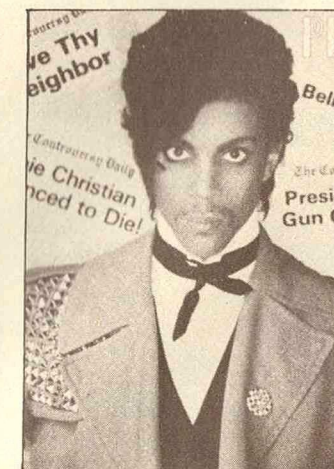
Blondie limply continues a flirtation with post-new wave mariachi on *Hunter* (Chrysalis). 1982 (Polygram) sees a slightly restocked *Status Quo* having trouble bettering the Hee Bee Gee Bee's parody of them. Squire Ian Anderson has popped down from the manor with some tales for *Jethro Tull* formed in his moulds of trad English folklore rock... *The Broadsword and the Beast* (Chrysalis). Irishmen the *Boomtown Rats* dabble with Phil Spector's legacy and some figures of speech whilst utilising ex-Bowie producer Tony Visconti's experience to the full on *Five Deep* (Mercury). An impressive-sounding disc with not a host of totally memorable tunes.

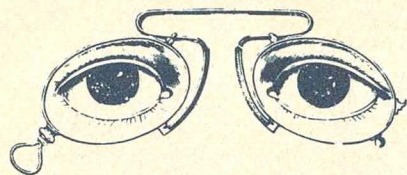
Queen are now into their second decade and 12th album with *Hot Space* (Elektra). Their grandiose, multi-layered "Bohemian Rhapsody" of 1976 would have given many subsequent punks reason to exist, ie music to gob on, not to. These musical

chameleons continue to try new ways to enlarge their hordes of fans around the world. The minimalist bass pump of "Another One Bites The Dust" was a disco hit, and this album sees a further paring down of the layers in places. The inclusion of lots of synthesizers on some tracks has necessitated the use of an extra keyboard player live. Their "We Are The Champions" was picked up as a football crowd anthem; maybe their fairly silly "Body Language" will soon be heard wafting around sauna baths.

If it's naughty funk you want, you'd be better off with *Prince's Controversy* (WEA). Complete with heavy breathing, simulated(?) coition and titles like "Sexuality", "Do Me Baby" and "Jack U Off", it is real foreplay-and-beyond boogie. Presumably "Ronnie Talk To Russia" is the postscript cigarette ("don't you blow up my world!"). Prince exits, grooving and checking his address book. — *Jeremy Cook*

Prince... heavy breathing





WORDS



RUNNING COMMENTARY

Journalist Carl Liebnitz, a peripheral character in Tom McNab's fictional recreation of the historic trans-America foot race, *Flanagan's Run* (Hodder and Stoughton, \$9.95), writes a despatch towards the end of the book in which he says the story of this marathon to end all marathons will read "like something between Homer's *Odyssey* and *Huckleberry Finn*". And it does.

McNab's novel is a combination of epic adventure and hilarious anecdote; his cast a mix of con-men, adventurers, opportunists and athletic heroes all involved in a quest to run more than 3000 miles across the USA.

Americans are well-known for their willingness to do anything for money, and at the height of the Depression, the poor were prepared to undergo any sort of degradation — from marathon dancing to begging on the streets — in their efforts to make a buck. Promoter Charles C. Flanagan saw the potential for profit in a marathon foot race across the country, from Los Angeles to New York. The race would last for more than three months and lead its contestants across the Mojave Desert, through the gambling town of Las Vegas and over the Rocky Mountains.

Flanagan's bait of \$360,000 prizemoney brought 2000 athletes from all over the world. They included a team of Hitler Youths, a British nobleman, the veteran American runner Doc Cole, and marathon specialists from Europe, Australia and Japan.

McNab's story, like his runners, never flags. While he evokes the desperation of America during the Depression as a backdrop, the foreground of the rich tapestry of *Flanagan's Run* is a colorful combination of personal struggle, as each runner strives for his goal, and behind-the-scenes conflict, as Flanagan battles everyone from Al Capone to the FBI in an effort to keep his show on the road.

The author of *Flanagan's Run* could be accused of literary opportunism — jumping on to the jogging bandwagon with a bit of fictional paraphernalia for the millions who take to the streets every morning in their Adidas. He also adds a girl to his cast of competitors, not only to provide romantic interest but also to give all those feminists out there a chance to relate to Kate Sheridan, as she outruns all but a couple of hundred males — a feat which will strain the credulity of many readers.

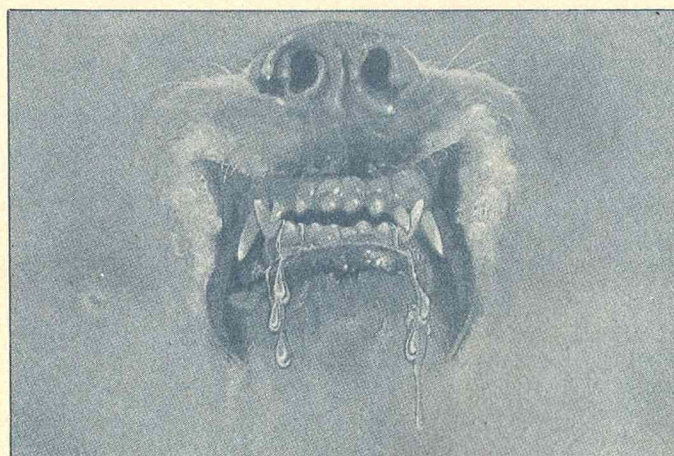
But let's not harp on such minor points. *Flanagan's Run* is destined to become a classic of American literature. Using spare, lucid prose, McNab has created a collection of memorable characters who take part in a rollicking adventure which will appeal to anyone who has ever put one foot in front of the other. It fulfills in every way to the requisites of "a good read", from the first word to the marathon runner's last step.

The horror story formula used so successfully by Stephen King in tales like *Carrie*, *The Shining* and *Firestarter* involves bringing the supernatural home to middle America — having some nameless terror pop out from under a

Big Mac. His use of children as protagonists is an effective device, enlisting the reader's sympathy for the kids who become victims of their own unnatural talents.

But in his latest novel, the blueprint which has made King a best-selling multi-millionaire has become too predictable. Having run through the entire range of parapsychological phenomena in his previous books, all he can come up with this time is a rabid dog.

The giant St Bernard whose name, *Cujo* (MacDonald, \$18.95) is also the book's title, terrorises young Tad Trenton and his mother. They are trapped in their car on a deserted farm by the slaving beast. Although the story has a few moments of genuine shock, it lacks the sustained tension of some of King's previous efforts. *Cujo's* plot is thin and contrived; the characters are sketchily drawn and unappealing; and the resolution of the plot is not satisfying. No



Cujo... contrived effort from Stephen King

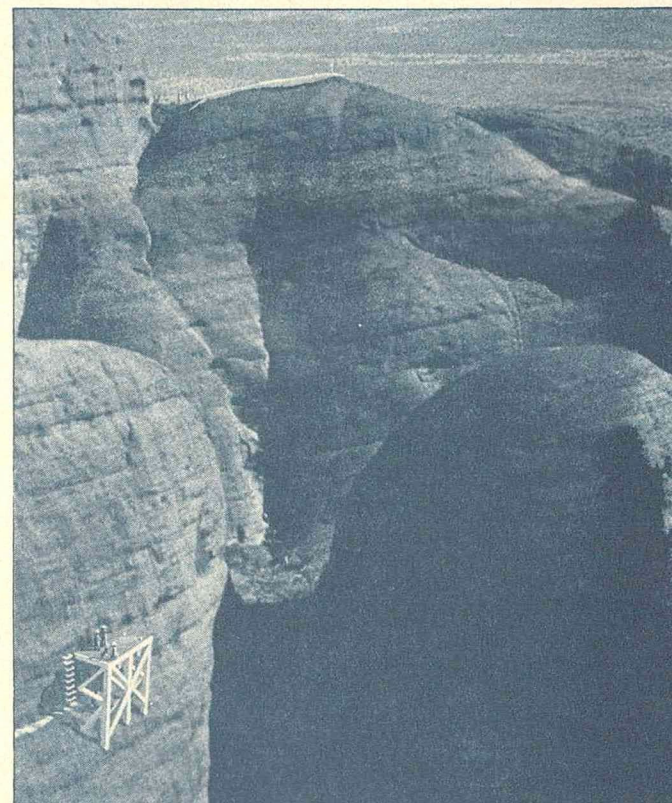
doubt the novel's sales will add a few more zeroes to Mr King's burgeoning bank account — despite the fact that it presents his fans with a deficit of thrills. — Colin Hinton

Stephen Donaldson's epic fantasy *The One Tree* (Fontana, \$5.95) has been compared with

Tolkien's *Lord Of The Rings*. But the second volume in his trilogy fails to make the grade in that rarified atmosphere. *The One Tree* is a convoluted, morbid work, which never quite gets off the ground — or in this case, out of the water.

Donaldson has a distressing tendency to expect too much of his readers, frequently taking a great deal for granted and failing to make the relevant point. He attempts a number of explanatory and thematically unifying flashbacks, usually in connection with the desperately unhappy past of one of the stars of this ill-fated epic: the neurotic doctor, Linden Avery.

But these reminiscences are repetitive and fail to explain the doctor's reactions and motivations. The only thing the reader knows for sure is that the lady has a lot of hang-ups. Even when she finally gets it off with her co-star, Thomas Covenant, there is no great joy, nor any indication that their relationship will bring



The silly season is definitely upon us. Australia's Most Difficult Golf Holes (Colins, \$7.95), a lavishly-produced picture book detailing a series of highly unlikely tees and greens, is a typical product of the period. Check the accompanying photo and you'll get the drift. Whether the concept is enough to sustain this entire volume, which contains another 17 "difficult holes", is a matter for the reader to judge. In any case, it's a novel way of getting people to look at some incredible Australian environments (although Harry Butler is hardly likely to approve). The words explaining the required attack on these challenging holes amount to a subtle, whimsical, indulgent sort of satire: "A brief wait, treading water, for the green to appear; a quick putt or two, then back into the surf boat for a leisurely row on the next hole." Definitely good stuff for decorators of coffee tables, and destined to be a big hit with the genuine golf fanatic, who would be easily able to while away a hundred hours at the 19th trying to work out how to play the holes presented here. — Greg Hunter

make it any easier to follow the plot. He uses a page where a paragraph would suffice, and prefers obscure words where common language would have been more appropriate. *The One Tree's* inconclusive and confusing finale does little to encourage the reader to embark on the third volume in this series.

Pacific Highway (Hale and

Iremonger, \$7.95) is a rare book. In spite of its manifest faults, it is for the most part a pleasure to read because the author, Michael Wilding, has a marvellous facility with the language.

The novel lacks a plot. Like its namesake, it meanders through an everchanging landscape, offering a series of vignettes of Wilding's alternative-type northern NSW characters.

Wilding presents an effective contrast between idyllic beachside days punctuated by casual couplings, joints and mushroom extravaganzas, and the problems imposed upon these hippies by those who refuse to tolerate their lifestyle.

But the book is dated; it's a vision of the Sixties. Although Wilding's stance is occasionally tempered with a wry wit and a degree of cynicism more typical of the present, he is for the most part endorsing a lifestyle in which problems are rarely resolved and often forgotten. His characters possess a naivety which few people can afford today. But despite their irrelevance, Wilding's whimsical fantasies, vivid imagery and gentle self-derision combine to create some memorable scenes. — Kate Richardson

Blessed are the big noses. Yea, verily! And blessed are they sometimes with adoring biographers. Peter (Big Nose) Townsend and his partners in rock have been so lucky. *Ex-Melody Maker* writer Chris Charlesworth adds his labor of love, *The Who — The Illustrated Biography* (Omnibus), to the small library already devoted to the band. Although none of the subjects directly assisted his compilation, Charlesworth has a lot of first-hand experience to draw on, having seen them perform between 50 and 60 times, having toured with them and, as

a rock journalist, having interviewed them all. The glossy 100-page spread is full of relevant graphics, photos and record sleeves alongside a considerable amount of thankfully readable and often informative text.

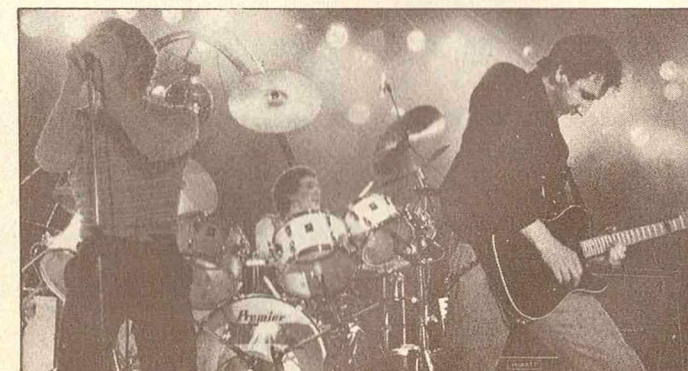
Charlesworth has a lot of ground to cover, starting as he does with childhood synopses and the 1959 trad jazz pairing of young teenagers Townsend on banjo and John Entwistle on trumpet.

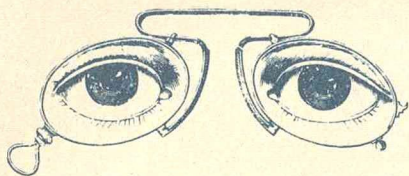
From the late, and very great, Keith Moon's drunken, frenzied audition as drummer (which led to the classic job offer of "What're you doing next Monday?") to the familiar state of being at each other's throats in March this year, the text never lapses into sycophantic platitudes — though it does glow a bit around the edges.

Unusually for a rock book, you do get a real feeling for the band members' motivations and traumas — helped, admittedly, by vast amounts of public bickering.

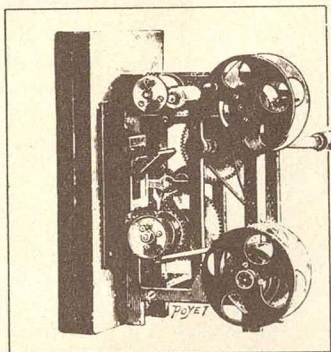
The Who have never had a number one single or album on either side of the Atlantic, but have survived several eras of popular music and numerous professional and personal disasters with a fervent following of Sixties fans and Seventies converts. This is a well-compiled insight for the curious, and a must for the committed. — Jeremy Cook

The Who... well-compiled insight





FILMS



CRIMES OF STATE

Costa-Gavras has never been one to pussyfoot around in his films. *Z*, *The Confession* and *State Of Siege* were harsh political statements designed to waken audiences to the crimes of State being committed in places known to them only through the picture-postcard pages of *National Geographic*. With *Missing*, his first American-produced feature, he literally bit the hand that fed him by sinking his boot into the US State Department. In doing so, he earned the distinction of causing that government body to issue a three-page statement upon the film's American release, denying the accusations made by director Gavras and his co-writer Donald Stewart.

The focus of the State-Department's displeasure (it being undiplomatic under any circumstance to project abject fury) is the film's handling of a nasty episode in department annals. During the 1973 anti-Allende coup in Chile, a 31-year-old American named Charles Horman went "missing". First his wife and then his father flew down from the States and searched for Horman with no success, despite the apparent assistance of the local branch of the State Department (then headed, in Washington, by

Henry Kissinger). One month later, they discovered Charles was one of two Americans shot in the coup, and that the executions had been carried out with the knowledge of American officials.

Landing in Chile, the elder Horman — etched by Jack Lemmon in yet another infinite portrait of middle-class American puzzlement, reinforcing (if it were ever needed) the actor's reputation as one of his country's great tragedists — is a bundle of mixed emotions. He is easily persuaded that Embassy officials are doing everything within their power to find his son, and angered at his daughter-in-law Beth (Sissy Spacek) for her affront at the officials she believes are only going through the motions. Horman is equally ticked off about his son's denial of his Harvard education (and the assured future his graduation status promised him within the free-enterprise system his father has devoted his life to supporting) in preference for flirting with idealistic causes. As a deeply religious, conservative convert to Christian Science, Charles' father finds it inconceivable that his Embassy, as Beth insists, could be involved in a cover-up to protect diplomatic relations between the United States and

the new government — just as he cannot believe anybody would be arrested by police without committing a crime. Faced with the reality — streets patrolled by militia (and marked with neon monuments to American free enterprise), 20,000 people either dead or missing, the bodies of many of those executed stacked inside a huge soccer stadium — Edmund Horman is unwillingly swayed to the realization that there is something very rotten within the State Department.

Confronting the head of the Embassy with what he knows — that his son has been executed, that his country has played a vital role in the coup — Edmund Horman is both outraged and bewildered. These are not the deeds of a country and a system he has committed his life to preserving. The Embassy chief finally shatters his convictions by pointing out that America has 3000 companies to look after in this part of the globe: the Hormans of the world can't have it both ways. What is a life here or there, when the dividends of American shareholders are involved?

In the last reel the Hormans are boarding a plane back to America after arranging the shipment of Charles' body home for burial, with Edmund swear-

ing to see every Embassy official involved in the cover-up of his son's death in jail. His subsequent lawsuits included Kissinger himself, but the cases were tied up in the US courts for years and finally judged in the State Department's favor.

The ingredients of Costa-Gavras' film are enough to persuade any God-fearing American, or those of us clearly under the yoke of American multi-national free enterprise, to question the political ethics that are an integral part of the system; enough to make any overthrown Chilean or blitzed El Salvadorean cry: "Yankee, go home!"

Steven Spielberg has built a treasury of Fort Knox proportions on his profits from *Jaws*, *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* and *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*. He must be considered a merchant predator on our basic emotions, the way he can turn a sunlit seaside resort into a place of primeval terror; man's first contact with an alien race into a circumstance of joy; and dim Saturday matinee memories into a celebration of Kitsch. *Poltergeist*, a Tobe Hooper film (he of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*) produced by Spielberg from his own story and co-written screen-play, adds to the list by bringing man and the world beyond the grave together on the most common of ground — an ordinary suburban community.

The Freelings are your average, middle-class types with Steve Freeling (Craig T. Nelson) a more liberal supporter of free enterprise than Edmund Horman, but more or less of the same ilk. As the gun salesman for the real estate development he lives on with wife Diane (Jobeth Williams) and three children, Steve is at the heart of the fruits of the system: a man shown, in a pre-title sequence, to be one of us. He's sound asleep in front of television, the

show over for the night, a scattering of static snow on the screen... or is it? If it is *only* snow, why has the youngest of the three children woken from her sleep, padded downstairs and come to the screen — to talk to it, as if there were something beyond the static, seen only by her? And why, the following night, repeating the ritual, do weird configurations arise from the snowy screen and inject themselves into the wall, into the framework of the Freeling house? Never has television transmission "ghosting" been taken so literally.

This is the key to Spielberg's cinematic talents: take a smidgen of normality and carry it forward to where it scares the pants off us. The Freeling son, sensing things are not as they should be around the house, is drawn to that breeding place for the unimaginable — the space under the bed — only to discover... No, this not the place to destroy what Spielberg and Hooper have so carefully constructed with the soul-disturbing assistance of George Lucas's special visual effects unit, Industrial Light and Magic (see feature story this issue). It's an extension of the idea of poltergeists: noisy, bratty ghosts who invade suburban sensibilities.

As producer and co-screenwriter, Spielberg has crafted *Poltergeist* into a companion piece to *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*. It is simple enough to imagine the goings-on taking place around the Richard Dreyfuss character who went over the edge after sighting UFOs. Where the latter film went for a flood of wonderment, the former has us recoiling in horror. Can these visitations, the malevolence taking over the kid's bedroom, the door-sized yawning mouth of Hell be waiting for us once we "pass over" into a world many believe is waiting for us? Intriguing as the theory may be (and Spielberg has based his



Poltergeist...scaring suburbia



Laura...monosyllabic pap

story on exhaustive research of actual poltergeist incidents dating back to 30 AD, when a physician was pelted by mysterious showers of stones), the antics of these ghostly manifestations nudge the viewer towards laughter — albeit, *nervous* laughter — as producer and director allow proceedings to get out of hand; the resultant destruction of the house is the stuff of which B movies were made. Spielberg was able to alter our perception of water and sky in his first two blockbusters, but with *Poltergeist* our perception of the ghosting on our screens remains just that. He has been unable to convince of something sinister beyond the "snow".

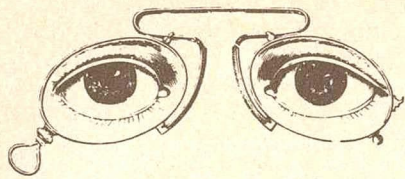
David Hamilton is responsible for a cottage industry in pubescent imagery. His vaseline-misted photographs of innocent young European maids snatched in the privacy of some quiet summer hideaway has

formed the basis for magazine covers and features, books, posters and postcards. The acceptance of his work as a photographer enabled Hamilton to give David Hamilton (still photographer) a chance at showing his wares — pretty balletic nymphs lazing in woodlands, showering in cave-like bathrooms — the sculptor is blinded in a fire. His path to salvation and the return of his sight are brought about by Laura, as she allows him to do a sculpture of her body by touching it. All this groping leads to the inevitable. In Laura's gift of her innocence to Myer, some sort of counter-balance takes place whereby he has his sight returned. Hamilton has a knack of confusing innocence with naivety when it comes to telling a story. So caught up is he in getting the image right that he forgets drama, tension and character. To some, his photography is soft porn. His film-making exercises lean more towards soft corn. — Denis Whitburn

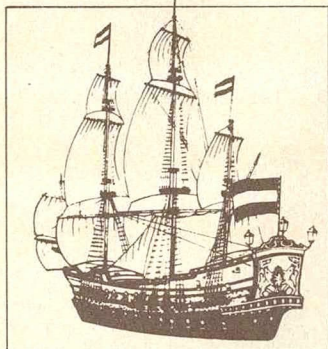
A self-exiled recluse in a Southern French village, celebrated sculptor Paul Myer (James Mitchell) becomes entranced with a young girl, Laura (Dawn Dunlap), who turns out to be the daughter of a former lover, Sarah (Maud Adams). Intoxicated by Laura, the sculptor finds his own dulled senses be-



Sissy Spacek and Jack Lemmon in Missing



TRAVEL



TAHITI TIME

Ever since we unleashed Kerrie Anne Gillies on *Penthouse* readers as our July Pet of the Month, we have been flooded with interested callers. And they're not enquiring about Kerry Anne, although the 19-year-old blonde sparks more than a bit of enthusiasm with or without apparel.

Nope, the heavy breathing was for Tahiti, or more particularly Bora Bora — where Ms Gillies swam, frolicked, revelled and did the usual things *Penthouse* Pets do when they're being photographed. The only problem that arose during the compilation of those shots was in making sure the spectacular landscape of Ms Gillies was not overwhelmed by the awesome lines of the Tahitian backdrop.

Penthouse flew to Tahiti with the international holiday specialists, Jetabout. The lads at Jetabout reckon they've got the emerald isles of French Polynesia wired, with seven different holiday itineraries and Tahitian stopover packages.

Getting there from Papeete is an experience to treasure. It's a 70-minute island-hopping flight to Bora Bora Airport, a slender strip in the middle of nowhere. Reaching Bora Bora itself means a half-hour boat trip, skimming across water so blue and clear that if you look hard enough you can see shells on

the ocean floor many fathoms below.

When the island comes into view, its green peak jutting almost savagely into cloudless skies, the lushness of its foliage and the serenity of the surrounding waters is breathtaking.

The Bora Bora atoll is surrounded by a still, clear lagoon. About 300 metres out you can just see a massive coral reef breakwater, and on still evenings on the beach you can hear the Pacific crashing against it.

Snorkelling in the stillness of the lagoon is a popular and rewarding way of spending an afternoon. Tropical fish in technicolor abundance play among the coral. Sharks are unheard of, except for the small reef variety.

All of the island's hotels are situated on the beach, and thankfully there are no organised tourist activities; but there's no shortage of facilities which can be used at the guests' leisure. One of the best options is to cycle the five-mile circumference of the atoll along the only existing road.

The food served by the hotels is mainly European, with added treats of succulent, fresh-caught island fish and exotic local fruits. There are a few shops, selling native artifacts.

In Bora Bora there's an expression for the gentle pace you're lulled into as soon as you arrive. They call it "Tahiti time". The *Bounty* mutineers, Gauguin and Brando all had no trouble getting tuned to that luxuriant ease, and neither will you.

Jetabout prices start at 10 days visiting Tahiti from \$762 per person share twin; Tahiti and Moorea from \$998; Tahiti and Bora Bora from \$1158; Tahiti, Moorea and Bora Bora from \$1161. Prices from 15 days start at \$1232 visiting Tahiti and Moorea; \$1394 to Tahiti and Bora Bora; \$1423 to Tahiti, Moorea and Bora Bora.

These prices include return air fares from Sydney with Qantas, souvenir leis, all airport/hotel

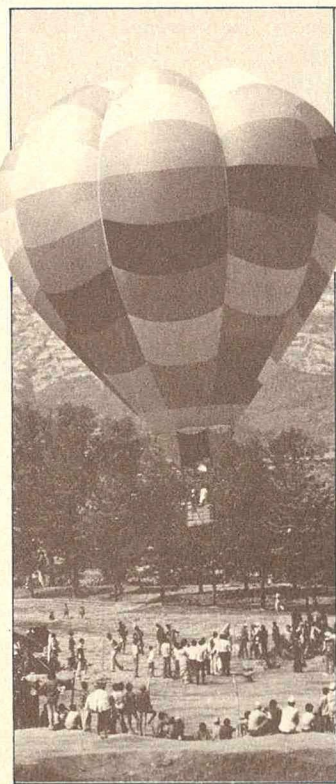
transfers, accommodation, breakfasts and dinners, and inter-island flights where required. All holidays have weekly departures and are available from Qantas or your travel agent. Footnote: This month's centre-spread was photographed on the fabled island of Bali. For the curious with itchy feet, Jetabout has just released a brochure detailing its nine and 14-day packages to Bali.

Starting on the morning of November 1 in Nepal, two hot air balloons will rise daily above the picturesque Kathmandu Valley, affording sightseers a bird's eye view of the Central Himalayas.

Ballooning, one of the world's oldest sports, is taking on craze proportions world-wide and Nepal is one of the last countries to be conquered by the upwardly mobile hot-air set.

The novel idea of offering scenic balloon flights in the

Ballooning in Nepal



region of the Himalayas took two years to reach fruition for the Adventure Travel Centre of Sydney and Nepal's International Trekkers. Permission from the Nepalese Government was a major stumbling block, according to Chris Dewhirst of Adventure Travel.

"The country's airport lies in the heart of the Kathmandu Valley and there was a fair bit of bureaucratic consternation that we may interfere with air traffic space or endanger passengers," says Dewhirst.

As a keen balloonist, Dewhirst has made thousands of balloon flights, many in the vicinity of busy airports like Sydney. "There is little air traffic through the Kathmandu Valley and the balloons are in constant radio contact with the local flight control, keeping us posted on other aircraft in the area."

Last May Dewhirst piloted a test flight carrying assorted red tape boys from the Nepalese Government. The dignitaries were impressed with the spectacle and the safety of the flight. In a matter of months Dewhirst got the go-ahead from the king of Nepal (a keen parachutist) through the Home Affairs Department.

Taking advantage of the first commercial ballooning caper in Asia will cost you \$25 for a 15-minute tethered flight at 150 metres, or \$125 for approximately 60 minutes of free flight, where your direction is determined by the breeze.

Four or five passengers can be carried on these flights, which start at around 7 am to catch the Himalayan sunrise. Dewhirst is reckoning on carrying 30 to 50 sightseers a day between sunrise and noon. Running the trips all day may be possible in the future, but the availability of fuel, which is trucked up from India, precludes this at the moment. Information on hot air ballooning in Nepal is available from the Adventure Travel Centre on (02) 29 8057.

Go with Paco and be sure of a big following



A chance discovery sheds new light on the secret functions of the most important US base in Australia

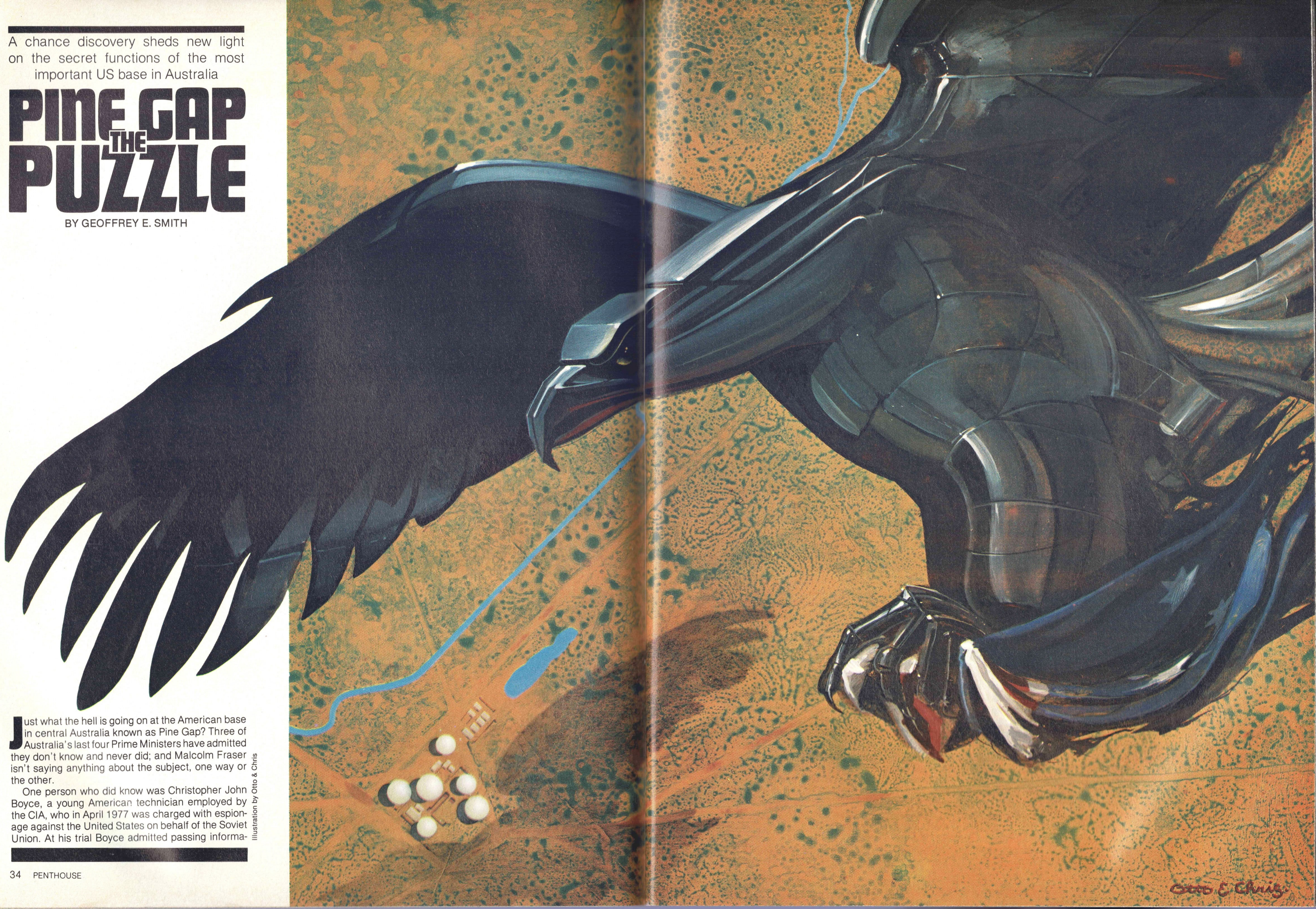
PINE GAP THE PUZZLE

BY GEOFFREY E. SMITH

Just what the hell is going on at the American base in central Australia known as Pine Gap? Three of Australia's last four Prime Ministers have admitted they don't know and never did; and Malcolm Fraser isn't saying anything about the subject, one way or the other.

One person who did know was Christopher John Boyce, a young American technician employed by the CIA, who in April 1977 was charged with espionage against the United States on behalf of the Soviet Union. At his trial Boyce admitted passing informa-

Illustration by Otto & Chris



OTTO & CHRIS

PINE GAP

tion to the Russians, and subsequently stated:

"I agreed to write a statement concerning what I believe to be violations of law perpetrated against the Australians. I informed them that I worked in a communications room and part of my daily duties was to continue a deception against the Australians. I learned about the way in which we could practice day-to-day deception in our transmission to the Australians."

At the end of his trial in Los Angeles, Boyce was sentenced to 40 years; but the nature of the "day-to-day deception" practiced against the Australians by the CIA was never disclosed.

Very few Australians are aware of the scale of the American presence in this country, let alone the functions and strategic implications of the US military and intelligence facilities here. We are a sovereign and independent nation, and as such we should be able to decide for ourselves if and when we go to war. However, if America becomes involved in a thermo-nuclear war, Australia is *inevitably* committed to fight alongside, and possibly suffer great loss of lives with, her powerful ally.

During the Arab-Israeli War in October 1973, all US armed forces throughout the world were placed on full red alert, and these included the personnel stationed in the American bases in Australia; but the Australian Government was *not* informed that America was poised on the brink of nuclear war. If and when World War III starts, most military strategists agree that at least five targets in Australia will be attacked in the *first* wave of Soviet nuclear missiles. These are: Pine Gap, North-West Cape, Nurrungar, Canberra and Melbourne.

The reason why US facilities at these sites are so important is a simple one. The 41 nuclear missile submarines of the US Navy are the least vulnerable weapons system in the American arsenal, and the Soviets could be confident of destroying only a very few of these submarines even in an all-out search and destroy mission. On the other hand, they could quite easily immobilise the entire American sea-based force by destroying its communications. The US facilities in Australia are crucial components in the American world-wide military communications network.

To date, Pentagon planners and US intelligence agencies have treated the Australian people with disdain, presumption and paternalism. Perhaps this attitude is understandable. A top-secret US base at Smithfield, South Australia, was operating for 12 years before the Australian Department of Defence saw fit to ask the Pentagon what the base was doing!

Australia's interests cannot be

regarded as identical to those of the United States; if they are, then we may as well roll up the flag and become another State of the Union. Surely the time has come to make it plain that Australia can no longer be taken for granted by anyone. Any present and future American involvement in Australian defence and intelligence operations should be undertaken with Australia acting as a mature partner, and not as some half-witted country bumpkin cousin. Significantly, perhaps, the CIA code-name for Pine Gap is "Merino" — a breed of sheep.

Five major US intelligence services operate in Australia:

- National Security Agency (NSA);
- Central Intelligence Agency (CIA);
- National Reconnaissance Office (NRO);
- US Naval Security Service;
- US Air Force Security Service.

The National Security Agency alone is involved in manning facilities at Melbourne's Victoria Barracks, Albert Park Barracks, Watsonia, Rockbank, Carbarlah, Toowoomba, Pearce, Shoal Bay, Darwin, Nurrungar, North-West Cape, Darriman, Muchea, Tidbinbilla, Ororral Valley, Honeysuckle Creek, Smithfield,

Learmonth, Charters Towers, HMAS Harman, Canberra and "Project Oak Tree" at Alice Springs.

The Central Intelligence Agency has operatives in Melbourne at ASIO headquarters, in the US Embassy in Canberra, and at Nurrungar. It is primarily responsible for running Pine Gap.

The National Reconnaissance Office has personnel at Nurrungar and Pine Gap; at least 30 members of the US Naval Security Service are stationed at North-West Cape and in Perth; and the US Air Force Security Service runs facilities at Alice Springs, Mildura and Charters Towers.

The American installations in Australia fall into three categories: firstly, those which are engaged chiefly in scientific activities with little or no defence relevance; secondly, bases engaged in intelligence operations which collect data relating to nuclear tests, missile launchings, military operations, diplomatic communications and domestic economic, commercial and personal communications; and thirdly, the American installations in Australia which provide communications and navigational support to US military operations.

Presumably, few people would object to

the first type of facility — but even these installations have some military significance, the nature and implications of which have never been explained to the Australian public. Overall, the assumption is that all the bases will somehow help defend Australia in some future conflict. In fact, Australia is indefensible in a thermo-nuclear war, and *all* the US bases here have but one objective — to help defend *America* in any future war.

The Australian people have never been given a complete list of American defence and intelligence facilities in this country. Even when the existence of a particular operation is acknowledged, we are told that it is concerned with "space research", "upper atmospheric studies" or "geological research".

In December 1978, former Prime Minister John Gorton stated: "I don't even know what Pine Gap is all about. I didn't then [1969]. I could have asked but it didn't arise. I didn't ask about it." In May 1977, William McMahon stated that although he thought he knew the true functions of Pine Gap and Nurrungar at the time he was Prime Minister, he was now not so sure: "I have increasing doubts that the Australian Government knows the entire truth."

Even Gough Whitlam made it clear on a number of occasions that there were several aspects about Pine Gap and Nurrungar that he was never told about. For example, he was not told that the American officer-in-charge of Pine Gap, Richard Stallings, was an employee of the CIA, or that Pine Gap was in fact a CIA operation.

In 1969, Don Chipp was asked why the Australian public was "not informed as to what was going on at Pine Gap." He replied: "Because the Government does not deem it wise or necessary to tell the public what is going on at Pine Gap." In retrospect it seems clear that Don Chipp couldn't have spilled the beans even if he had wanted to, because the American Government apparently "did not deem it wise or necessary" to tell the folks in Canberra!

Pine Gap is located 19 kilometres south-west of Alice Springs at Laura Creek. In 1965, a team of American engineers began surveying a property leased by farmer Jim Bullen in the Pine Gap valley, a natural basin formed by rocky outcrops of the MacDonnell Ranges. Preliminary work on the site

started in late January 1967, but didn't really get under way until March because Bullen was dissatisfied with the price being offered for the land — 52 cents an acre. Prefabricated buildings and other structures were sent from the US, via Adelaide and Salisbury; later, equipment was flown into Alice Springs Airport by C-141 Starlifter transport aircraft. The Starlifters and the even larger C-5A Galaxies still make at least twice-weekly flights to Alice Springs with equipment and US personnel for the base.

Pine Gap became officially operational in 1970, although it had some partial capability from early 1969. The original 1966 Agreement between the US and Australia stated that the co-operating agency for the US Department of Defence was the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency. In fact, Pine Gap is a CIA operation using the Department of Defence as a cover. All the chiefs of the facility have been CIA officers: Richard Stallings, Harry Fitzwater, Lou Bonham, Hy Markham and the current officer-in-charge, John Kreiger.

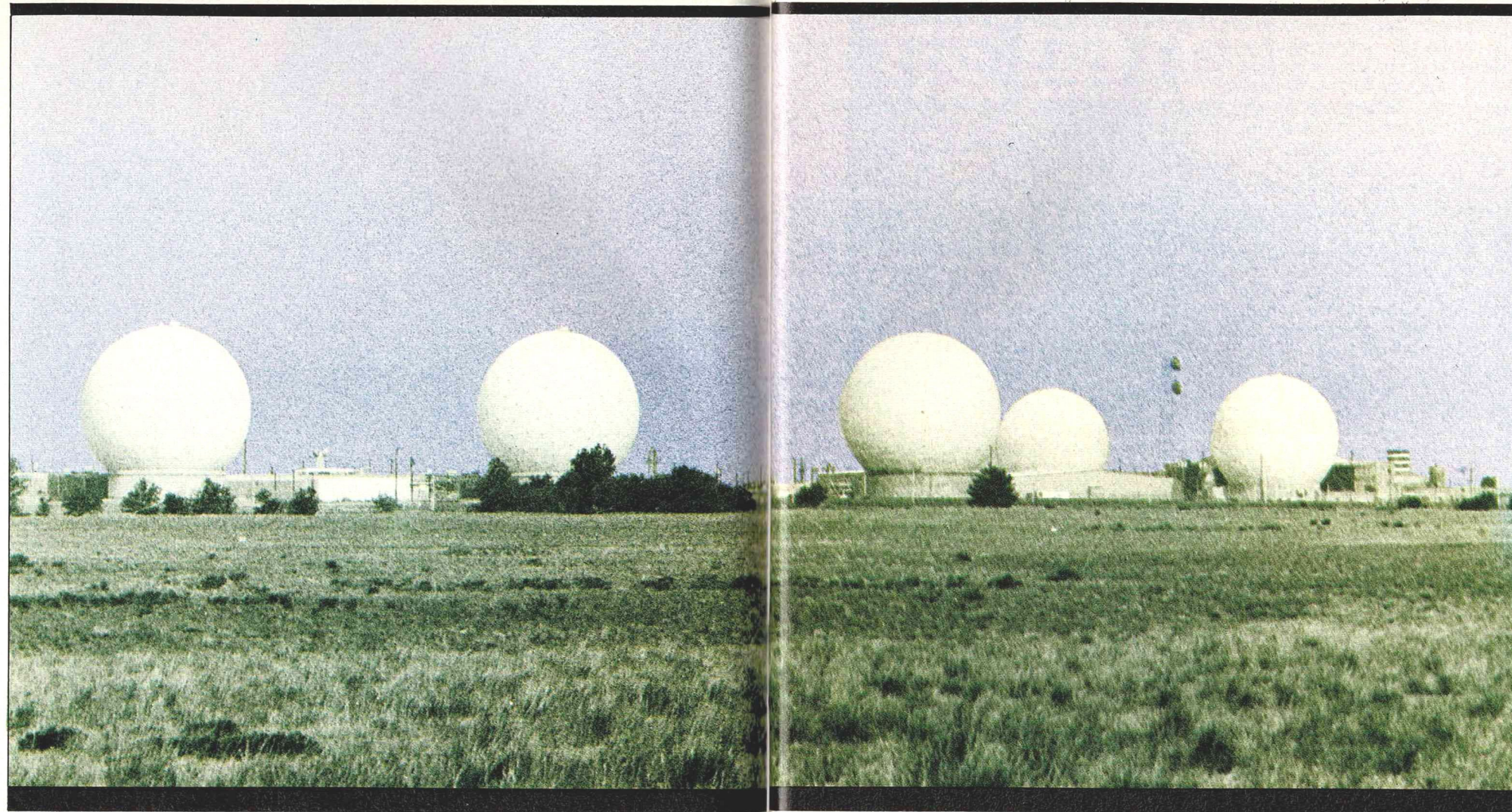
The main contractors involved in building the base were Collins Radio Company, IBM, Ling Temco Vought and TRW Systems Incorporated — who in 1974 employed a college dropout called Christopher John Boyce.

Today, Pine Gap is dominated by six silvery-white domes made of perspex and a large solid tower several feet square and over 30 metres high, about 300 metres west of the domes. On the northern edge of the complex is a powerful high-frequency antenna. About 18 buildings, some as big as supermarkets, have been built at the base since 1968, and the main computer room alone is 140 metres square.

The facility includes air-conditioned laboratories to house electronic equipment, and luxury accommodation is provided for personnel who live on the base in six motel-like modern units each with 30 rooms. The installation is completely self-contained, with its own power and water supplies. All the buildings on the site are linked by underground passage-ways. Water, from deep bores, is used in such large amounts that there is continuing speculation about the existence of a nuclear reactor at Pine Gap.

Surrounding the complex is a buffer zone of 20 square kilometres. This is bounded by two security fences, which are patrolled 24 hours a day. Planes are *not* permitted to fly over the prohibited area. Under Department of Civil Aviation regulations, Alice Springs Airport traffic control has undertaken not to allow aircraft to fly within a radius of four kilometres of Pine Gap. All the leaseholders of stations surrounding the base have given undertakings not to allow "visitors" access to their properties.

In July 1978, there were 454 people



PINE GAP

employed at the base - 226 Australians and 228 Americans. Of these, 115 live on the base. Of the 226 Australians, only 16 are involved in performing technical functions, and only eight are scientists. According to the original agreement the base must be staffed on a 50:50 basis, but there are very few, if any, Australians in the "Top Secret" sector of Pine Gap.

According to P.L.Kealy, writing in the *Canberra Times* of May 11, 1977:

"What the Americans did was to make a huge list of all personnel at the base, including those in the unclassified outside perimeters, who included housemaids for the motel units, cooks, and gardeners. This allowed the Americans to satisfy the 50:50 relationship admirably, but left almost entirely Americans in the Top Secret sector . . . The Americans run that place. It is not a place where Australians can feel comfortable."

To try to determine precisely what is going on at Pine Gap, we can use information and evidence from only a handful of reliable sources. These include: the minutes of US Congressional inquiries; the transcripts of two trials held in America (*United States of America versus Christopher John Boyce* and *United States of America versus William Kam-piles*, a former CIA operative convicted of selling information on satellites to the Soviets in 1978); and articles which have appeared in the authoritative American *Journal Aviation Week and Space Technology*.

Amongst its other functions, Pine Gap monitors and helps control *three* sets (or series) of satellites:

- Type 647 early-warning satellites launched into stationary orbit around earth at heights of between 30,000 and 40,000 kilometres.
- Big Bird and Keyhole spy satellites which circle the globe at an altitude of between 160 and 550 kilometres.
- The Pyramider-type CIA secret communications system of three satellites at 39,000 kilometres altitude and 120 degrees apart, permanently positioned over Pine Gap, over Redondo Beach, California, and over CIA headquarters at Langley, Virginia.

The principal purpose of the 647 satellites is to provide early warning of Soviet or Chinese ballistic missile attacks to a variety of US defence and intelligence organisations. The satellites carry a one-metre diameter Schmidt infra-red telescope which focuses upon the energy emitted by a missile's exhaust during powered stages of its flight. The 647 also carries a visible light sensor television camera enabling observers at ground stations to view intercontinental ballistic missiles as they are launched and rise

above the atmosphere. This series of satellites is the single most important element in the US early-warning system. Three 647s can provide full coverage of all potential areas of nuclear missile launchings.

The Big Bird and Keyhole KH-11 spy satellites are equipped for regular, infra-red and multi-spectral photography. They circle the earth at an altitude of less than 250 kilometres, which allows for very high resolution photographs but which limits their operational lifetime. The Big Bird weighs more than 11,000kgs and is 15.25 metres long and three metres in diameter. It was launched by the powerful Titan 3-D booster and the satellite itself was really a modified Agena rocket. It carries a high resolution camera built by the Perkin-Elmer Corporation which is capable of a resolution of 15 centimetres from an altitude of 150 kilometres.

During the trial of Christopher Boyce, it

Did the information which Boyce passed to the Soviets concern details of an "unauthorised" chemical laser weapons system at Pine Gap?

was revealed that the CIA has developed a series of covert satellites and that the system covers three categories of requirements:

- The satellites provide a top-secret communications link between CIA operatives in foreign countries. An agent in the field, using a hand radio set, can communicate through the satellites directly to CIA headquarters at Langley, Virginia.
 - The Pyramider satellites provide communications with "field sensors" — pieces of electronic equipment in various parts of the world which collect data remotely. For example, it was revealed in 1978 that the CIA had placed a sensor on top of a 6405-metre mountain in the Himalayas. The sensor was powered by a small plutonium rod, and was designed to monitor China's nuclear test installations at Lop Nor in Sinkiang province.
 - The Pyramider system provides back-up communications in the event of the regular networks being knocked out of action.
- In other words, the essence of the CIA

Pyramider series is to provide maximum "undetectability". Leslie Dirks, Deputy Director of Science and Technology at the CIA, testified at Boyce's trial: "The key distinction here was *covert* communications as opposed to routine satellite communications."

In 1978, a boat belonging to a "retired" CIA agent, John Paisley, who was found dead in Chesapeake Bay, was equipped with a sophisticated radio transceiver able to send tens of thousands of characters a minute to, and translate messages from, Pyramider-type satellites.

When Christopher John Boyce claimed at his trial that the CIA was "practicing a day-to-day deception on the Australians", most observers assumed he was referring to the ability of US spy satellites to monitor and record all internal Australian communications systems. However, an Early Bird satellite launched on March 6, 1973 and geostationary at 35,900 kilometres above Borneo already had this capacity — a fact openly acknowledged by John Denley Walker, a former CIA station chief in Australia, before Boyce went on trial.

What, then, was the daily deception practiced on Australians by the CIA? Some commentators have suggested that the deceit involved a "cut-off" regarding intelligence information which, under the Pine Gap and Nurrungar Agreements, was to be shared with Australia. But if the information coming into the two bases consists only of reconnaissance satellite reports on missile firings and strategic aircraft movements, together with directions to the Soviet fleet, why should the United States be selective about that?

Others believe that Boyce was referring to clandestine CIA activities in Australian trade unions, but for a number of reasons this explanation does not hold up. Boyce went to work for Thompson-Ramo-Woodridge (TRW) in June 1974 and in December of that year he was transferred to their communications room in Los Angeles, which has teleprinter links with Pine Gap and the CIA at Langley. Apparently security in the communications vault was lax: about 15 to 20 people had access to the room, its "secure" phone was used by the office bookie, marijuana plants were cultivated in the air-conditioned atmosphere, and peppermint Schnapps was the favorite drink among the staff. Boyce had gained a top-grade security clearance with no trouble, apparently because his father was an ex-FBI agent.

Shortly after being appointed to his job, Boyce was discussing the CIA with a former school friend, Andrew Lee, who complained about the agency's intervention in Chile. Boyce then told him: "If you think that's bad you should hear what the CIA is doing to the Australians." A week later they met again, and Lee persuaded Boyce to feed him classified information which could be sold to the Russians. In-

THE CIA CORRIDOR

Between 1965 and 1975 the CIA completely lost control over its South-East Asia Division, which was responsible for the agency's activities in Australia. During those years, clandestine CIA operations throughout South-East Asia were run by a select bunch of psychopaths and criminals who employed the largest private armies and air-forces the world has ever seen, financing them by way of black market currency deals on an incredible scale, massive arms sales involving stolen US equipment, and the sale of illicit drugs. These genuine Mr Bigs, who carefully established and fostered the hard drug market in Australia, were left alone or actively protected by Australian authorities because of their connections with "American Intelligence".

One of the most far-reaching instances of such protection was the attitude of Australian officials at the airport at Alice Springs, servicing Pine Gap. They allowed in "sanitised" planes masquerading under official US Air Force insignia which were ferrying booty, weapons, illicit drugs and precious human cargo — illegal immigrants — into Australia under the sanction of the CIA and the rubber-stamping of ASIO.

After Pine Gap became operational in 1969 such aircraft, along with US Air Force planes, regularly landed at Alice Springs Airport. There were no routine immigration or customs controls applied to any plane purportedly servicing Pine Gap; neither the aircraft nor the cargo was inspected. Anyone who tried to make checks would have been told to mind his own business, since what went on at Pine Gap was Top Secret.

cluded in this data was a detailed account of the CIA's clandestine operations in Australia.

At the end of his trial Boyce was given 40 years. To earn such a severe sentence he must have done a good deal more than pass on details about possible CIA involvement in Australian trade union organisations.

A number of analysts have speculated that what Boyce really passed to the Russians was a detailed account of highly secret weapon tests carried out regularly in central Australia by the CIA.

There is one aspect of Pine Gap that re-

Before the shit hit the fan with the fall of Saigon in April, 1975, CIA operatives entered and left Australia through their own private gateway — Alice Springs Airport. There was no-one who would dare check either their personal baggage or the boxes and crates being unloaded from the lumbering C-141 transport planes. When Saigon fell, the human and goods traffic through Alice Springs was particularly hectic, as renegade CIA operatives tried desperately to disentangle their criminal empires and escape justice.

The Nugan Hand banking group was launched in 1973 — the same year William Colby became head of the CIA. Colby sent a message immediately after his appointment to various agents in the field, instructing them to use the Nugan Hand group for CIA secret arms deals. Most of the early shareholders in the Nugan Hand operation were agency personnel stationed in Laos. The first function of the "bank" was to launder the black market currency and gold being flown to Alice Springs from Northern Laos, and to "place" large amounts of high-quality heroin arriving by the same route. The arms dealing would come a little later.

In 1980, with the death of Frank Nugan and concurrent investigations of the Nugan Hand affair, Michael Hand was much sought-after. According to a February 1982 report in the *National Times*, Hand "slipped out of Australia with a false beard and a false passport." There was no need for such theatrics, Hand knew. In fact he left Australia in very fine style — on a CIA executive jet departing from Alice Springs Airport.

mains shrouded in mystery: its research operations in laser technology and the associated development of hunter-killer satellites.

Both the superpowers are spending billions trying to devise a means of knocking out each other's reconnaissance satellites. The unique southern hemisphere location of Pine Gap, with its clear skies, has meant that the base has been involved in these experiments for a number of years.

In June 1981, an article in the *New Scientist* reviewed the present state of laser weapon technology. The US Air

Force Weapons Laboratory in New Mexico shot down its first aircraft with a laser in November 1973, although film of the event was only released in 1981 because of the secrecy which surrounds laser weapons. The US Army's Mobile Test Unit has shot down helicopters using a 25kW carbon dioxide laser, and the US Navy's tests at Capistrano in California have brought down anti-tank missiles.

High-energy lasers are the subject of the biggest technology-related project currently organised by the US Department of Defence. The department has spent \$1250 million on lasers during the past decade, and plans to invest a further \$1000 million over the next five years. Most of the effort in the US is now concentrated on chemical lasers, and so far the Department of Defence has been spending about \$50 million a year on testing these weapons — about 80 percent of its total expenditure on devices in this field.

Chemical lasers convert fuel such as hydrogen fluoride or deuterium fluoride directly into light energy. A mixture of gases burns in a combustor to give atomic fluorine. Hydrogen is then injected into the gas stream, and a mirror converts energy from the reaction into optical wavelengths.

Two new lasers have recently been developed which could form the basis for long-range operational weapons. In the top-secret "excimer" lasers a beam of electrons ionises a mixture of xenon and fluorine, which combine to form an unstable molecule. The electron transfers from the fluorine to the xenon ion and the laser radiation is emitted as the molecule decays. Thus the old favorite of science fiction writers, the laser gun or "death ray", is fast becoming a reality. The new generation of lasers can be beamed up into space and bounced off reflecting mirrors fitted to satellites, to destroy other satellites or ballistic missiles.

Is Pine Gap the test site for a new and powerful chemical laser weapon? Last summer, the author of this article was collecting data on background levels of fluoride and hydrogen fluoride in the Australian environment for a planned documentary film. Many modern industries including aluminium smelters, steelworks, coal-burning power stations and brickworks emit considerable quantities of fluoride, which can become a dangerous pollutant. Purely by chance, atmospheric readings of hydrogen fluoride in the vicinity of Alice Springs were monitored — not because anyone expected high readings there. In fact the opposite applied, for it was assumed that the area would have almost *no* atmospheric fluoride pollution. However, it soon became obvious that at least one source not too distant from The Alice was emitting relatively large amounts of hydrogen fluoride. A series of simple tests tracked down the culprit — the US base at Pine Gap. Obviously,

PINE GAP

Pine Gap does *not* produce aluminium, steel or even bricks. It is believed to have six 1500 horsepower conventional generators using 1800 gallons of diesel oil per day; this could not possibly account for the detected amounts of atmospheric fluoride. However, one of the newest experimental lasers in the US Laser Weapons Program uses fluorine and hydrogen in vast amounts, and emits as a highly toxic exhaust — hydrogen fluoride!

The detection of significant amounts of atmospheric fluoride near Pine Gap does not prove that a chemical laser is operating on the base; it could mean that a small atomic reactor which would produce uranium hexafluoride was responsible.

The 1966 Agreement between Australia and the United States regarding Pine Gap does not cover the testing of chemical laser weapons or the establishment of an atomic reactor on the site. Did the information which Christopher Boyce passed to the Soviets concern details of an "unauthorised" chemical laser weapons system operating at Pine Gap?

The argument put forward by Canberra's defence officials in favor of the presence of the US installations in Australia is the intelligence "spin-off" which falls to the Australian armed forces. It is true that Australia is dependent upon the US for much of its intelligence, but the US facilities here have been involved in external military activities on a number of occasions without the knowledge or consent of the Australian government. For example, North-West Cape's high-frequency transmitters were vital to the success of the American mining of Haiphong and other North Vietnamese harbors in 1972.

A Defence Department dossier leaked at the ALP's Federal Conference in July 1973 asserted that satellites controlled by Australian ground stations were being used to pinpoint targets for American bombing raids in Cambodia. During the Middle East War of October 1973, Pine Gap and Nurrungar as well as North-West Cape were placed on full alert on October 11, just five days after the fighting started and two weeks before the US world-wide red alert on October 25. Needless to say, the Australian government was not advised of this red alert.

It is clear that the relationship between the so-called "joint" facilities and foreign intelligence operations in Australia is not a healthy one. America is obviously very selective about the data it chooses to pass on to its junior partner, despite the fact that the land upon which the bases are built is Australian territory.

It can be argued that the presence of the US bases in Australia hinders the development of an independent national policy because it makes it difficult for any Australian government to extricate policy

from association with, and dependence upon, the United States of America. For instance, because Australia plays host to American nuclear submarines at North-West Cape, our support for the recent Sri Lanka proposal to declare the Indian Ocean a zone of peace is seen by the third world as pure hypocrisy.

The US installations in Australia make up the most crucial aspect of our national security and foreign policy. The bases are said to be essential for our defence, but the installations have worked against the development of a self-reliant posture, which would be necessary in the event that US support were not forthcoming. Of course, the US appears generous in passing on tidbits of intelligence to our defence forces. However, the truth is that Australian intelligence collection priorities have been distorted to satisfy the requirements of US global collection networks.

The fact that many of the facilities *must*

Much of what
our government has
tried to keep from the
Australian people is
available on public
record in the US

be located in Australia, because we are diametrically opposite the US on the globe, greatly reduces Australia's freedom of manoeuvre over them.

Any attempt to dismantle the installations would be greatly resisted by the US. Senator Ken Wriedt, Labor's Shadow Minister for Foreign Affairs, stated in May 1978:

"The fact is that the bases have been in Australia for some considerable time and have considerable public acceptance. Their strategic importance in the Western Alliance, of which Australia is part and in which it is obliged to play a role, is such that we now have little option but to enable their existence in this country. However, it does not follow that we are obliged to accept all the features that currently go with them."

American bases exist in Australia — fair enough. But why have they been the subject of a lack of candor on the part of the United States, and of secrecy, evasion and deception on the part of Australian governments, including Gough Whitlam's Labor Government? With particular regard to Pine Gap, successive govern-

ments have been extremely tight-lipped and evasive in an attempt to minimise public discussion of the installation.

In September 1968, the then Defence Minister, Allen Fairhall, told the townsfolk of Alice Springs: "I cannot see at any time the station doing anything of military significance."

In March 1973, Whitlam offered another justification for his government's policy of continued secrecy. He said that he could not disclose any information about Pine Gap "because they are not our secrets. We never told the people at the election that we would disclose other people's secrets."

It seems more than likely that candor about Pine Gap was never possible because Australian politicians have not been told the precise purpose of the base. For Fairhall, it was apparently sufficient to trust the good intentions of the United States. At an off-the-record press conference on April 23, 1969, when he was asked about the precise significance of Pine Gap, Fairhall replied: "The functioning of the station will make a contribution to free world defence, but I wish you wouldn't ask me how." The remainder of his press conference was, according to Don Aitkin of the *Canberra Times*, an incredible display of ignorance and confusion.

It is quite possible that the Soviet Union knows more about what goes on at Pine Gap than does the Australian government. Russia has its own technical means of intelligence, including photographic reconnaissance and electronic intelligence satellites which would provide detailed photographs of Pine Gap and also data on transmitting and receiving frequencies, together with other details of associated satellites and sensor equipment. Russian electronic intelligence ships have reportedly been monitoring signals from, and checking data on, all the US bases here. It is also likely that the US has informed the Soviet Union of its operations at Pine Gap as part of the discussions on Clause 7 in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT), which states that neither party should interfere with the other's "technical means of verification of the agreement".

The official Russian newspaper *Pravda* has pointed out that North-West Cape, Pine Gap, Nurrungar and the Omega facility at Darriman in East Gippsland are "targeted" in the Soviets' first missile strike. The USSR has warned the Australian people to this effect.

Whether Australia should allow itself to be a nuclear target is a question for the Australian people to decide, particularly since American strategists such as Admiral Kaufman of the US Navy have testified before the Senate that in the event of war: "We have to assume that an attack will be made on all our communications

facilities." In March, 1979 in a report to Congress, the US General Accounting Office stated that the American global network of communications facilities was: "*Not considered survivable during a nuclear war.*"

There are strong, although chiefly historical, arguments for the "special" relationship between Australia and the United States. In theory, Australia cannot be defended by her own forces alone. Therefore we seek allies who, hopefully, will help guarantee our independence. The only ally strong enough to do this is America. But in accepting America's aid, we must also accept that America's enemies become our enemies. The danger in this situation is that Australia will be seen as nothing more than an expendable pawn in a global war game.

We provide suitable real estate for American bases, yet we must accept that no-one, not even the United States, can defend Australia in a thermo-nuclear holocaust.

In the event of war, satellites in low orbit around the earth can pass data to Australian ground stations many hours before they would be in transmission range of the United States, and this information can be vitally important in a warfare situation. On the other hand, the presence of Pine Gap, Nurrungar, North-West Cape and the sophisticated and crucial communications centres in Canberra and Melbourne means that Soviet Yankee Class Ballistic Missile submarines prowl our coastline awaiting the signal to launch their rockets at pre-programmed targets on mainland Australia.

Unfortunately, the Australian defence bureaucracy appears to be a predominantly pro-American organisation. Apparently, maintaining the American connection means not having to think seriously about continental defence — we can rely on the Yanks to do that for us. Hosting American defence installations is supposed to guarantee American commitment to Australia.

But perhaps the defence of Australia is too important a matter to leave to the defence bureaucracy. And if this seem like heresy, the Swedish example suggests otherwise. Sweden is a good deal nearer to the Soviet Union than we are. It has far more reason to fear the Soviets than we do. Yet the Swedes do *not* rely upon the Americans or even on NATO for their defences; they have evolved what they term "Total Defence". They accept that their regular forces by themselves are too small to handle all but minor contingencies. Therefore the civil community must supply not only reserve manpower for the armed forces, but also as much logistic support, transport and communications as possible. The defence of Sweden in the event of extreme emergency becomes the responsibility of all

Swedes, working together in a total community effort.

The acceptance of such a "Total Defence" concept in Australia would enable us to put our American connection in a more realistic perspective, and we would be better-equipped to answer the crucial question: "Do American bases in Australia help or hinder the defence of this country?"

We must recognise that American facilities here do not necessarily commit the US to the defence of Australia, but they do guarantee that Soviet missiles will hit Australia minutes after the start of World War III.

The majority of the Australian electorate would probably support a continuation of our close association with the United States of America. Nonetheless, we need to be realistic about the alliance.

Secret deals are unhealthy in a democracy; information which is readily available to the intelligence agencies of the Soviet Union and other potential "enemies" must be made known to the Australian public. An increase in the amount of publicly available information about US operations in Australia would lead to a much more informed public debate on this controversial but vitally important subject.

Paradoxically, much of what our government has tried to keep from the

Australian people is available on the public record in the United States.

As recently as 1977, the Prime Minister refused to acknowledge the presence of the United States National Security Agency in Australia — yet the world-wide operations of this organisation have been discussed in numerous Congressional reports in America since the early Seventies.

On March 9, 1977, Mr Hayden asked the Prime Minister:

"Is it a fact that under this agreement [UKUSA], NSA operates electronic intercept stations in Australia?"

Mr Malcolm Fraser replied on April 19, 1977:

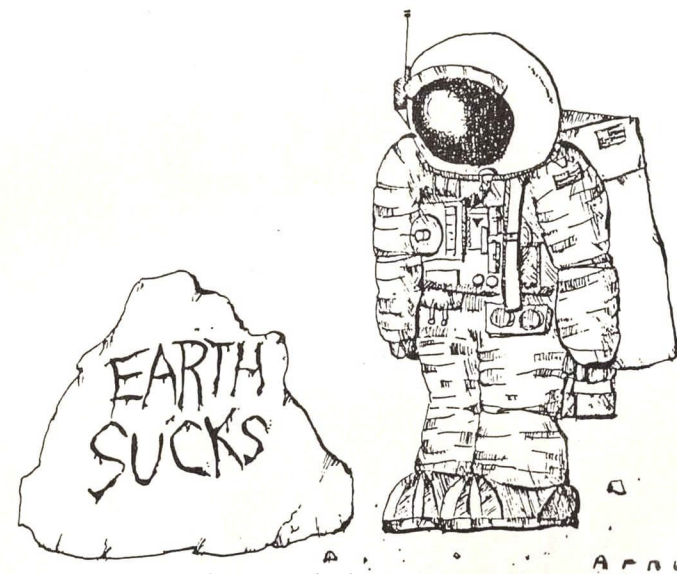
"The answer to the honorable member's question is as follows: The policy of Australian governments has been not to provide information that might confirm or deny speculation about this subject. This remains the policy. I therefore do not propose to answer the honorable member's question."

The Boyce trial in Los Angeles in 1977 raised the important question:

"Have the Americans been fully honest about what their bases really do in Australia?"

To this question, we should add another:

"Have any Australian politicians ever asked their allies just what the hell they are doing at Pine Gap?" ☐



"Hello Mission Control, we have positive evidence of life on Mars."



Just a country girl

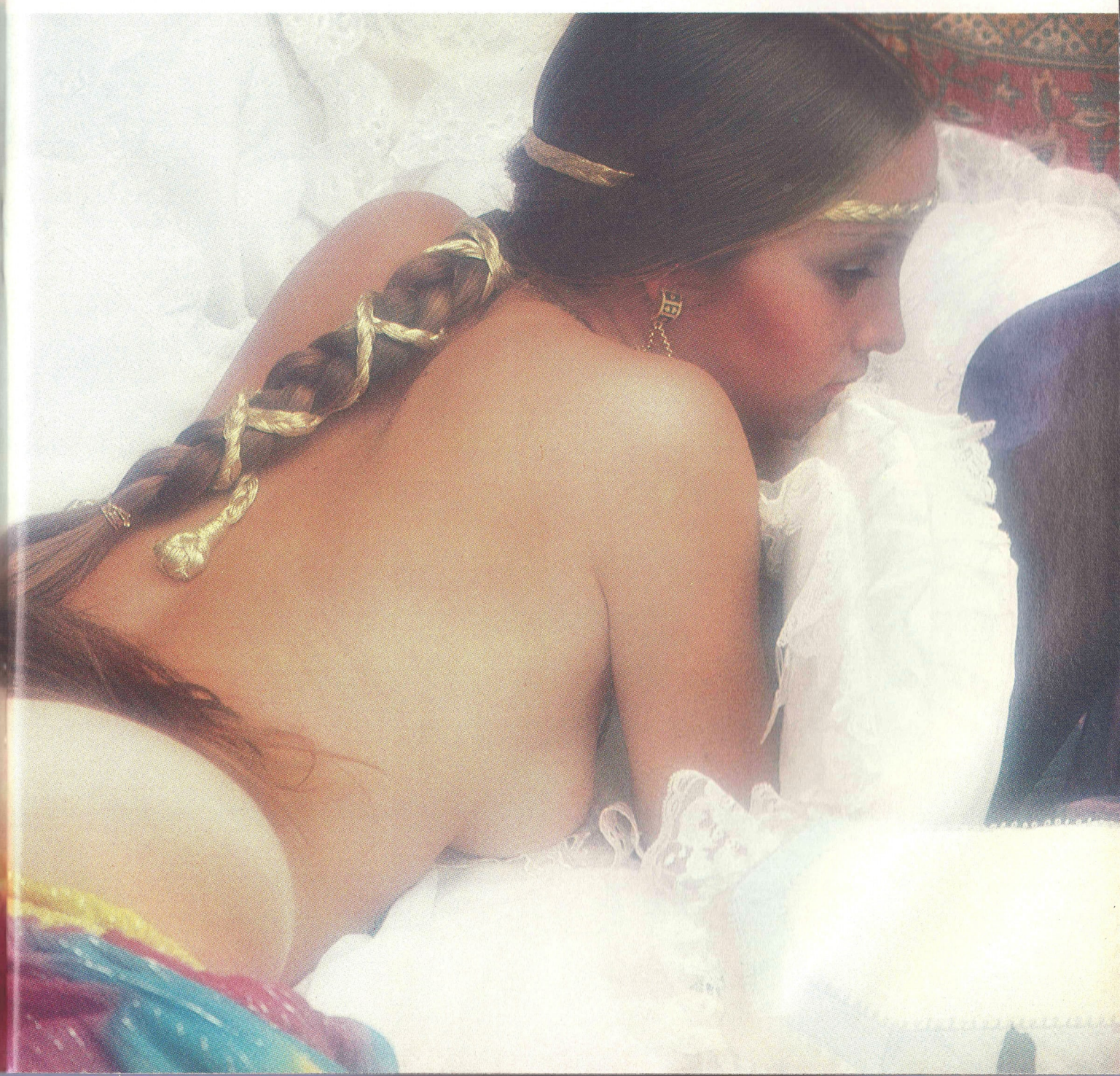
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

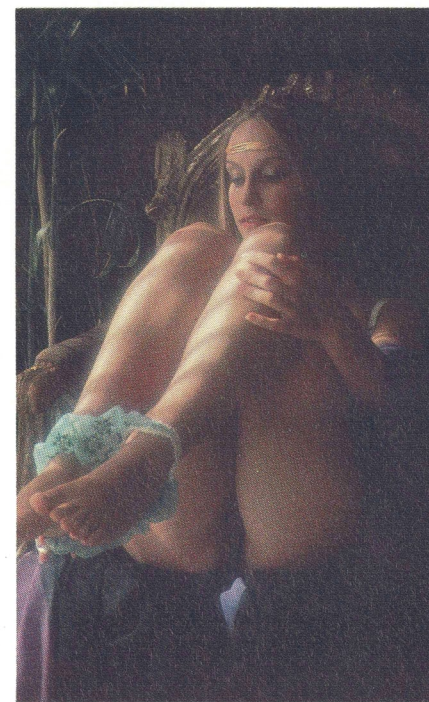
"I'm really just a small town girl from the backwoods," explains our September beauty Lari Jones. "I was first 'discovered' at a rural agricultural

show, and now — look at this!" Having strayed from her rustic lifestyle, Lari admits her pretty head has been turned by such unaccustomed luxury.

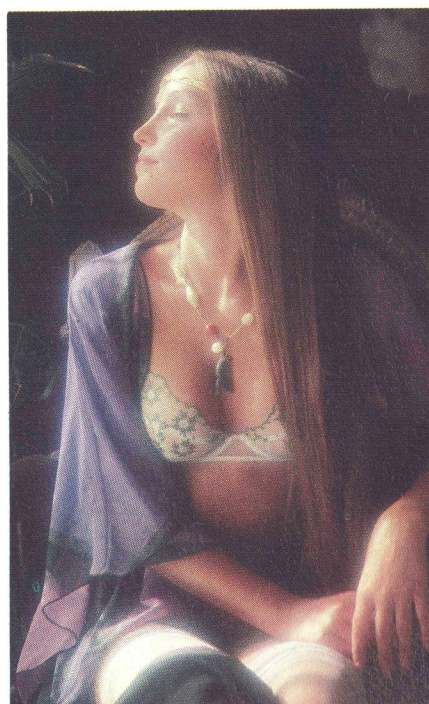


Up until now, her only luxurious possession (suitably adorned in these pictures with gold) was her cascading mane of satiny brown hair, spilling down over the objects of our greatest affection. When it's braided, it's long enough to lasso any man in the country.





Backwoods doesn't mean backwards, our Pet maintains. She's stalked wild game all her life — the masculine kind since she turned 14. She prefers to take them alive, then let them die slowly of ecstasy. Besides her luscious body, Lari is proudest of being self-sufficient. She can do just about everything herself, even tune up the engine of the jeep she four-wheels around in.



"Did I say I can do everything by myself?" she questions. "There's only one thing I can't accomplish on my lonesome, but I've always had a man around to do that." Her choice in men is a case of when only the best will do. "Maybe I'm being a mite particular," says our golden huntress, "but I'm really a crackerjack shot, and I like to set my sights as high as possible."





True confessions of a male chauvinist pig

I WAS A TOKEN MALE

SATIRE BY MICHAEL KENT

I am a refugee from a feminist stronghold: a broken man. They took me into their inner-city coven and indoctrinated me with a witches' ideology. I became a token male. I felt like a mascot. Maybe it was because they called me "The Dildo". I didn't know what I was getting myself into when I struck up a conversation with

Nicholas Harding

TOKEN MALE

Libby in the laundromat. She was doing the washing for the girls at the women's collective — 20 pairs of disposal store overalls. She came straight to the point and told me not to bother with any male seduction scenes.

That was a bit of a problem. I didn't know any other approach, but I feigned interest in her anti-male dilemma. She explained that she'd distrusted men since she was four, when Santa Claus at Grace Brothers failed to deliver the lavish gifts he'd promised after he'd bounced her on his knee.

Our washing machines' cycles finished in unison. It was an ominous signal. She wrung the last few drops from a pair of overalls with the severity of an Amazon strangling a slave, and invited me home for a cup of herbal tea.

There was no-one around when we arrived at the terrace house she shared with the rest of the tribe. Libby remembered that all the girls were out at a demonstration to demand free abortions for whales. She raised the feminist banner while the kettle boiled and confessed to suffering early suffragette symptoms. She told me that before she was even 10 years old she had tried to abort her Barbie Doll, and when that failed she had castrated Ken.

The sad tale continued. Libby had lived through a troubled childhood. She was led astray at school, then thrown out of a broken home at the age of 15: battered, pregnant, venereal and addicted to heroin and Violet Crumble bars. Then she clung to a variety of candymen, did the rounds of Nimbin and Kings Cross, and ended up in this colony from the isle of Lesbos, inhabited by similar casualties from the battle of the sexes.

A few of them ambled in. There was Brenda, the broken down bull-dyke with MUM tattooed on her arm; Lindy, the tough child-hooker, flaunting her fading nubile charms; and more — the cynically liberated and the reverently repressed. Some of them looked like plain-clothes nuns. Jill, whose upper torso was wreathed with badges, explained the failure of their demonstration. "No-one turned up but us, not even any cops. So we sprayed *Wimmin Were Here* graffiti on the walls and left."

They all started to embrace and rap about head space. I felt like an alien, excluded by gender. I looked around the room. The walls were covered with feminist posters, rabid slogans and clenched fists. It looked like you could have lit a fire with the chips on their shoulders. So what did they want with me? Wasn't I supposed to be the enemy?

The feminists talked among themselves for a while. They could have been rehearsing the opening scene from *Macbeth*. Then Libby turned and addressed me,

revealing the reason for luring me into their den. "As you can see," she said, "as feminists we're dedicated to fighting male oppression. We aren't going to take any more shit from men." The others nodded in agreement.

"Yeah," chimed in Brenda, "as far as most men are concerned, we're not much more than life-support systems for pussy. They may as well take home blow-up dolls."

"Yes, yes, I've got one myself," I said, eager to reassure her. "She's got three functional orifices." The girls were suitably shocked.

Libby's spiel continued. Her voice rose as she reached the climax of her speech. "We must free ourselves from the power of the prick! We want to make men redundant. What this country needs is a good cheap dildo, and that's what we're going to give it!"

I listened in awe as she unfolded the

Already I
was imagining my
member immortalised in
plastic, offering orgasmic
delight to millions of
frustrated women

feminists' master plan: the mass production of dildos, to be professionally marketed as a woman's best friend. They'd even formed a company to sell the product and they wanted to see their dildo in the display window of every pharmacy in the country, carrying a special endorsement from Shere Hite.

"But there's just one problem," Libby concluded. "Before we can start pumping out the lady's answer to limpness and loneliness, we have to find a model for the original mold. That's why you're here. You seem to have the right credentials." I looked up and saw that they were all staring at my crotch.

How could I refuse such an offer? It was the chance of a lifetime. Already I was imagining my member immortalised in pliable plastic, offering orgasmic delight to millions of frustrated women; I would liberate them from male oppression with one selfless act. I'd be just like the little Dutch boy who saved his country by putting his finger in a dyke. I didn't mind helping if they wanted to let masturbation get out of hand.

So for the next few weeks, I became

one of the girls. Libby invited me into her boudoir to give my equipment a close inspection, and when she found that it fitted the bill, I hung around while the feminists prepared to produce a replica of my cock. It took the girls a few days to organise the production of the mold.

By that time I was more than ready for the ordeal with the plaster cast. Modesty forces me to omit details of the problems involved in maintaining an upright position while the plaster set. Luckily, the feminists gathered around to help me out in my hour of need. It was hard work, but I never wilted.

That was merely the first step in the plan. After breaking the cast, they mixed more plaster, filled it again and came up with a perfect reproduction. That fragile white stick went to the plastics factory, a business which dealt exclusively in sexual appliances.

My part in the process was over after the cast had been cut off, but the girls allowed me to hang around. I was eager to see the results of my exertions, and Libby didn't seem to be minding my attentions. But at the same time she took every chance to mock my straight sexual mores, shocking me with smug admissions of her depravity — always with the excuse that she was just trying to confront my inhibitions.

What do you do when you find the girl you've been sleeping with in bed with another woman? Jump in too, I guess.

At last the dildo arrived. Libby unwrapped it reverently and there it was in all its glory: considerably larger than life. It was long and thick and veiny. I was proud. The color was an unfortunate surgical appliance pink, but this was offset by the luxurious velvet grip.

They had already decided on a name. It was to be dubbed the Joystick Mark II.

But alas, I soon realised that I was the Joystick Mark I, the obsolete model. Libby let me know the wind had changed after I walked into the bedroom and found her with the Mark II product buried deep between her thighs. She said it had been good having me around for a while, but she'd always known that it would never last. She thought I was weird because I was into heterosexual monogamy. And she said she could never take me seriously because she would always have a crush on Joan Armatrading.

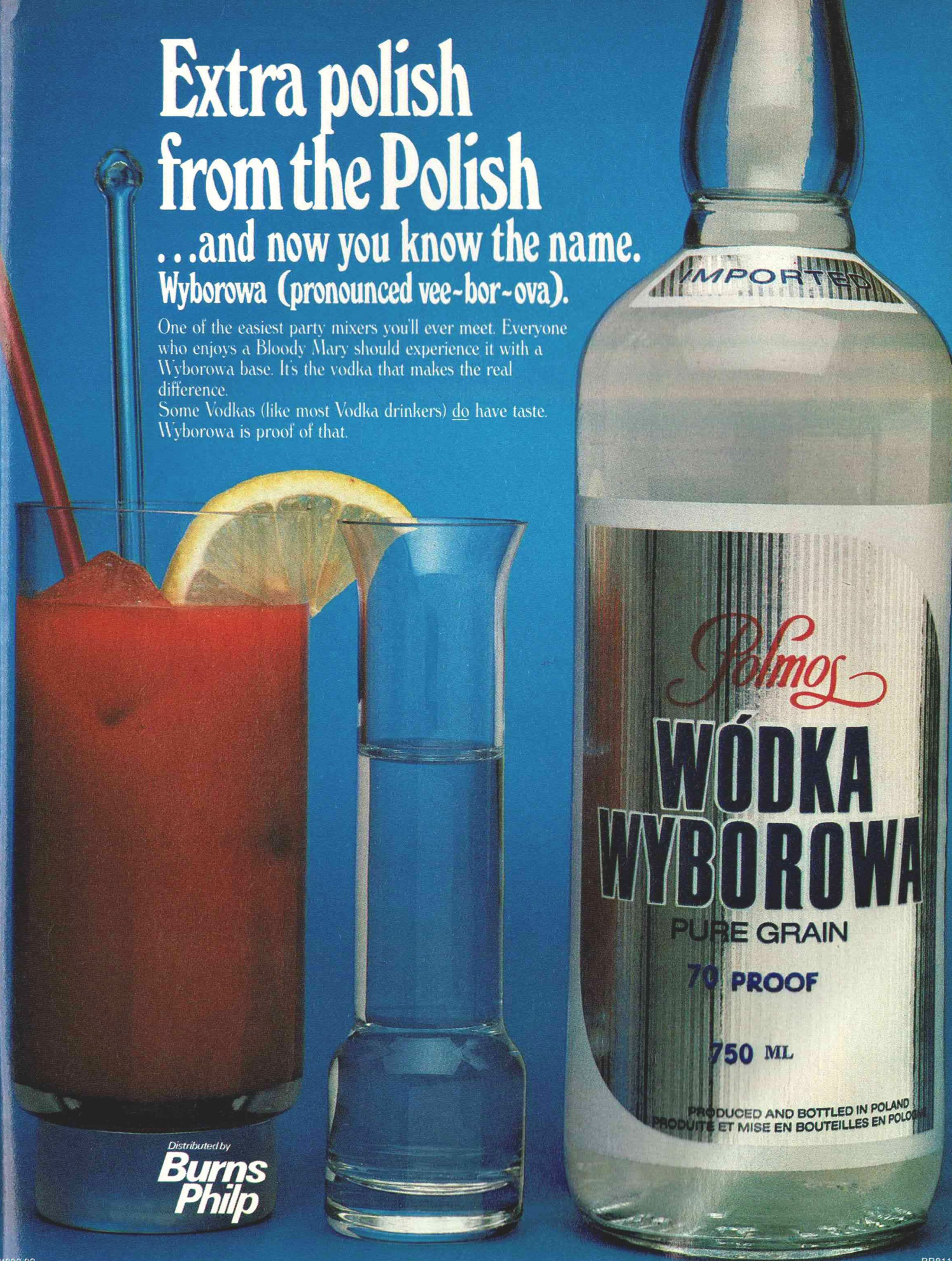
When Libby shrugged me off, I realised that I had merely been used. The girls crowded into the doorway as I was ejected into the street, chanting: "You're just a male chauvinist pig. Your brain's too small and your dick's too big." And as they slammed the refuge door behind me, I saw the irony of my situation, for it seemed that I was the first male to be superseded by my own synthetic cock.

I walked home to an empty apartment, wondering whether my inflatable love torso had missed me.

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The outback's feral pests are getting shafted as a bowhunting boom sweeps Australia

THE HUNTING PARTY

BY PHIL ABRAHAM
PHOTOS BY PETER SIMONS

The waitress' eyes were as vacant as a television test pattern. The Friday night shift at the roadside diner was not her idea of prime time. She sat at a corner table, sucking on a Winfield, staring blankly at the traffic heading out of Lithgow on the Great Western Highway: waiting for some greasy Galahad on a Honda to pull in beside the petrol pumps and rescue her from the drudgery of another night selling fast food by a country road.

The girl's abstractions were interrupted by the banging of the fly-screen door. She stubbed her cigarette, pulled her uniform an inch or two further down her plump, mottled thighs and breathed an acrid sigh in the direction of the four men who had clumped into her restaurant.

They were not obviously identifiable as the truckies, family men and commercial travellers who made up the bulk of her customers. The first man looked sharp. He wore crocodile skin boots, denims and a diamond stud in his ear. The pair behind him were vaguely alike: solidly built and with an air of authority. They could have been brothers and they could have been cops. The fourth and oldest member of the group checked the girl out and gave her a wink as he took off his beanie and threw it on to the chip-ped laminex table.

The waitress' interest was aroused. She rose and shuffled the salt and pepper shakers on a nearby table, hoping to overhear some inkling of the group's purpose before moving in to take their order.

Diamond Jim Wadley winced slightly at the sight of those sloppy thighs as the girl bent over the table beside him, then reminded himself that this would probably be his last glimpse of female flesh for a few days. Despite her fat figure and poxy complexion the girl was trying hard to be alluring. But on the 10 scale she was scoring minus points. She was a real porker — a bush pig.

Wadley knew the breed. As a taxi driver in Campbelltown he had spent plenty of time ferrying them around. Diamond Jim cut a mean figure behind the wheel in his cowboy boots and red stetson as he

HUNTING PARTY

patrolled his territory — Sydney's wild western suburbs.

When he wasn't driving taxis, Wadley indulged in his favorite pastimes — country and western music, and bowhunting. For Wadley, like his three companions, Allen Davies and Shane and Michael Benson, the sport was both a challenge and an excuse to go bush for the weekend.

The Benson brothers have been hunting in the western districts for years. Shane and Mick turned their sport into a business recently, when they opened the Benbow archery shop in Parramatta. Benbow is one of the few specialist bowhunting outlets with knowledgeable practitioners behind the counter and most of the region's bowhunters go to the Bensons for equipment and advice. They began by selling archery gear out of their garage before establishing a retail outlet. Business grew so quickly that Mick gave up his job on the NSW police force to concentrate on the shop.

The fourth member of the hunting party, Allen Davies, sat with his hands in his pockets. It was bitterly cold outside and not much warmer in the shabby diner. In Sydney, two hours behind them, it had snowed in some suburbs for the first time in 20 years. The nights in the far west where the group was headed were going to be just as frigid: in sharp contrast to the tropical climate Davies had been enjoying a few weeks previously. Allen had just returned from a hunting trip on the Gilbert River in North Queensland when the current expedition was proposed.

Davies, a former Australian field archery champion, is regarded as one of the country's top hunters, combining uncanny stalking skills with a high degree of accuracy. He is a sharp hunter and a hot shot. The Gilbert River is big pig country, and Davies' tally was more than 60 on that trip, including a couple of monstrous boars.

Feral animals are the only targets recognised by the Australian Bowhunting Association. It includes foxes, rabbits, wild turkeys, cats and dogs, buffalo, camels, deer and goats on its trophy lists, along with wild pigs.

The feral pig population in some parts of NSW has been decimated in recent years, but not by bowhunters. The powerful American cotton-growing groups out west embarked on extensive eradication programs, which included shooting pigs from helicopters with automatic weapons and poisoning them in their thousands with deadly 1080. Until recently, the Bensons, Davies and Jim Wadley had never had any trouble locating pigs in their favorite hunting areas. But lately they had become scarce. So this weekend they were headed for a different location. Although they were bound to come across a few stray pigs, they would be concentrating on

another equally cunning quarry — wild goats.

Shane Benson checked the menu. It was the usual selection of dubious grills with greasy frills. Tomorrow night he would probably be eating goat. If what Jack Taylor out at Kurrawong had told him on the phone earlier in the week was correct, they'd have no trouble finding a young nanny goat for the pot when they arrived at their destination.

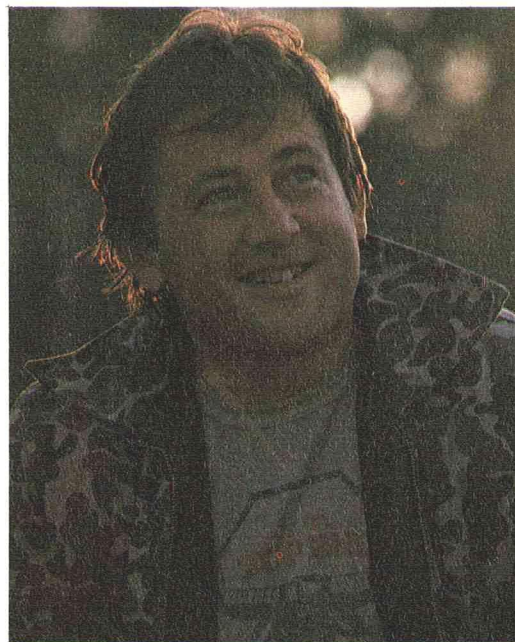
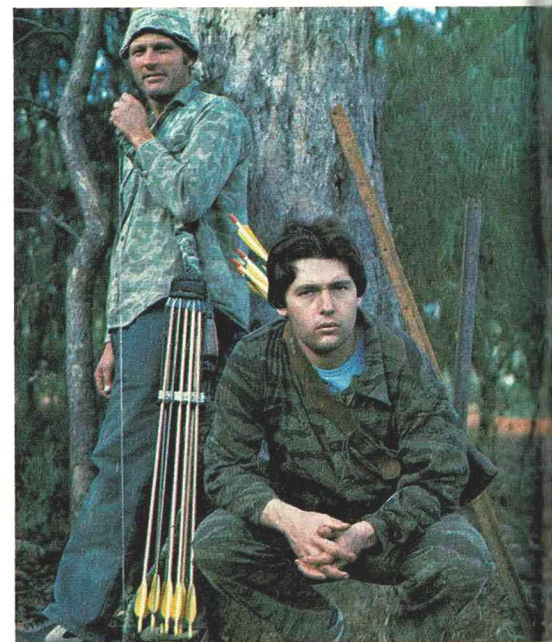
Jack Taylor has been working Kurrawong for more than 30 years. The mobs of wild goats which run through his 50,000 acres are descendants of the ruminants which were brought to the area last century by miners, who used them as beasts of burden as well as for meat and milk. Left to themselves over the years, they have developed into tough and wily creatures. A lack of predators and an abundance of feed are two factors which have combined to produce some of the biggest goats in the State out that way. The big billies, with their richly-colored coats and huge sets of horns, are magnificent animals.

Jack's property, near Byrock on the road to Bourke, has gained a reputation as one of the top goat hunting spots in the State. For a small fee he allows bowhunters the run of his farm. Archers from all over the country come to Kurrawong in search of a record set of billy goat horns. The word from Jack, who had just been mustering sheep, was that there were plenty of goats around, and there had been sightings of at least two billies with record size spreads in recent weeks: great old goats whose age would be approaching double figures, with horns spread so wide there would be a gap of more than a metre between their tips. The spread on the horns of the current Australian record measures 44 inches. It was one of those big billies that the hunting party would be looking for this weekend. Not that they were obsessive record-seekers. The presence of a photographer on this trip made them keener to bag a big one, but the relaxation and pleasure of a weekend away was still paramount.

The four were discussing arrangements for the long drive out west. They had two vehicles and there were at least eight hours on the road ahead of them. "We'll meet you at the Coolabah pub at nine tomorrow morning," said Mick to his brother. "If we're not there, you'll know we've hit a roo." They looked up to find the girl hovering about, ready to take their orders. She looked nervous, mumbling something unintelligible because she neglected to open her mouth. Was she shy, moronic or mute? Jim made a valiant attempt to engage her in conversation. "What's the matter love, cat got your tongue?" he asked. The waitress smiled. She had green teeth.

The prospects of bagging a good-sized goat were looking bright the next morning when the four arrived at Kurrawong. They

Previous page: Allen Davies kneels to steady his aim. The water bottle and survival kit strapped to his belt are necessary items. It's not hard for even the most experienced hunter to get lost in the bush. This page, top to bottom, left to right: Allen and Shane Benson on the look-out for goats as the late afternoon shadows lengthen across Kurrawong's red soil; Benson and Davies take a break under the eucalypts which surround the Brumby waterhole; Mick Benson; Jim Wadley, displaying the diamond stud which earned him the nickname "Diamond Jim"; Property-owner Jack Taylor rolls a smoke by the campfire; Shane Benson takes aim at a goat on the edge of the Brumby waterhole.



unpacked their gear in the tin shed shearers' quarters and wandered over to the homestead to say hullo to Jack. The old fellow kept a visitors' book in which hunters commented on their stay when they left.

The last comment was from a couple of Victorians who had written: "Saw at least three record-class billies". Further back in the book another hunter had said: "Most goats I've seen, very exciting, very exhilarating," and above that: "Saw a lot, shot a few, hit none." That was not going to be the story this weekend. Jim, Shane, Allen and Mick walked back to prepare for the hunt.

First, they donned their camouflage gear with the attitude of kids dressing up. Bowhunting involves an element of child's play. Every boy put a bow and arrow together with sticks and string and many watched Robin Hood on television every evening. With its primitive origins and romantic traditions, archery has a huge appeal and the sport has boomed in

Australia in recent years. There are a number of reasons for its rise in popularity.

For a start, a lot of shooters have made the transition to bows. The big problem for gunmen these days is finding a property on which they will be allowed to hunt. Many country property owners have become wary of the indiscriminate rifle hunter, objecting to the danger, the noise and the wanton destruction. On the other hand, bowhunters tend to be highly selective about the animals they kill, have a negligible accident rate and have weapons which don't go off with a bang. After watching them operate, many farmers have bought bows themselves.

Purist bowhunters display the same pride in their skills as do fly-fishermen. The hunting bow has a maximum effective range of about 50 metres, and most hunters stalk their quarry until they are much closer. This is the sport's big attraction. The kill at close quarters is a dramatic, intense event. And that's why the bowhunter camouflages himself; he

has to break the human outline if he is going to get close.

Another factor behind the increase in the number of bowhunters has been the improvement in equipment in recent years. Target archery has become a highly specialised hi-tech affair, with stabilisers, sights and a variety of space-age equipment resulting in incredible accuracy for the top exponents of the art. The hunter does not get involved with all that paraphernalia, but he is still using sophisticated equipment.

The introduction of the compound bow made life easier for him. Its eccentric wheel and pulley systems give the arrow greater impetus with no more effort than that made when drawing a recurve bow, and it also allows the bowhunter to hold a drawn bow with a minimum of effort. Even your average 90lb weakling can draw a 50lb compound bow, and that draw weight is enough to bring down most game in Australia. Experienced hunters draw a weight of around 70lb.

The film *Deliverance* promoted the image of the bowhunter. What Marlon Brando did for bikies in *The Wild One*, Burt Reynolds did for the bowmen in *Deliverance* when he whacked an arrow through that extra-nasty hillbilly. Archery shops still report a tremendous increase in sales on each occasion *Deliverance* is repeated on television.

It is difficult to offer statistical proof of the bowhunting boom. The ABA is a paranoid organisation. Its national management committee won't make public the membership figures. "They're a little bit touchy about drawing attention to themselves," says the organisation's national president, Sydney Green. "That's because this is a blood sport and a number of State government departments currently have Bills in front of them which call for the banning of hunting and other blood sports. We do feel a little threatened by the anti-hunting lobby. It is an emotional issue. But at a conservative estimate, I would say there has been a 1000 percent increase in national membership of the ABA since 1975."

Green agrees that the emphasis on hunting skills in bowhunting, rather than on the knockdown power of a gun, is responsible for the recruitment of shooters. He also points out that there has been an explosion of interest in field archery as a competitive sport, and an inevitable spin-off as people who become proficient at hitting targets in the field decide to go in search of the real thing.

Bowhunters claim to be a different breed from the indiscriminate shooter who'll blast away all day at anything that moves and then, having failed to bring down an animal, take his frustrations out on the nearest STOP sign. As Mick Benson says, "You don't see any road signs with arrows in them."

Some people claim that the urge to

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hunt, like the sexual impulse, is a natural human function; that hunting your first animal and killing it, like losing your virginity, is a once-in-a-lifetime experience, an essential rite of passage. Perhaps they've got a point. But, unlike sex, once you've killed you don't want to keep doing it again and again.

The ABA promotes game conservation, is in favor of management programs and sees hunting as a legitimate means of maintaining the status quo of the animal population. As mentioned previously, its members don't hunt native animals but only the feral creatures which most landowners consider to be pests. The experienced hunter only kills animals of ascending quality. If he brings down a billy goat with a 30-inch spread, he won't aim his arrows at anything smaller again.

The abundance of game in outback Australia is another reason for bowhunting's popularity. In comparison with places like the United States, this country is a hunter's paradise. In the US, hunting has become a high-density sport, with a frighteningly high accident rate and strict restrictions on those who want to kill for sport.

This excess of eager gunmen has resulted in severe ecological complications for America. For example, so much buckshot has been shot at birds that pollution from the lead has caused serious problems in some river systems. The authorities' answer was to ban lead shot and restrict hunters to the use of steel pellets. In the States, hunters are so hard up for game that they go frog-shooting. But with its variety of feral species, Australia is still the lucky country for the enterprising hunter.

Although it is difficult to assess the number of bowhunters in the country, there is one statistical pointer to the boom in the sport, apart from the noticeable increase in the number of specialist archery shops around the country. Allen Davies makes hunting arrowheads, and has been manufacturing them since 1964. As a tool-maker and a bowhunter, it was a natural thing to do. Allen's arrows have been big sellers over the years, capturing a large percentage of the Australian market. As proof of the sport's rising popularity, he points out that his sales have doubled over the last two years. In 1980 he was selling about 20,000 arrowheads annually. That figure is expected to rise to 50,000 by the end of 1982. Someone out there is letting loose with a lot of hunting arrows.

The Davies Broadhead is designed specifically for Australian conditions, and in particular for pigs, whose tough hide is rarely encountered by bowmen in other countries. After years of testing, Davies Broadheads are now made from sprung steel — hardened, tempered and honed to

a razor edge. These arrowheads are designed for penetration, unlike a bullet, the blunt head of which kills with the impact of its shock and the damage caused by a high-velocity missile. A hunting arrow is so sharp it will often go straight through an animal and out the other side. When aimed at the heart and lung region, it kills by causing massive haemorrhaging. An animal hit in the lungs by a well-aimed arrow often doesn't even know it's been shot. It will just crumple and die on the spot.

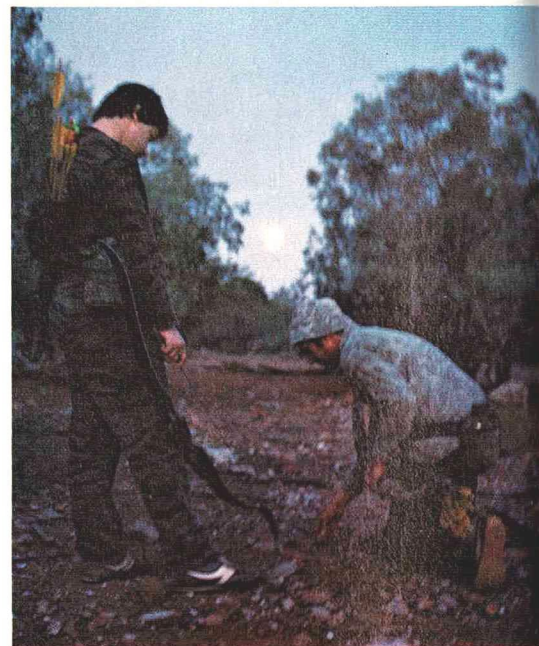
Davies was sharpening the heads on his quiver of arrows with the small stone he carries in his jacket pocket. Although he was dressed from head to toe in camouflage costume, even covering his bow with material which blended with the bush, there was one flash of color left on his gear — the fletches at the end of his arrows. These turkey feathers, spiralled to compensate for the broadhead when in flight, are deliberately colored bright or white, not just to make them easier to retrieve, but to indicate to the hunter who has wounded an animal without bringing it down just where his arrow hit. When the arrow passes through a target which bolts, the different types of blood traces left on the fletches show where it was wounded. If there are air bubbles through pink blood, the hunter can assume he hit the lung area. Sometimes there will be traces of undigested food, indicating a shot through the guts; or excrement, meaning a hit in the rear.

Allen was ready for action, with his recurve bow in his right hand, the quiver attached to its handle. A water bottle and hunting knife were strapped to his waist, alongside the survival pack which included a compass, snake-bite kit, dehydrated food and a space blanket. Bowhunters do a lot of walking — up to 20 kilometres a day — and in this flat, monotonous scrubland it's easy for the most experienced bushman to lose his bearings and find himself forced to spend a night under the stars.

Allen's three companions were also prepared for the hunt. The plan was to split into two parties. Two people is the right number for bowhunting. A group of people stalking through the bush makes too much noise, while one man alone puts himself at risk. The safety factor makes a partner necessary. Davies and Shane Benson have been hunting together for years, developing into a team with a system of hand and whistle signals which indicate the numbers and direction of game. Mick Benson and Jim Wadley have developed a similar rapport.

Apart from a broken quartz ridge with a series of low peaks, the Kurrawong property is completely flat. There are half a dozen waterholes scattered over Jack Taylor's 50,000 acres and the mobs of wild goats move between the water and the ridges where they sleep at night.

There are two ways to hunt wild goats.



Top to bottom, left to right: Jim Wadley surveys the flat wilga scrubland from the top of the peak. This is the highest point on the property, the spot many mobs of goats head for every evening — the perfect place for an ambush; There may be wire between them and the hunter, but these goats weren't fenced in. Shane spent more than 15 minutes creeping through the scrub in an attempt to get close enough for a shot; Shane and Allen check goat tracks at dusk with the full moon lighting their way; Allen, up a tree by the waterhole as a goat, oblivious to his presence, walks down to the water's edge to drink; Shane and Allen trekked across the ridges for hours on the final day.

You can stalk through the bush, hoping to bump into a herd, and then get close to them before they become aware of you, or you can wait in ambush for them. The ambush is the easy way. The hunter climbs a tree above a waterhole, and waits for a mob of goats to walk underneath. The wild goat, unused to confronting danger from above, rarely notices the well-camouflaged hunter in a tree, and presents an easy target. The purist bowhunter, however, regards this method as a bit of a cheat.

On the first day of the weekend, Davies and Shane decided to check a few waterholes. If they approached them with stealth, there was some chance of finding a mob of goats or the odd pig taking a drink. Jim and Mick elected to walk the ridges, looking for goats on the move.

Allen and Shane jumped into the ute and headed for the brumby tank, a waterhole about 10 kilometres north of the homestead. Although they had hunted this area regularly in the Seventies, they

hadn't been near the place for years. A few years ago, Kurrawong had been overrun with goats: mobs of up to 100 roamed the wilga scrub and the hunter could take his pick.

But they were not sure whether the animals would be as plentiful now. In Australia, bowhunters are pioneers. They can't shoot in established areas, because animals which have been regular targets for shooters tend to be spooked, so the man with a bow can't get near them. The bowhunter is always seeking untouched areas. And when he does find a spot with an abundance of game, he usually keeps quiet about it. Shane and Allen knew that a lot of hunters had been through Kurrawong since their last visit.

Another factor which could result in a shortage of goats was the animals' current commercial viability. Until recently the bush goat was considered by most to be a useless commodity, a pest. But with the increase in Australia's migrant population and the rapid rise in the price of meat,

the goat has become an edible item. The hindquarters of a young nanny can make a good meal, reminiscent of lamb, once the diner has dismissed his initial prejudices. The animal is also popular on the pet meat market. This rise in status has meant that the goat is now the victim of rustlers as well as hunters. The rustler can get about \$12 a head in town. The organised goat-napper, with portable yards and a few dogs, can round up a truckload overnight, with few worries about being caught in the act on a property as big as Jack Taylor's. And that load would result in a healthy profit for a few days' work.

So as they parked the vehicle half a mile from the tank, Shane and Allen began to feel a little sceptical about the chances of walking in on a mob first up. The brumby tank is an oasis in the middle of thousands of acres of flat, arid red dirt and scrub, a weedy waterhole surrounded by eucalypts. Waterbirds flit about, pigs come to wallow on the muddy shores and the goats frequent the place, looking for salt licks and stepping timidly to the water's edge to drink. The pair approached the tank cautiously, walking around past the dry creek bed, so that they moved in with the breeze blowing into their faces, dodging among the stunted acacias which dotted the red soil.

They were on hands and knees by the time they were within 100 metres of the water, almost indistinguishable in the scrub. Their stealth paid off, because Allen, who was in front, noticed a couple of nanny goats standing on the rise above the tank, with their kids bleating and bouncing around them. He moved forward, hoping to get a glimpse of a big billy among the pack.

Stalking is an art demanding stealth, patience, practice and a sixth sense about the prey's reactions. The bowhunter becomes fixated on his quarry, moving when it does, watching to see if it has sensed his presence by the pricking of its ears, and standing stock still for minutes at a time when the animal's gaze is turned in his direction. The hunter can spend half an hour crawling his way through mud and burrs to get close enough for a shot, only to find that the animal has disappeared. The extended pressure and the tension pump adrenaline through the bowman's system — he gets high. Hunting is a primal act. Without trying to do a Hemingway by glorifying what is undeniably a cruel activity, it must be said that few men other than the hunter know the power and the single-mindedness that he feels when he channels every human faculty and all his energy towards one purpose — the kill.

For the archer, the conquest is all the more satisfying because he has met his prey on its own terms. Forget about waiting until you can see the whites of your victim's eyes. The bowhunter gets so close he could tell you the color of the animal's iris. It is this lengthy build-up to



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the arrow's release which makes the sport so exciting, as well as the face-to-face confrontation with the animal. The four bowhunters on this expedition agree that this is why they hunt. For them the kill is almost an anti-climax: an act which provides both a sense of achievement and a feeling of regret at seeing the challenge lying dead at their feet.

Davies was within yards of the nearest goat, and they had still not seen him. Shane was close behind. Allen had a clear view of the waterhole now, and could see over a dozen ruminants. There were a couple on the edge of the mob which were obviously standing watch as the rest moved to the water's edge. One of the nannies snorted, clearing her nasal passages to improve her sense of smell. Allen noticed a couple of young bucks among the group, but they were not big enough to interest him in taking a shot. Then he saw the pig. It came trotting down the bank from the other side of the waterhole, a chunky black boar with an uncharacteristically bold approach.

This was a lucky break. Davies was behind a tree, about 30 metres from the animal. The goats had been distracted by the pig and were still not aware of Allen's presence. Davies automatically drew an arrow from his quiver and took aim as the boar moved to the pool to drink. At the moment its snout touched the water, the arrow was released. Davies' aim was true. The arrow hit the pig in the middle of its ribcage with a thump, penetrating deep into its chest. The mob of goats scattered and the boar bolted over the bank, with the arrow still embedded in its body.

Davies, who had instinctively drawn another arrow, ran after the pig. The animal didn't get far. It had left a thick trail of blood and Allen found it only 50 metres from the waterhole. The boar had bled out and dropped dead within seconds.

With the efficiency of a butcher, Allen removed the animal's bottom jaw so he could retrieve the tusks. Then the pair returned to the ute, planning on checking a few more waterholes. Davies was pleased to have scored a hit on the first day, even though it had only been a pig. What he really wanted to find was a big billy goat.

Meanwhile, Jim, Mick and his three-legged kelpie were trekking the ridges. They found plenty of evidence of large numbers of goats in the area. The spots where the animals slept were thick with droppings and some places stank of billy goat urine. They walked for hours, disturbing a number of small mobs, and noticing a few reasonably-sized males with average spreads amongst them.

That evening, as the team hardened their arteries with a few solid hunks of steak cooked over an open fire, they con-



sidered the success of their first day's hunting. The score stood at one pig. They could have shot a dozen goats, including some quite big billies, but had not bothered to bring them down. Mick and Jim had sighted one old goat which sported a trophy-sized rack. The biggest billies are often lone rogues. The mob sometimes rejects the elder male goats, who become aggressive and destructive as they get on in years. Big billies have been known to climb onto nannies and root them to death, and they frequently kill newborn kids.

The pair had sighted the goat just on dusk. They knew that goats would begin to ascend the quartz outcrops to spend the night and had waited on top of the highest ridge, called The Peak, until dark, in the hope of intercepting a herd. Their plan paid off. They saw the lone billy from more than 100 metres away as he made his way up the slope. They waited expectantly, out of sight with their arrows nocked, knowing that he was heading straight for them. But

there was a slight technical difficulty. The wind had been variable all day and it switched just on dusk. The goat had come over the ridge as planned. He was almost within range when he stopped dead in his tracks and sniffed the air. Then he wheeled and turned back down the hill away from the hunters. He had obviously caught a whiff of human scent.

Shane and Allen had not had any more success after shooting the pig at brumby, but the team still had Sunday up its sleeves. "Well boys," said Mick, "we've been outsmarted by a bunch of dumb animals. Tomorrow we show no mercy."

Was the sabbath going to be Sunday, bloody Sunday? The four bowhunters rose with the sun, and once again split into two groups. But this time they decided to make a concerted attempt to find a trophy-sized set of racks around the waterholes, even if they had to climb a tree and wait in ambush.

Mick and Jim went off to a dam called "Telephone", so-named because the

single-strand link between Kurrawong and Byrock passes close by it. Jim shinnied up a eucalypt, but Mick, who's a big bloke, was buggered if he was going to spend an hour up a tree. He sat with the dog behind the bank, with a view of the tank, and rolled a cigarette. Now, Mick's kelpie is one smart animal, a real hunting dog. There had been plenty of occasions when she had acted as an early-warning system for her master and she was about to do it again.

Mick hadn't even finished his cigarette when he looked up to see the dog standing riveted to the spot, shaking all over, with her eyes bulging at the waterhole. Mick followed her gaze and saw two pigs slowly making their way to the water. His bow was raised and an arrow was aimed within seconds. This was a difficult shot. The pig was a full 50 metres from the hunter, and on the move. Benson couldn't take his time. His bowstring hummed as he sent an arrow flying at the pig's heart.

The wild pig has plenty going for him when it comes to confrontations with hunters. If the bowman fails to bring his quarry down with his first shot, the animal will probably bolt. But a wounded boar, charged with adrenaline, sometimes takes up the option of turning and heading straight for the hunter. Big boars are dangerous brutes, with their razor-sharp tusks propelled by a few hundred pounds of prime pork. The sight of a razor-back boar, with his hackles raised, froth and blood dripping from his snout as he puts his head down to charge, has most bowhunters making a desperate run for the nearest tree. This is one instance where the confrontation at close quarters can go wrong. Most experienced bowhunters have a wealth of anecdotes about their close shaves with pigs — tales of holding crazed animals at bay with the end of a long bow up the pig's nostril. But the pig Mick had hit wasn't up to any aggressive antics. He had shot it straight through the heart; it dropped dead on the spot.

Allen and Shane stuck to the trees until midday, when they become tired of the ambush ploy. Once again, plenty of goats had come to the waterhole, but there was no quality in the mobs. The boys started to see the hope of bagging a big one disappearing as the day wore on. Both of them had to be back at work in Sydney the next day. They still had a few hours in hand, so they decided to take their turn at walking the ridges.

Allen took his compass and got his bearings, and they were off. The pair walked over a dozen kilometres through the afternoon, covering a series of slight ridges and valleys, occasionally disturbing a mob, but never sighting any worthwhile prey. The sun was starting to sink, casting pastel shades across the horizon as it slanted away to the west. The pair were getting weary. They were walking about 100 yards

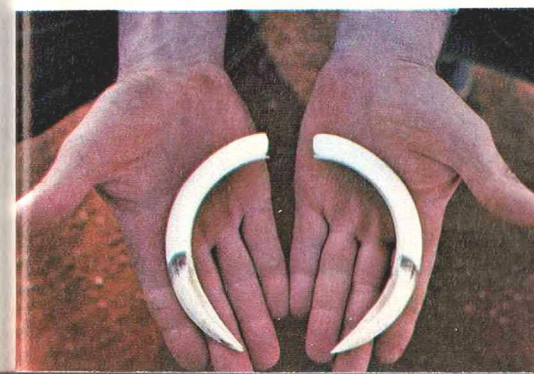
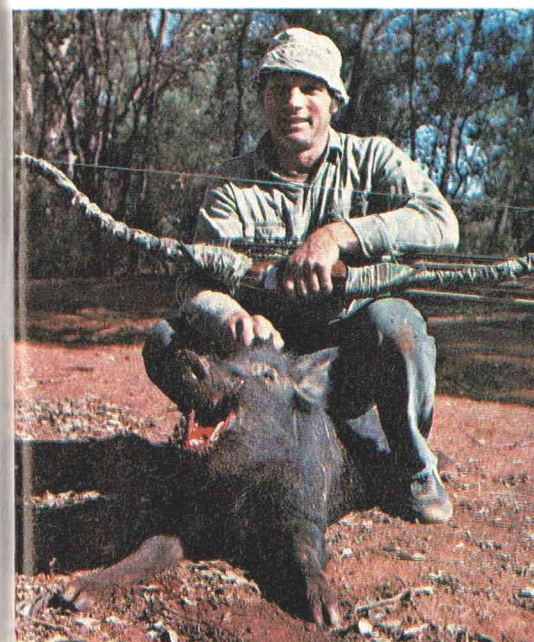
apart through the low scrub, keeping abreast and occasionally losing sight of one another. Shane held an arrow at the ready, but with time slipping away, he was beginning to lose interest.

But he was suddenly snapped out of that train of thought by two things — an urgent whistle from Allen and the rattling of hooves on the dirt. Benson couldn't believe his eyes when he saw what was heading his way. Allen had surprised a mob of about 20 goats, and they were stampeding in Shane's direction. They came running straight at him, half a dozen kids of varying sizes in front followed by the nannies who had wrapped themselves around the bucks at the back of the pack. The goats had panicked. They galloped across a patch of clear ground and into a gully — a dry creek bed. Benson was waiting on the other side.

The leading animals disappeared for a few seconds as they ran into the dip. Then they came streaming up the bank, oblivious to Benson as they tried to avoid his partner. Shane ignored the little ones, and watched as the nannies and the billy goats went rushing over the creek bed's lip, raising a cloud of red dust as they ran towards him. Then the first goats saw Shane. They propped and ran at right angles to him, presenting an easy target. It was at that moment that Benson saw the billy goat he'd been waiting to confront. He was chest-high — gigantic and jet-black, with a magnificent rack. The animal was right at the end of the pack. Shane had glimpsed him just as he disappeared into the dip. His arrow was nocked and aimed in one fast, fluid movement. The hunter inhaled deeply as he drew the bowstring back to its limit, waiting for the goat to reappear over the top of the gully.

The animal burst over the crumbling lip, the last in the bunch. He was broadside to the hunter, but in full flight: a moving target. Benson had him right in his sights. He loosed his arrow, straight at the billygoat's heart.

Now, if this story was fiction Shane Benson would have slammed that hunting arrow straight into the billy's chest, and returned home with a record-breaking set of horns. But here's what really happened. At the moment Shane released the dacron bowstring, the goat, whose horns Benson conservatively estimated to have a 42-inch spread, stumbled in the loose dirt on the edge of the creekbed, dropping to his knees as he strove to recover. It was too late for the hunter to compensate. The arrow parted the hair on the billy goat's back and thumped into the dirt wall behind him. The animal regained his footing and was off behind the rest of the pack before Shane had a chance at a second shot. Them's the breaks, as they say in the movies. Shane shrugged. The near miss didn't really worry him. It wasn't the first time that a hunter had been left wondering who was the goat. 



At 24, Mark Birrell is probably the most influential young man in Australia

THE PIED PIPER OF POLITICS

INTERVIEW BY ROBBIE SWAN

In the minds of many experts, a major period of Liberal Party rule in Australia is drawing to a close. The reason is as unequivocal as death itself. The Liberals' massive support from formerly young and middle-aged Menzies voters has been consigned to mortuaries around the nation during the past 10 years. It has happened slowly, insidiously — so that it was easy to disregard one lost vote here and one there. But time has caught up with the Libs, and while at one boundary of adult society the Liberal vote is being consumed by fire, at the other, hundreds of thousands of Sixties hippies and half-hippies have been growing older and slipping into the haven of suburbia. They're still clutching the only political card that has ever been tossed their way: a Labor one.

The Liberal Party now recognises it faces electoral disaster unless it can attract a substantial proportion of young voters. Fraser and the other fathers of the Liberal Party have absolutely no idea of how to go about this, and so the whole complex problem is about to be handed to the Young Liberal Movement, and more especially to its charismatic mouthpiece and leader, Mark Birrell.

At 24, Mark Birrell B Ec, LL M has a monumental task ahead of him. A former State President of the Victorian Young Liberals and already on the Liberal Party Federal Executive,

Illustration by Debbie Russell



Birrell's loyalty to true Liberalism is matched only by his zeal. Historical precedent and recent rhetoric from within the Liberal Party indicate that he is destined to become heavily involved in Federal politics long before his pre-selection day. His current role as interpreter of Liberal policy to young people is vital to the Libs' prospects of overcoming their ineffectual communications apparatus. If they wish to feast on the huge slice of young electoral cake to which they currently have no access, then they have little option but to give Birrell free rein.

Mark Birrell is impressive: neat and keen as mustard, but not quite a Mormon. The youngest son of a Melbourne doctor and a coffee shop manageress, he mixes almost exclusively with lawyers and Liberal flock. He's not religious and thinks "churches don't serve much purpose these days." He has a steady girlfriend but sees little of her, due to his heavy schedule of Liberal engagements — exacerbated this year by his positions on the Joint Standing Committee on Federal Policy, the Federal Strategy Committee and the Liberal Law Reform Committee, of which he is chairman.

Birrell is remarkably outspoken about the flaws he sees in the application of true-blue Liberal philosophy — a tendency he may well come to regret in the years ahead. Despite that, his political pedigree is immaculate. Until the recent Cabinet reshuffle, one in four members was an ex-Young Liberal State President. Lists of former Young Libs read like Hansard reports, with names like Holt, Withers, Killen, Peacock, Lynch, Durack and Howard prominent.

Though the "stage" value of the movement is undeniably there, the Young Turks have considerable clout in their own right and they reject the notion that they exist primarily as a training ground for career politicians. However, they have some empathy for

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statements such as that by David Marr in the *Bulletin* of February 22, 1975: "The surest road to Parliament these days is the Young Liberal road."

Sir John Atwill's recent comment about the Liberal Party distancing itself from Australian youth was a potent criticism that could cause a big shake-up within the party. Do you agree?

Birrell: Yes I do, and I think it's particularly significant that the Federal President said it in a public forum. Election after election, the Parliamentary Liberal Party fails to gain the support of young Australians. Now the traditional argument is that young people like to rebel in their early voting patterns and then when they "mature" they go and vote Liberal. I disagree with that. Many of those who are not interested in politics will just vote as their parents do. It's very hard to influence these people. So therefore the bulk of a party's effort goes into those who really think about their vote and that's the vote which the Liberal Party is losing . . . the thinking young voter who is looking for a dream, an ideal and a promise for the future. When they look to the Liberal Party, they see short-term aspirations, hip-pocket policies and no light on the hill. Every Federal election, there are thousands of new voters coming on to the rolls and Liberal Party strategists just write them off. Their only interest is the 35 to 45-year-old swinging voter. The Young Liberal Movement thinks this is gross mismanagement and a gross waste of potential. We can win these votes.

Well, why are the Liberal strategists so blind?

Birrell: It's a knee-jerk reaction. Year after year they don't get the young vote so they resign themselves to it, the only exception being the electoral emphasis on young home buyers. But then most of this group are nudging 30 to 35, so they're the older end of the youth spectrum. Anyhow, it's dead easy to understand what this lot want. Governments of any persuasion have always found it hard to understand what the youth wants.

Is this problem exacerbated in the 1980s?

Birrell: I think it is. In the late Sixties and early Seventies, political parties were trying to sell dreams — and successfully so. The most successful were the charismatic leaders in America and some parts of Europe, who could sell a dream to the youth. The political spectrum in Australia has changed to the extent that we are now down to a fairly cynical, short-term, "what's in it for me" attitude. And the ALP is just as much to blame for this. As a result, governments try to win over different groups by saying: "What can we

offer them? If it's country people can we offer them a dam, if it's pensioners can we increase their allowances." But for young people this doesn't work. There's no snap offer that you can bribe them with, so the party analysts give up and say it's too difficult.

All right, what will you offer them?

Birrell: I'll give them a clearly perceived and well-argued, progressive view of the future. "Clearly perceived" means that you don't just bring it up two months before an election; "well-argued" means that you don't just say it for people to hear but you believe in it yourself; and "progressive" because young people are not interested in yesterday's heroes, they're not interested in old policies and they're not interested in clichés. The concept of the "light on the hill" is one that attracts young people because you're offering them a role in their future.

When they look to the Liberal Party they see short-term aspirations, hip-pocket policies and no light on the hill

Don't you think you may be overstating the electoral intelligence of our youth?

Birrell: No, but I guess they can be tricked. I think that a lot have been tricked into voting for the Democrats, in the belief that this may help restore the dream. I don't believe it does. A vote outside the two major parties is wasted. But you have to appear to be genuine and in this regard the Democrats have partially succeeded. The ALP have been successful in that they've been able to sell a message and a long-term future.

Let's look at a few single issues. What do you think of the Fraser Government's track record on environmental issues?

Birrell: It's done some great work — preserving the Great Barrier Reef, stopping the killing of whales, saving Fraser Island . . . but these achievements, by a so-called "conservative government", were marketed to the youth badly. What publicity there was only confused what had been done, and people still believe that the Liberals don't do things in the area of environmental safeguards.

Whose fault is that? Fraser's? Eggleston's? Yours?

Birrell: I don't think you can say it's any individual's fault. The bulk of publicity goes to economic management and government spending — and that's where 98 per cent of ministers' speeches end up. I'm not saying we should increase spending on publicity, but we could talk about these other areas with a little pride.

Law reform is an area which generally affects young people deeply because it takes a certain type of energy to tackle laws head-on. Do you think the Liberals have lost out here?

Birrell: This government has set up a human rights commission, has introduced freedom of information legislation and has set about reforming the entire court system. It also introduced, in 1977, the greatest number of successful constitutional referendums in a single year. No one has done that before — not even Whitlam. But once again, who knows about it? Instead young people look at the bulk of the government's publicity and say, "This government is about mean-mindedness . . . It's talking about tax all the time . . . It's talking about all these issues that are really nothing to do with my gut reaction to politics."

The fact that a group of old men debate the rights and wrongs of women's decisions about what they should do with their pregnancies presents obvious difficulties for Liberal PR people. Where do the Young Libs stand on the abortion issue?

Birrell: We've taken a very principled stand on abortion, given that there is enormous community division on the matter. We believe that it should be left up to the individual. You fall back to first principles, and true Liberal philosophy says that you leave it up to individuals to decide their actions in situations like this. And indeed, the policies of both Liberal and Labor, despite the rhetoric at election times, are virtually identical. Liberal governments have not brought in draconian anti-abortion legislation, and nor should they. There's a conscience within the Young Liberals that says we have to support women in this situation. Extremists like the fanatical Right to Life group have never gained sanction within the Liberal Party, and they never will.

What if they did?

Birrell: It would be very dangerous indeed for the future governing of this country.

The ALP's "affirmative action" policy seems to have put women right up there in the front line . . .

Birrell: Oh, this is a classic! It's such an amazing situation. The ALP brings out "affirmative action" — great publicity, well sold, gets a lot of support. Sir Robert Menzies bought in affirmative action for women in the Victorian division of the

Liberal Party in 1945! Every single administrative forum and policy forum of the Liberal Party has to have an equal number of men and women. But what sort of publicity about it is there? It largely goes unknown, and this is a case in point of how the Liberal Party fails to sell what it does. You go to this forum down here, the Liberal Council, and it's half men and half women. It's also got the highest youth representation of any political party in Australia. The ALP doesn't have any voting delegates under the age of 30. We've got eight out of 100, they've got none out of 120. That's a big difference. The Young Liberals believe the voice of women has got to be heard, and Menzies recognised that eminent logic back in 1945.

Malcolm Fraser has confounded a number of people over his concern for overseas racial problems, but back at home things have lapsed badly for aborigines. Given the new High Court ruling that the Federal Government can now intervene in State racial issues, what would you like to see happening?

Birrell: I think there's a lot to be done. The Prime Minister is, without doubt, committed to ending discrimination here, and his work in Rhodesia and at CHOGM bears that out. The problem here is that whilst many people would like to portray Fraser as a conservative, his essential ingredient is one of "logical pragmatism". And therefore when it comes to making a major fight with a State government, and in particular the Queensland government, often the Commonwealth backs off. The Young Liberals believe that there could be a lot more done to advance the rights of aborigines — without being critical of the Commonwealth. The government's Northern Territories Land Rights legislation has been applauded by everyone. But in Queensland we believe that the Commonwealth should acquire the lands that the aborigines have genuine rights to and hand them over to the aborigines, in trust. Mr Bjelke-Peterson is deliberately taking an anti-black stand whenever he can. Unfortunately, this short-term popular electoral advantage that he has amongst the red-neck population in Queensland allows him to do this. I find that personally most unfortunate. But there's no doubting that's why he does it — apart from the fact that he, personally, likes to adopt policies that are racist.

What have the Young Libs suggested to the Federal Government along these lines?

Birrell: We've consistently lobbied on this. But don't forget, Joh Bjelke-Peterson is not the only culprit here. We've been critical of Neville Wran for some time now, because he's done almost nothing for aboriginal people in country areas of NSW. Whilst he made a token statement before the last NSW election, he's given nothing away.

But he generally escapes criticism because he wouldn't be perceived as anti-black.

The issue of marijuana legalisation or decriminalisation has had a fairly divisive effect within the Young Liberals. How do you think you'll come to terms over it?

Birrell: The NSW division has taken a very firm stance and called for legalisation. Other divisions have called for decriminalisation only, and others have felt it best left as it is. But one thing that really stands out in the whole debate is the fact that whenever legalisation has been seriously considered by Royal Commissions or government inquiries, they have ended up by concluding that it is illogical, and a waste of government facilities, to try and enforce laws against the use of marijuana when it is for private use and there is no criminal activity involved. Our view is that, once

The Liberals took the blinkered approach that "marijuana must be wrong because it's been wrong in the past"

again, you go back to first principles, so that if someone is not doing harm to themselves or to others, then the government has no role to play in influencing their lives. Now while there is a genuine medical debate about the effects of marijuana use, there seems little doubt that any negative effects it might have certainly don't justify the heavy-handed treatment that is meted out by some police forces in Australia. The recent report by the Australian Foundation on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence, which supported legalisation, was embraced by most Young Liberals. But one of the disturbing factors of the Liberal Party response was that it put on its blinkers and took the approach that "it must be wrong because it's been wrong in the past". They completely dismissed it, even though some of the people on the AFAD were among the most distinguished commentators in Australia!

Instead of saying, "Hold on, this is something that young people are interested in — at least we'll consider it," they simply said to one another, "These people must be mistaken" . . . and once

again, the youth community was alienated.

Yes, it would seem that there are thousands of votes to be gained by decriminalisation, at least.

Birrell: I think there are a lot of votes in just looking at it.

It sounds as if the Liberal Party planners take a similar line on a lot of social issues.

Birrell: Well, we do regret the fact that the 1977 Royal Commission Into Human Relationships was pigeon-holed the day after it hit the deck, basically because it dealt with such touchy things as basic human relationships. It's a ridiculous situation when a Royal Commission does not get properly debated in public. There hasn't even been a full debate on it in parliament. It's a knee-jerk response, which is electorally very short-sighted.

There's little doubt that the Fraser Government, in its rush to curb inflation, has left many people queueing up outside CES offices. What would you do about this?

Birrell: I don't think any Western economy can avoid that. The question is: do you just resign yourself to it, or do you try and assist people to get a job — and failing this, do you assist them to have some sort of meaningful life? All social reforms have to be paid for by governments, and notwithstanding what I've said before about too much emphasis on economic affairs, money is part of our dream. There is an abundance of opportunity for this country in the area of resource development. The next 25 years will be phenomenal. There has certainly been undue expectation about short-term gains, but let no-one be under any illusion that in the long run it won't work. We're energy-rich and resource-rich. The reason we've come unstuck of late is that governments have not been able to put our human resources in touch with our natural ones.

Yes, but in many ways the development of these resources by multi-nationals is dependent on and fosters unemployment. Technological change . . .

Birrell: No, no . . . that's an outrageous concept, to say that you've always got to have some people in hardship so others can reap the benefits.

But its happening. Telecom, BHP and many others have been announcing record profits for the last few years, and at the same time unemployment rises.

Birrell: Well, there are some companies who are making huge profits — and good! I believe in the profit incentive. But many of our industries are not coping with the need for change. We've got many industries that we continue to protect with high tariff barriers — the net result being that they don't employ anymore, but go on churning out goods that are increasingly difficult to sell overseas. Therefore, we get

POLITICS

products that have a low net return for Australia. Our resources are poorly allocated and are not put into those industries where there are job creation possibilities. There's obviously room for growth in Australia, particularly in high technology industries. The two basic steps to that are, firstly, to encourage companies to put their resources into high-tech industries — and that means they've got to be discouraged from putting them into low-tech ones, such as car manufacturing and textiles — and, secondly, you've got to encourage the younger generations to get a specific enough education to be part of that growing industry. But it takes these initial two courageous steps on behalf of a government. First we must say, "Look, we're growing in a new direction so let's throw away that base of 50 years of tariff protection." And then we've got to say, "We're going to assist you in allocating your resources to growth industries and we're going to assist young people to be a part of those industries." And that's a strong future for Australia. It's no good repeating the last 10 or 20 years.

What about the Country Party? How much do you think it compromises true Liberal philosophy and affects government?

Birrell: Any party which can gain government through a coalition which is reasonable and palatable should take that opportunity. However, we believe that the Liberal Party should always endeavor to govern in its own right. We believe that the Country Party is a reactionary, selfish, and declining organisation. We don't agree with the bulk of its aims, because as well as being an anti-socialist party it shows itself to be an anti-Liberal party. It may well be in a Federal coalition with us, but it does everything within its power to reduce the influence of the Liberal Party — by standing candidates against us, by continually trying to oppose us in State elections, and by ensuring that its pronouncements, which reflect the views of a very small group, gain some priority over Liberal ones. And I completely reject the notion that because we are both anti-socialist parties we should get together and fight a common foe. What we want is a pro-Liberal government, not just an anti-socialist one, the reason being that you can't sell negativism to young people. They don't want to know what you are going to oppose, they want to know what you are going to do. There's no point in saying anymore, "We're going to kick the commies out from under your bed", because young people will just say, "What are you talking about?" And unfortunately, the Country Party always falls back on this

conservative rhetoric which appeals to a small group of rural people. Let's not forget that the Liberal Party has more seats in country areas than the Country Party has. The National Farmers' Association wouldn't even support them in the last election. How representative is that? Therefore, our long-term objective is for the Liberals to govern in their own right. Our short-term objective is to see that the Country Party gets away with as little as possible.

There's been some suggestion that the Libs should go it alone and maybe lose an election, and perhaps next time around they'd pick up the Country Party vote.

Birrell: I think that's the solution in Queensland, where the Liberals could come to an arrangement with the Opposition party, form a quick government, change electrical boundaries, have a

We believe that the Country Party is a reactionary, selfish, and declining organisation. We don't agree with the bulk of its aims

quick election and probably come back with a majority Liberal government. But it's certainly not a solution at the Federal level. Whilst I strongly oppose the influence of the Country Party, they're a hell of a lot better than an ALP government. But the important thing is to continue to run against Country Party members and continue to take their seats — and especially to run against Country Party ministers. There's no use saying that the principle of allowing everyone to vote Liberal stops when you get into a Country Party minister's electorate. It doesn't.

What about political style? Obviously you'll be looking at Federal politics in the years to come. What sort of style will you opt for?

Birrell: Firstly, I may go for politics and I may not. At the moment I'm a lawyer and quite happy to develop that. Now if you support the presidential view of elections, then the ideal candidate is one who has a clear personality. I don't think that means you have to opt for the "Hawke" style, because whilst he has a clear personality, many people think that's all he's got! I

think the most important qualities are integrity and a vision for the future. And, like it or not, Malcolm Fraser has both of these. **Can you see Australia becoming a republic under some future Liberal government?**

Birrell: I don't see it happening under any government, in the short term. But there has been, over the past 15 to 20 years, a continual removal of traditional links with Britain. I see this as inevitable and in no way dangerous. This is something that the Liberal Party has to face up to. We respect Britain, but we don't go down on our hands and knees for her.

What about a new flag?

Birrell: I'd like to see a new flag launched as part of the Bicentennial.

Any ideas for a design?

Birrell: No, not really. Just that it should be a rather dynamic process of debate within the community.

Do the Young Liberals think we need a nuclear defence capacity?

Birrell: No.

What about arms control?

Birrell: As idealists we would hope that agreements could be made by nations to reduce the world's nuclear arms stockpile. If that could be achieved, young people around the world would rejoice in that ideals had won out over short-term pragmatism.

The trouble is that we are dealing with people who have no interest in long-term peace if it appears to harm their short-term peace. They seem to lose perspective on the fact that during the short term, they're walking through the time of the long term. We've been debating the issue of world peace since 1965 and in terms of that year, 1982 is the long term!

Fortunately, Australia is not going to be a partner to anyone in any threat to world peace, and I hope that we would distance ourselves from any threat of a nuclear war.

Does that mean distancing ourselves from the US?

Birrell: No. In any minor threat I think that we could look after ourselves, but in the face of a major threat you need key allies. And I find nothing offensive in having America as a key ally.

You don't perceive any threat from the US bases here?

Birrell: There could be some more stringent conditions placed on them, but I don't find it unacceptable to have US bases here under joint control. If the Americans were doing something here that we didn't know about, then I'd find it unacceptable.

People like former CIA agent Victor Marchetti and Gough Whitlam have made it clear that they were.

Birrell: The Australian people don't have to know about it — as long as Cabinet knew about it, it would be okay. ○✚



MARILYN



GENTLE REBEL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARWICK GIBSON

"I don't want to be an actress," says our honey-blonde Pet of the Month, Marilyn Natty. "I have no desire to take on the world — it would be far too much for me. Basically I'm a shy country girl." And she is, too. There's no need to caution Marilyn about the dangers of being starstruck. But don't assume there's no streak of rebellion in this quiet beauty. "I've always been a playful, gentle rebel," she says.

Marilyn came to Sydney from Tamworth six years ago to launch a modelling career. Since then she's visited many exotic places including magical Bali, where this pictorial was shot.





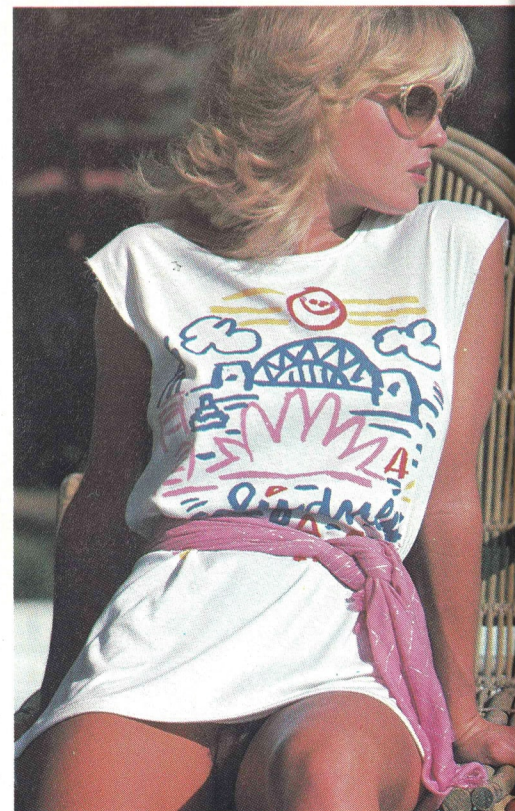
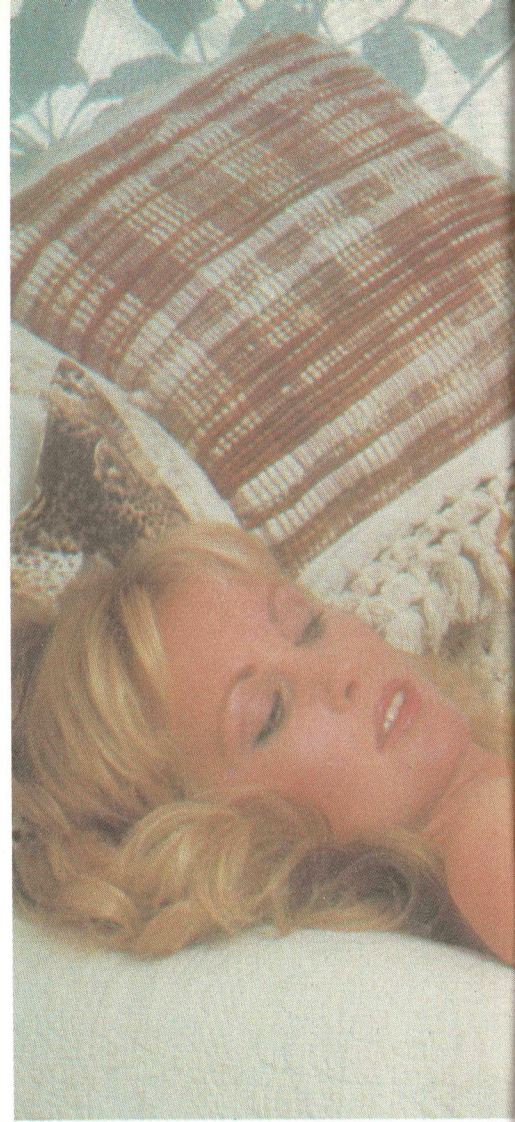
Marilyn gets off on three things — horseriding (she used to breed palominos), snorkelling, and guys who can deliver a really witty one-liner as a prelude to sweeping her off her feet. A fortunate young fellow once won her undying affection with a simple "Excuse me, I've just fallen in love with most of you." She was caught by surprise, and Marilyn loves surprises.





When she came to Sydney, Marilyn was afraid the Big Smoke would be a bit too big for her. "But people have treated me so well and I've really expanded my horizons," she says.



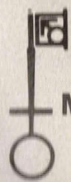


When this lovely lady smiles, she really sparkles; and when she's angry she is equally endearing, but you'd better not tell her that! "Sure I'm emotional," she admits. "If you can't vent your emotions you may as well be dead. Life's too short to bottle up your feelings, or to be unhappy. If I'm unhappy, I just kick up my heels and fly away."



Sexual fantasies? "They change from day to day along with my emotions. But they usually revolve around the man being stronger than me. He has to guide me, talk me into it. I want a gentle man who'll treat me as he would a skittish filly — with that bit of force to stop me from backing off." Marilyn has certainly talked us into it. Now it's time to brush up on the old one-liners and prepare for the ultimate ambush . . .





MISS MARILYN NATTY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Australian aid went down the gurgler when this \$60,000 grader was ditched by Cook Islanders.



For the government of the bankrupt Cook Islands, life is one long party. . .but Australia and New Zealand are footing the bill

PLUNDERING PARADISE

BY WILLIAM ROYAL

As a get-rich-quick scheme, it was perhaps the greatest idea any battling government ever dreamed up. The concept, radiant in its clarity, recognised the fiscal reality that marijuana fetches a better price on the world market than pineapple — which, it must be recognised, is a notoriously difficult fruit to smoke.

And it just so happened that the pineapple crop on the tiny Cook Island of Mangaia had recently failed. What was required, then, was a simple agricultural substitution — out with the pineapple plantations and in with the dope.

Now the Cooks, which lie in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, eight hours north-west of Sydney and about an hour south-east of Tahiti, are not inhabited by people normally given to the ways of drugs. Coconuts and Samoan beer are enough to satisfy their simple requirements. But as a Government member of parliament, Matepi Matepi, assessed the situation, a dope crop carefully nurtured on distant Mangaia could represent an annual windfall to the Cooks approaching \$100 million a year. The government's crushing financial problems could be solved by getting the stuff up to the licentious North Americans or down to Australia, where the money is a funny color but still good. A hundred million bucks would, after all, go a long way in a nation whose total population is just 16,000 and falling. Matepi took his idea to a daytime meeting of the caucus, who, it is now known, discussed it with some vigor and enthusiasm. And then he raised it on the floor of the parliament, whereupon the roof fell in.

The wrath of the Opposition, led by the urbane Geoffrey Henry, knew no bounds. Nor were they appeased by the counter-proposal that the Americans should be tipped off,

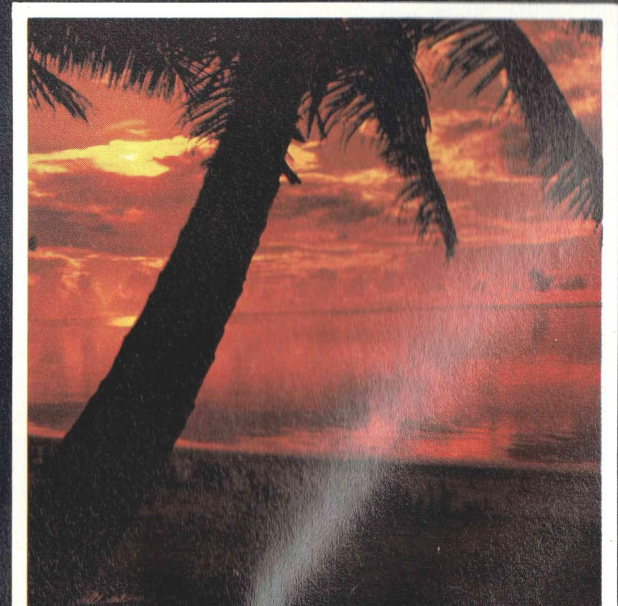
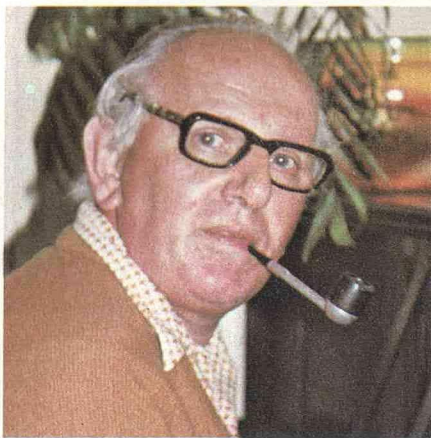


Photo by J. Ashley



ever had — and the Cook Islands settled back into its own special status as a banana republic bleeding to death as its residents depart in droves from its tiny airport. The country has been propped up with endless transfusions of aid money from Australia, New Zealand and the US, whose collective conscience and wealth have never quite allowed the evil paradise to sink back into the turquoise waters from which it had sprung.

In a land where few things are funny nowadays, Matepi's marijuana scheme became a facetious joke at the government's own expense — a far cry from its usual concept of humor, the cost of which is generally picked up by everybody else.

To understand the economy of the Cook Islands is to understand what an incredibly corrupt government might do unsupervised with countless millions of dollars poured into 15 tiny islands with a total land mass of 80 square miles spread across nearly a million miles of blue Pacific. It is one long party (through not a marijuana party), in which the next and every round of drinks is picked up by a dazed Western world too distant to realise that the guest list is comprised almost totally of Democrat Government members and their lucky friends, while the rest of the nation waltzes to the irresistible strain of growing poverty.

To grasp what has happened and is happening to the money is to grasp how an Australian bulldozer worth \$60,000 comes to be lying in 10 fathoms of water; it is to grasp the oldest sleight-of-hand trick in the world, in which the pea is never under the cup you select.

Having gained office in mid-1978, after a sequence of politically expedient manoeuvres which would make Machiavelli shudder in disgust, Prime Minister Davis' first statement was the electorally pleasing announcement that parliamentary salaries would be cut by \$1000 a year. What Davis overlooked in the announcement was the simultaneous counter-move to increase ministers' tax-free allowances by \$2000 a year. There was a subtlety here — though it would seldom later be evident in the Democratic powerhouse — because after his years in the wilderness, Davis had learned to reward his friends. He set about creating ministers and associate ministers, like Father Christmas at a children's party, until 14 of the 16 Democrats in parliament could claim to be Minister for Something. Only poor old Matepi, and one other equally silly character, were left to rot on the backbench.

Naturally, ministers of the Government receive much more in salaries and perks than mere backbenchers and members of the Opposition. As Prime Minister, Tom Davis now earns about \$20,000 a year. Not bad in a country where average weekly earnings are just \$40.

And of course, there is travel. Being a long way from anywhere, Davis' men have

found it absolutely imperative to ride the world's air routes, safely ensconced in first-class seats with the overseas travel allowance ticking over at up to \$400 a day. In fact, affairs of State reached such a frantic pace that in October last year, the entire Cabinet managed to be out of the country at once, leaving the running of the nation, presumably, in the hands of Matepi. He doesn't do any travelling, because it so often gets dark and he's scared of ghosts.

One of the government's biggest problems has been in spending the vast travelling allowance they have granted themselves. This has become such an onerous task that, as discovered by Opposition Leader Geoffrey Henry, official Treasury cheques have begun popping up in minister's private accounts. When the unsporting Mr Henry saw fit to raise the matter in parliament, laveta Short was reported to have turned to him, eyes ablaze, and responded: "You're just jealous."

In fact, the travelling has reached such gigantic proportions that the 16 government members now account for more than \$250,000 a year in air tickets and overseas accommodation. This is in addition to the dozens of trips given them free by the United Nations and other international bodies. To put that in perspective, the rest of the Cooks' public service, which employs 55 percent of the nation's workforce or 2500 people, managed to spend just \$500,000 during the same period.

But while there is a lighter side to the Davis Government — if you forget that it is you and I who are paying the bill — there is also evidence of the mail list of a growing dictatorship. When one Milan Brych left the country, mere weeks before Tom Davis would have thrown him out, he left behind apparatus and facilities — private facilities — valued at more than \$100,000. The Democrats passed the *Medical Research Termination Act* and seized the lot.

At the same time they moved with uncharacteristic efficiency to review the public service. Out came the *Public Service Amendment Act*, which removed the head of every department. Senior public servants could reapply for their old jobs, of course, but without an influential Government backer they had little chance of success. The reason? The new Act expressly prohibited previous commendations, qualifications or experience as factors which could be considered in job applications. The Secretary of Education and the Director of Primary Schools were both supporters of former Prime Minister Albert Henry, and are both now teaching school instead of running the system. The Collector of Inland Revenue, Opposition parliamentarian Poloina Tomy, who had spent 15 years in the New Zealand Taxation Department, was dismissed and replaced with a man who was about to



Page 84: Opposition academic Richard McDonald, tossed out of the Cooks under a law specifically passed for that purpose; Above: Downtown Avarua, capital of the Cooks; The Australian grader; Right: Opposition leader Geoffrey Henry. He sees something rotten in this Pacific paradise.

enroll in First Year Accounting at the University of the South Pacific. According to Richard McDonald, a tutor at the establishment, the man failed his first exams and has not been seen since.

Perhaps the cleanest example of the new political nepotism can be found in Vincent Ingram's actions when the Asian Development Bank agreed to provide \$1.5 million to start a Cook Islands Development Bank. Economic Development Minister Ingram coolly assessed the candidates who might run such an important national venture, and then decided upon his own dad as Chairman. Mr Ingram Senior, who had run a trading store on Rarotonga for 20 years, was no doubt ideally equipped to handle the intricacies of modern, international banking. To think otherwise would be simply unkind.

At the same time, Justice Minister laveta Short was busy planning his new \$250,000 home just four years after he had boasted to Geoffrey Henry that he had just \$10,000 to his name.

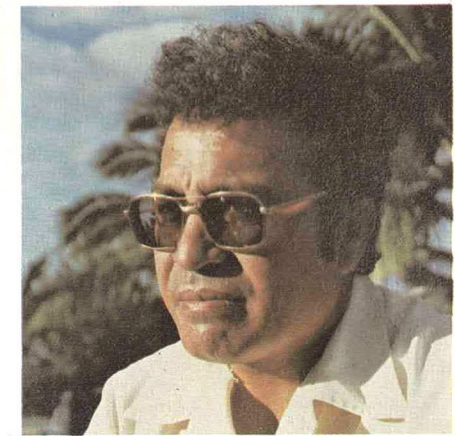
But without doubt the most staggering misuse of Democrat power occurred in April 1980, when Prime Minister Davis informed his nation that its government had not yet had time to fully implement its policies — though there had been time

enough to push through a 50 percent pay-rise for politicians. Under these circumstances, Mr Davis informed the Cooks, it would be necessary for the government to increase its electoral term from four years to five. This would require a little tinkering with the constitution, but this would not be a problem. What the Prime Minister neglected to mention was that five years also happened to be the minimum period a politician was required to serve before he could qualify for a pension of 90 percent salary for life. Since most of the Democrats are political first-timers and the electoral tide is running against them, they can still look forward to a very comfortable old age.

New Zealand and Australia will pour around \$10 million one way or another into the Cooks this year, and it is the unhappy annual task of the New Zealand Auditor General to determine, by way of sound accounting practise, just where much of it is going. As his reports for the past two years so clearly show, the Auditor hardly ever seems to find the pea, though there are hordes of cups to choose from.

Richard McDonald, now in exile in Wellington while his Cook Islands wife lies desperately ill in the Rarotongan Hospital, told *Penthouse* the figures showed the

Democrat Government had effectively bankrupted the Cook Islands in the four years since they gained power, despite skyrocketing aid contributions from the West. McDonald, a tall, pipesmoking academic, one-time Dean of Business at Australia's Bathurst College of Advanced Education, a founder of the Australian International Marketing Institute, and for two years the Director of Commercial and Industrial Development in the Cooks, said the government accounts had been in sound order in 1978 when the then Prime Minister, Sir (later Mr) Albert Henry lost office. McDonald, bitter in his bleak New Zealand exile, said Albert Henry had left

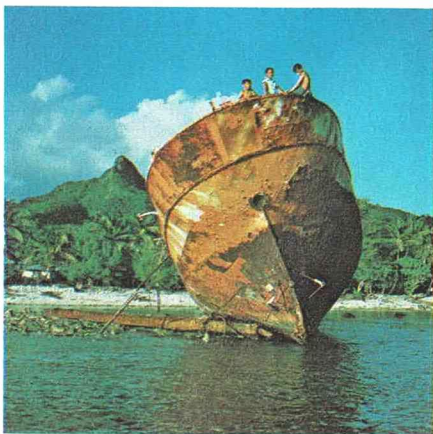
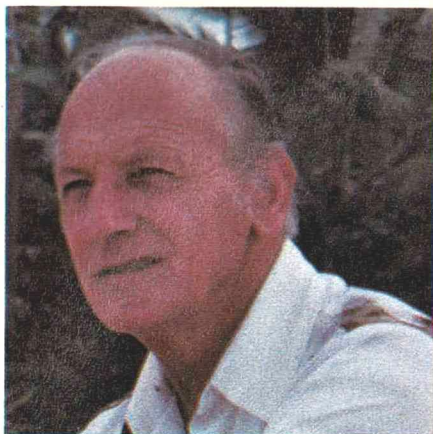


almost \$1.2 million in the government's appropriation account, \$250,000 in the State Workers' Compensation Fund and about \$160,000 in the National Provident Fund.

All of these accounts have now been wiped clean, though nobody — least of all the new government — has been able to explain what has happened to the money. By 1980 the appropriation account had sagged to a respectable \$500,000 deficit, which in turn climbed (or fell) to a deficit of more than \$775,000 in the 1981 year.

"This situation," as the New Zealand Auditor General observed in his 1980 report, "necessitated the use of money which had been set aside for specific purposes, for example the National Provident Fund and the Workers' Compensation Fund." In the same report, the Auditor General felt compelled to note that unauthorised expenditure during the year rose from its statutory limit of \$176,000 to more than \$730,000. By the end of the same year the appropriation account had plunged to a balance of about \$30,000, though McDonald says he is no longer able to track the fund because the accounting system has since changed.

McDonald expressed the country's financial position in a nutshell: "Nobody really knows what the bottom line is," he told *Penthouse*. "Their accounting system is changing all the time. In 1978, for instance, \$1.5 million was advanced to the Cooks for their Housing Authority Ac-



Top: Australian motelier, Len Staples fears the new Cooks government may soon toss him out. Below: Tourist lure.

count. But no accounting for the housing authority has ever appeared. Maybe the government has spent all the money on housing. There doesn't seem to be any way I can find out. But as far as I can see, the bottom line is this: they've raided every account, all the cash reserves they had. The country is technically and actually bankrupt. If they were a private company or an individual then they would no longer exist. I've been an accountant all my life, and given enough time I could make a balance sheet sit up and sing the Hallelujah chorus. There's nothing I could do with this lot. Every man, woman and child in the Cook Islands is on a financial Titanic and half a mile offshore the water is 12,000 feet deep."

The history of the Cook Islands, named after Captain James Cook (who claimed it for his country in the 1770s), is so closely linked with the fortunes of one man that he and it can almost be said to be indivisible.

Albert Henry, the son of a local school-teacher, was born in 1906, just five years after Britain shuffled the Crown colony across to New Zealand, the South Pacific nation which has forged the Cooks' destiny throughout the 20th Century. He spent much of his early life shuttling between the two countries, though by the 1940s he was principally based in Auck-

land, where he took on a de facto role as advisor to the thousands of Cook Islanders who had abandoned their homeland for the bright lights and better prospects of Auckland.

Around the same time, Albert began to realise the stranglehold New Zealand produce and shipping companies had placed around the neck of his country's agriculture. By some mechanism that was never explained, three cases of bananas on the plantations of the Cooks became just two cases by the time the fruit was loaded at the Rarotongan wharf. Growers were paid accordingly. In a series of moves that heralded his own rise to power and his nation's rise to what is still a crippled independence, he formed a growers' group called the Cook Islands Progressive Association, which would one day become the Cook Islands Party, which would in turn become the fledgling nation's first government.

Spurred on by Auckland ferry boat captain Norman Kirk, who would one day become Labor Prime Minister of New Zealand, Albert launched a fund-raising drive which, together with his own meagre savings, provided the deposit on a small freighter. Underwritten by the New Zealand Labor Government of the day, the ship would provide the means for Albert to challenge the New Zealand shipping cartel, which until then represented the sole means of shifting freight from the Cooks.

During the same period, Albert took an active interest in New Zealand politics. In the tiny electorate of Brown's Bay, north of Auckland, he locked horns publicly and often with the young National Party candidate, Robert Muldoon.

Neither Muldoon nor the Nationals would ever forget the duel. In 1950, when New Zealand's Labor Government lost office, the incoming National Party called up the loan on Albert's ship and sold it for \$8000, ignoring an offer of almost twice that from a group in Fiji.

It was 15 years before events would conspire to push Albert Henry into the spotlight once again. In 1965 the New Zealand Government drew up a constitution for self-rule in the Cooks, and Albert — his captaincy of the Cook Islands Progressive Association being in no doubt — had every chance of becoming his country's first elected leader. The New Zealanders moved swiftly to thwart the ambitions of their old foe. One of their last acts as colonial administrators was to amend the *Electoral Act* in such a way that Albert's New Zealand residency would render him ineligible to stand for his country's new parliament. Albert sidestepped the move by substituting his sister on the ballot paper and letting it be widely known that a vote for her would ultimately be a vote for him.

In late 1965 the election was held, and the renamed Cook Islands Party, together

with Albert's sister, swept into power. Within three months she resigned her seat and in the subsequent by-election, Albert Henry stormed to power with a massive 80 percent of the vote.

But if things were going well for Albert they were going badly for his uncertain nation. In 1966 the United Nations De-Colonisation Committee refused to ratify the Cooks' independence agreement as drawn up by her colonial master. The UN could not or would not digest two odious clauses in the agreement which would continue to tie the Cooks to New Zealand, seemingly forever.

The first clause established New Zealand as "responsible" for the new nation's defence and foreign policy. What worried the UN and what worries the Cook Islanders to this day is whether the clause obliged New Zealand to implement the Cooks' own policies or to create those policies for her. The second clause contained even more barbs, and ultimately the seeds for Albert Henry's own fall from power. New Zealand insisted that her representative to the Cooks would also be the Cooks' Queen's Representative or Head of State. This meant that supreme authority in the new nation would invariably rest with a foreigner — and worse, one whose allegiance lay finally to New Zealand.

But the Henry Government was in a bind. If they allowed the independence charter to founder in New York then it might have been decades before they got another chance; if they supported it, they would be forced into a diplomatic shotgun marriage with a groom who ruled with an iron fist. Worse, if they bucked their partner then New Zealand aid, the lifeblood of the Cooks, might be withdrawn and the tiny nation would founder. Albert Henry flew to America and the Cooks' fate was sealed.

Like all ill winds this one blew some good. While in New York, Albert met a Park Avenue stamp dealer who had established philatelic bureaux throughout the world. In return for 50 percent of the profits, Finbar Kenny would establish a bureau in the Cooks on the main island of Rarotonga. The other half of the profits would flow directly to the Cook Islands Government and would be used to finance a national pension scheme. Later in the complicated international manoeuvring that followed, Kenny himself was to play a key role in Henry's destruction.

By the early Seventies the Cook Islands Opposition was in disarray. There was no one, it seemed, who could challenge Albert Henry and stand a ghost of a chance. At the same time there were rumblings for a change and so it fell to Peter Love, the New Zealand Chairman of the Cook Islands Opposition, to find a new Opposition Leader. Love, a prominent Auckland interior decorator, was well placed to find such a man. As a former National Party candidate in New Zealand

and nephew of the Cooks' supreme Maori Queen, Makeu Nui, he mixed in circles where this man might be found.

The result, after months of careful research, came in the form of Tom Davis, an urbane expatriate Cook Islander, a doctor of medicine and a senior researcher, Boston-based, for America's space project.

Dr Davis agreed to return to his homeland, a country he had not seen for more than three decades, and he agreed with Love and his powerful aunt that the future of the Cooks lay with closer relations with New Zealand. Such a platform could hardly fail to win support from New Zealand's National Government, and in the events that followed there is major evidence that Davis' rise to power was as a marionette on the end of a string pulled 3000 kilometres away in Wellington.

The American doctor — for he could hardly be called a Cook Islander — developed an acute grasp of the intricacies of electoral politics. He realised that the key to power in the Cooks lay not so much with the locals as with the 20,000 expatriates, disenfranchised to a man, who lived in the sprawling cities of Auckland and Wellington.

Davis flew to Rarotonga and 13 days later became Leader of the Opposition. Meanwhile, Peter Love, whose relations seemed to have been handpicked for the task at hand, contacted the President of Nauru, yet another relative, and one who controlled a small airline. Thousands of Democrat supporters in New Zealand, together with the means to jet them home on election day, would mount the most sophisticated challenge ever to a nation more accustomed to the interior of an outrigger canoe than an F28 Fokker Airliner. And yet, politics being as unpredictable as it is, Davis lost, picking up just eight of the 22 seats in the Assembly.

Under normal circumstances, Dr Davis might have been expected to return to Boston and his experiments into the effects of extreme cold on Apollo astronauts. Instead, scenting victory at the next elections four years away, he chose to remain in the sweltering hibiscus-drenched heat of Rarotonga and plot his future.

If Davis had learned one thing from his fly-in voting plan, it was that the 20,000 Cook Islanders in New Zealand were an unpredictable lot. They might vote Democrat, but equally they might vote to shore up the fortunes of Albert Henry and his still-triumphant Cook Islands Party. Davis reversed his private commitment to Love and his endless relatives that once he gained power he would free the rights of Cook Islanders to vote in local elections no matter where they happened to be living at the time. In doing so he made a powerful enemy, though not one powerful enough to thwart him in 1978.

In an interview in Auckland, Peter Love told *Penthouse* he was now an implacable

foe of Davis and his Democrat Cabinet. "I believe that Tom Davis, from that moment, was no longer the suave, benevolent Cook Islander returned home to sacrifice time and energy for his people. Subsequent events have proved my view. He has devised a Guatemala or an El Salvador and I cannot understand why Australia, New Zealand and the United States continue to prop him up."

While Love managed the difficult feat of switching horses in midstream, there is evidence that Davis did not fall out with all his powerful New Zealand backers. One of these, millionaire Christchurch businessman Gerald Paul O'Farrell, has long been suspected of subsidising costs of the twin Air Nauru charters. O'Farrell, controversial and mysterious, and with resolute right wing political connections, was linked by one New Zealand newspaper with fellow countryman John Ultimate, a fascinating messiah whose Zenith of Applied Philosophy cult holds him to be higher than God and his private home to be the centre of the universe.

Though there was clearly much activity behind the scenes, the Democrats and their space orphan leader maintained the lowest of profiles until April 1977, when reports reached the islands that a Seychelles-style mercenary raid was in the melting pot.

The raid came unstuck when an ex-New Zealand police officer involved in the planning became frightened and tipped off police in Christchurch. Other details held that guns were to be shipped to the Cooks, that Albert Henry was to be assassinated, and that 12 mercenaries had been enlisted for the project bankrolled by a trio of businessmen, one of whom was later identified as Mr O'Farrell. The following month, fresh reports held that one weapon had already been shipped to the Cooks and delivered to Dr Tom Davis. In a carefully-worded and somewhat oblique statement, Dr Davis said: "We would certainly not be involved in an assassination plot because it would make him [Sir Albert] a martyr."

Later, an informer — they were coming out of the woodwork — told a newspaper the mercenaries were to be paid \$10,000 each and the organisers expected to make \$50 million in the wake of the coup. The informer, later identified as Lyndon Jack Kilkelly, claimed to have been a one-time associate of a Christchurch businessman, subsequently identified as the dazzling Mr O'Farrell.

Into the thick of all this arrived Richard McDonald, ready to take up his Australian aid post in the Cooks, and Milan Brych, the spectacular cancer therapist on the run from Australia and New Zealand who had won permission from Sir Albert Henry to open a clinic on Rarotonga. While the alleged mercenary operation dawdled to a standstill, there was fresh and deep interest from New Zealand concerning the presence of Dr (as he would have it) Brych

on Rarotonga.

Though it may have seemed a storm in an extremely peripheral teacup to some, the New Zealanders were in high dudgeon over Brych and his sanctuary in a nation that they were very responsible for keeping afloat. They despatched a statement to the Cooks registering concern at the "continued presence" of Brych and indicated that unless the situation changed New Zealand aid money "might be affected." It was rather like saying: "Do as I tell you or I'll sell your house."

But even as Sir Albert (he was knighted by the Queen in 1974) stalled over the Brych debacle, the political destiny of the Cooks was racing to its spectacular climax.

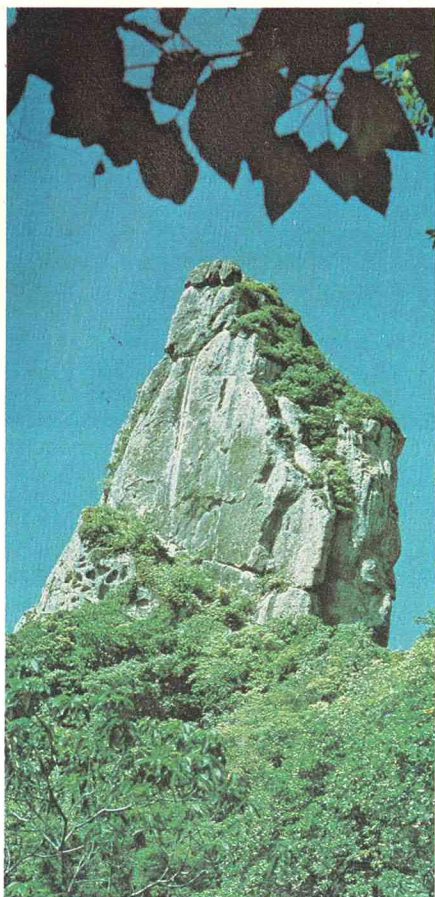
Though Tom Davis had learned to be wary of Cook Islanders in New Zealand, he realised their fickle support could still hold the key to his victory. And so late in 1977 word leaked out that the Democrats were planning to repeat their fly-in voting manoeuvre.

The difference this time was that Albert Henry would fight fire with fire. He would charter his own aircraft and fly in his own supporters from New Zealand. But where would the money for the charters come from? Henry could hardly approach O'Farrell or any of Tom Davis' other mystery backers. There was only one place to turn, and so in the dying days of 1977, Albert Henry phoned the Park Avenue apartment of Finbar Kenny and asked for a private loan.

Kenny agreed to help his old friend — he had made a lot of money in the Cooks — but there was a snag. Thanks to the machinations of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, the American Congress had passed a law making it dicey indeed for US citizens to influence the outcome of a foreign election — and Kenny's money would certainly do that.

In the end, Henry and Kenny devised a paper trail of companies stretching from New York across the Pacific and stopping finally at the door of Ansett Airlines in Melbourne, who knew a good deal when they saw one. In return for \$337,000 the company would make six charter flights available. If the Americans couldn't do anything to influence the outcome of a foreign election, there was nothing to stop the Australians having a go.

But although Albert Henry may have been a fine politician, he certainly wasn't up to much as an international businessman. When the paper trail collapsed because half of the required companies hadn't yet been formed, Henry took the bull by the horns and washed the whole lot through a Cook Islands Government account. This meant that on the one hand he had breached the law, and on the other he had given Kenny a terrific defence if the balloon ever went up — which, of course, it did. It was a transgression that would ultimately despatch Albert Henry to his



Above: Island paradise; Far right: Pokoina Tomy, one-time Collector of Inland Revenue, subsequently replaced.

grave a bitter, bewildered and broken man.

Election day, March 31, 1978, dawned hot and cloudless over the Cook Islands, though the jet trails across the Pacific had thundered with incoming flights. Even more conspicuously, the airwaves had thundered reports from New Zealand Prime Minister Muldoon, informing the bemused islanders that a major aid scandal had erupted and that New Zealand was investigating. It was quaint timing indeed for a leader whose own Auditor General had already investigated the claims — two weeks earlier — and found them groundless.

The broadcasts, repeated throughout the day, must have had an incalculable effect on the decision 16,000 voters would have to make. Yet when the voting was done it was clear that Albert Henry and his Cook Islands party had won a resounding victory. So decisive a victory that Tom Davis lost his own seat — though as it turned out, not for long. Nor was there sufficient support for Davis' henchmen laveta Short and Vincent Ingram, both of whom had suffered humiliating defeats. All three were to re-emerge as winners in the greatest political victory never won at a ballot box.

Within two days of the elections the Democrats launched a court action against Albert Henry and his followers, claiming the government had breached the *Electoral Act* with its fly-in votes. Central to the action was the proposition that the fly-in constituted bribery because the Ansett passengers had paid heavily-subsidised fares — which, thanks to Finbar Kenny, had in fact been the case.

What the Democrat petitions failed to mention was the impact of their own fly-in votes which, since they had now used the practice on two occasions, made them veterans of the style. There has long been speculation in the Cooks and elsewhere that Democrat fly-in votes were at least as heavily-subsidised as their Cook Island Party counterparts. But the court was never to have the opportunity to fully explore this promising terrain. In what was either the most spectacular oversight in Pacific history, or a conspiracy so deep and malevolent that it will never be unravelled, the Cook Islands Party failed to lodge the screaming counter-petition which would have compelled the court to look at both sides of the question.

And now, into the growing maelstrom was thrust one Gavan Donne, a retired Rotorua magistrate nominated by New Zealand as Queen's Representative to the Cooks and also, under another hat, Chief Justice. In hearing the case, Justice Donne abandoned the key jewel in the crown of British law — the Westminster Principle, which holds that the judiciary and the government should be irrevocably separate. He set gleefully to work, the destiny of a nation in the palm of his hand.

The court heard evidence that the Kenny funds had been intended strictly for official use, as supported by their payment into a government account, or alternately, that the funds had been intended for Albert Henry's own use.

Presiding over much of this as instructing solicitors for the Democrats were the aforementioned Ingram and Short, whose personal interest in the case at hand must have been obvious to all. So much for the principle that lawyers should not act in matters in which they are involved.

In any event, when the legal argument was exhausted Mr Donne announced he would fly to his Auckland chambers to research his verdict, and then promptly flew instead to Wellington, where he conferred with members of the New Zealand Government for a week. Then he returned to the Cooks and, in a voice taut with tension, *reversed the election result*.

Political pundits reckon that if the court had disallowed all the fly-in votes from both sides, then Albert Henry would still have been returned to office with a handsome majority. If the court had rejected only those votes from the CIP charters (all votes were numbered and thus the identity of the voters known) then Henry's men would have held a slender majority.

As it turned out, Justice Donne reversed the results in so many electorates that the Democrats took 16 of the Assembly's 22 seats, resulting in a handy two-thirds parliamentary majority which, under Cook Islands law, meant they could alter the Constitution at will. This was not a temptation which the space orphan and his unelected henchmen could resist.

Albert Henry was stripped of his own seat and the Cook Islands Party, even with its own fly-in votes discounted, had still managed 50.3 percent of the vote, or six seats. The Democrats, with 47 percent of the vote, had been given the rest. As gerrymanders go, it was a beauty.

But the machinations were not over yet. In America, a Finbar Kenny Corporation — one which had played no direct role in the Cook Islands fiasco — pleaded guilty to provisions of the *Lockheed Act*, and was duly fined \$50,000, making Mr Kenny the first American ever to feel the weight of the new law.

Shortly afterwards, Kenny arrived voluntarily in Rarotonga to plead guilty to local conspiracy charges, taking Albert Henry and the others down the drain with him. Journalists subsequently learned that Kenny's surprise appearance and guilty plea in Rarotonga had been orchestrated to fulfil part of an American plea agreement filed in Washington. Still later, journalists were told Kenny's actions were designed to head off any possible American investigation into his world-wide operations. The legality of such an agreement — forcing a man to plead guilty in a court beyond the agreement's jurisdiction — is one which would no doubt have constitutional lawyers scratching their wigs.

In fining Albert Henry for his part in the conspiracy, Mr Justice Beattie (now Sir David Beattie, Governor-General of New Zealand) placed the deposed leader on three years' probation, adding that he would withdraw the order if Albert signed an undertaking not to stand for political office. Later, three Auckland judges, sitting as the Cook Islands Appeals Court, quashed the probation order, branding it a political penalty.

They need not have bothered. In its first major move since gaining power, the Davis Government amended the *Electoral Act*, making Albert Henry ineligible to stand for parliament for five years. Since the deposed leader had just turned 72 it was a political death sentence, made more humiliating when in April 1980 the New Zealand Governor-General, acting on a recommendation from the Cook Islands Executive Council, announced that Albert Henry had been stripped of his knighthood. Meanwhile, the machinery was set in motion to knight Gavan Donne, Justice Beattie, and of course, the venerable Tom Davis himself.

The Opposition was loud and vociferous as these events, and the financial and

political thuggery outlined earlier, unfolded — at least as loud and vociferous as men can be when they have no access to the government-controlled newspaper or radio station. Loudest of all was Richard McDonald, who told *Penthouse* he saw a nation crumbling before his eyes. Mr McDonald wondered whether the writing was on the wall when he was charged with smashing his priceless Bentley into a police landrover. The way the charge sheet read, Mr McDonald had already arrived home and was safely (or so he thought) in bed when the accident was said to have happened. The charge also recorded his blood alcohol reading at .41 — the highest ever recorded since the breathalyser was invented. If the reading was correct, then Mr McDonald certainly knows how to hold his liquor. Lesser mortals are usually dead at .40. Later, inspecting the damage to the two vehicles, a panelbeater told McDonald it looked as though the accident had happened the other way round — that the police car and not the Bentley had been at fault. Nevertheless, Mr McDonald was strongly urged to plead guilty, and got a month's jail for his trouble.

Subsequently, the government passed its *Residents' Entry and Departure Amendment Act*, which appeared to have been specifically designed to rid the Cooks of McDonald once and for all. It left matters of deportation solely to ministerial discretion — without recourse to the courts — and if there is anything to console Richard McDonald about his untimely and rude departure from his wife's homeland, it is that the new law has become well known in the Cooks as the "*McDonald Act*".

Nor does its impact stop there. Australian motelier Len Staples has sunk his life savings into the Cook Islands; he fears the *McDonald Act* may one day be used against him. Mr Staples, ashen-faced, refused to talk to *Penthouse* but his Cook Islander wife Temuana said he had already written to the Australian Government seeking advice about his predicament.

The implications of the Democrats' constitutional tinkering did not become immediately obvious. Chief amongst these was the new provision that the incumbent government should continue to hold power until all electoral petitions had been resolved in the courts. Thus five years could easily become six or seven.

Among the first to grasp the ramifications of these niceties was John Scott, a one-time New Zealand public servant who for 12 years had been Clerk of the Cooks' Legislative Assembly under Albert Henry. Mr Scott and a group of friends organised a massive petition designed to thwart the government's attempt to award itself half an extra term in office.

The Democrats responded swiftly by denying Mr Scott access to the govern-

ment newspaper, and by advising members of the vast public service that signatories to the petition would be considered disloyal and could look to their futures without enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, the Scott petition won support from a massive 60 percent of the population. It was 9000 people screaming: No. And yet the Davis Government, which had become as hard of hearing as it had jaundiced of eye, proceeded with the amendment, which is now law.

None of this is to say that the Democrats do not look forward to winning the next election, whenever it may be held. Their long-term campaign relies upon the use of government money and resources — even if those resources should happen to come from Australia — to buy the most votes at any price at all.

To understand this principle is to grasp how a \$60,000 Australian grader comes to be lying in 60 feet of water about 50 miles from the destination the Australians had earmarked for it. The grader had been sent to the Cooks to build an airstrip on the island of Manuae, north-west of Rarotonga, according to Jeff Reckenberg, an Australian aid engineer who subsequently resigned in disgust. Mr Reckenberg, who now runs a Seven Eleven store in Melbourne, told *Penthouse* the Democrat Government had decided — unilaterally — to divert the grader to the island of Aitutaki, where it was used instead to support the business venture of a strong government supporter. Whether Tom Davis ever planned to shift the grader to its rightful location or whether he planned to continue electioneering with it is a matter of hot conjecture. Anyway, the answer will never be known. Government workers tipped it off a barge, and the grader is now collecting barnacles on the sea floor. At least Mr Reckenberg can be sure that the dozens of bridges he — and the Australian taxpayer — have built on Rarotonga cannot be similarly relocated. Nor, mercifully, can they be shifted to electorates where the government's popularity is waning.

But while Australia's grader was discovering the world of Jules Verne, another key government tool, dubbed the "Los Angeles Account," was about to break surface. It was discovered in the government budget documents by an eagle-eyed Geoffrey Henry, who observed an entry which read: L/A \$48,000. Diligent enquiries by Mr Henry established that LA stood not for the City of Angels but for "Legislative Assembly" and that the \$48,000 represented the sum which government members had decided to allocate themselves for distribution in the most effective manner, among their own electorates.

Thus, while a sports ground, church or community centre in a Democratic electorate might be simply showered with funds, there are other community facilities in Opposition territory which are strugg-

ing to make a go of it. In the grandest traditions of the police state, the Los Angeles Account is no more than a simple slush fund.

Producing the sort of smile an executioner might flash after his discovery that he has just hung the wrong bloke, Mr Henry told *Penthouse* the fund had leaped first to \$56,000 and more recently to \$66,000. Where all this money is coming from is a question perhaps only Tom Davis could answer.

Of more pressing importance is the destiny of Penrhyn, the far northern Cook Island, which in World War II became a crucial US bomber base. As Geoffrey



Henry understands it, the Americans have expressed some claim over Penrhyn, a claim which the Davis Government has proved unwilling to discuss publicly.

If ever a nation was ill-prepared for the sophistry of international diplomacy, then the Cook Islands is it. Although the potential of Penrhyn can hardly have escaped Tom Davis, given his Space Age background, it remains to be seen whether the tiny island will ever be used for the purpose for which it seems so ideally located. Lying on the equator in what passes for a stable country, Penrhyn would be a first-class choice for any nation — say America — that wished to push yet more satellites into space. The Americans are said to be not unaware of this possibility, though there may be other, even deeper plans for this far-flung outpost. Perhaps Penrhyn offers some, or maybe the only, explanation for the aid which has poured into the Cooks from New Zealand, Australia and the US for more than 10 years.

In any event, there will soon be few people left in the Cook Islands to care. Permanent departures since the new government came to power have risen sharply. Almost a third of the population has fled in the past four years. And yet fewer people means fewer questions. As the people fly out, the aid flies in — unsupervised, untracked and largely unaccounted.

It is as if the money didn't matter and Tom Davis, plucked from the jaws of NASA, might be part of some grander international plan — a plan to make him a space orphan no more. ☐



A few handy pointers for pants men

THE BROAD VIEW

HUMOR BY KATHY LETTE

Gentlemen, put away your Grecian 2000 and your bullworkers. I am about to tell you what really makes a man sexy. After a decade of dedicated research and endless late-night all-female forums on the subject, I feel qualified to judge.

This may come as a surprise, but women are not really interested in the bronzed, blow-waved, broad-shouldered hunk. Apart from the obvious turn-offs — herpes, halitosis, tinea, dandruff, greasy hair and beer guts — physical details have little to do with it. And women are not interested in the standard product: the kind of two-legged cliché you can leave in a Sydney wine bar, only to fly 900 kilometres and find again in a milk bar in Melbourne. He will mouth the same views during interludes of social discourse and read from the same sentimental script in moments of passion. Such men can be termed only one thing: convenient. Wearing one on your arm is like being seen in a mass-produced frock. Every woman would prefer something original in her sexual wardrobe.

Macho clones do provoke a second glance, but it's the mischievous sparkle or roguish charisma of a man that reduces us to uncontrollable turmoil. The biggest turn-ons are men who make a woman feel attractive, intelligent, *modest* (flattery is a powerful lubricant); men who look at us while making love (there's nothing worse than glancing down to find his eyes glued to the digital clock or *The Greatest American Hero*); and men who give the impression that there's nowhere they'd rather be (like under the bonnet cleaning the carby, or immersed in philately). So, instead of bench pressing and hair transplanting, brush up on the things which really do crunch a woman's sex drive into overdrive.

One sure way to be left out in the cold is to harp on about the charms of an ex-girlfriend. Men who fondly recall, mid-grope, Miss X's strategically-placed birthmark, brilliant omelettes, gymnastic ability, PhD intellect and animal magnetism tend to make us lose interest. *She's* still the main attraction; who wants to be the B-grade?

Commenting on a girl's abundance of weight, small breasts or over-ripe rump is another way to be sentenced to a diet of celibacy. Censure a woman's body and she won't be inclined to show you any more of it. Besides, it's how you use the raw

Illustration by Frants Kantor



BROAD VIEW

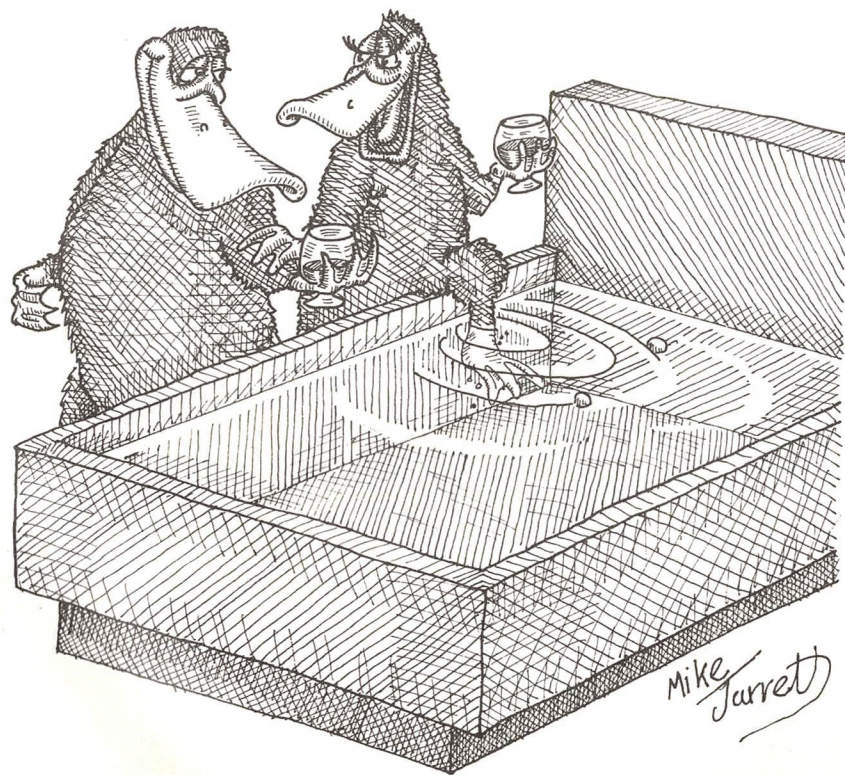
ingredients that counts. And men often think they have the automatic right to criticise the wrapping. I can't understand why, when all they want is to peel it off anyway. "You're not wearing *that*, are you?" he'll whine, not glancing twice at his moth-eaten sarong and geriatric desert boots.

Once ensconced under the doona, don't stop trying. You can still be tossed out with the soiled sheets. Bedroom behavior often makes a girl's libido go limp. The man who confines his affection to times of erection is looking for trouble, as is the guy who shows off his sexual repertoire, running through inverted swizzle possies, rear arch lunges and upside-down lotus positions all in the first five minutes. Just as boring are the one-thrust screamers, who curl their backs towards you and yawn: "... and are *you* all right?" Boasting of your sexual conquests will always result in a bout of leg-crossing. Women are not interested in sexual sales spiels. Who are you trying to convince, anyway? May as well write out a grope-back-guarantee for dissatisfied customers. And the reverse is worse: "Oh yes, I separated from my wife because she could never orgasm" is not exactly a convincing PR job. If your wife, lover and secretary couldn't understand you, what's in it for me? But the sure-fire

way to be widely circumnavigated is to mention, at any time, your mother.

Another blunder is to make a woman feel she's just one of many on your sexual agenda. Hackneyed endearments like "babe", "pet" and "sweetie" don't exactly make us feel unique. And be warned: girls are also quick to notice how often they have to adjust your passenger side seatbelt. And contrary to popular belief, most women are not hub-cap biters. A man obsessed with his car never gives a lady much emotional mileage.

It's quite arousing to air the odd fantasy, but please, leave the predictable David Hamilton fetish in the closet. As you wax lyrical about nubile nymphs, budding breasts and wide-eyed innocence, each wrinkle, dimple and ounce of flesh magnifies in our minds to geriatric proportions. That kind of pillow talk has put us out to pasture! Having been one myself, the reality of schoolgirls is all padded trainer bras, pillows smeared with acne lotion and compromising positions caused by the need for teeth braces. Older men often seem dull and uninteresting, until you get to know them. Then they're 100 percent mind-numbing! "Not compared to, compared with". They delight in correcting a girl's grammar and pronunciation, plucking her high-brows. "No, no, not 'who should I give it to?' 'To *whom* should I give it?'" Meanwhile, he ends every sentence with a *proposition*.



Mike Jarrett

"A waterbed. How exciting!"

Although this is the sort of behavior up with which we will not put (phew!), the lowest scorer on the Richter Rooting Scale is yet to be exposed. It is the trendy. Constantly rearranging his blow-wave in the nearest reflection (rear view mirror, shop window or his girlfriend's non-glare polaroids), it's as if he's wearing his mirrored sunglasses inside-out. All he seems to see are endless reflections of himself. Independent tests prove that girls are most suspicious of the trendoid type. He's so interested in himself, he's bound to avoid noticing who or what is on the end of his penis.

What excites a woman most are mental and emotional libidos: wit, words, warmth, intelligence, sensitivity. These are much more sexy than rippling biceps and bulging pectorals. (Here I must personally confess that I'm allergic to toupees, open shirts flashing casually-positioned hunks of gold bullion, white shoes, shorts with long socks, and cardigans.)

Perhaps looks would be more important if we could veil our beautiful man — Moslem-style — so that one could privately enjoy his exquisiteness ... but somehow I can't see an Aussie strolling up the beach clutching a KB can and wearing a pair of thongs and a yashmak. As it is, female acquaintances and passersby can feast equally on his physical attributes. Even though we're the ones who have to defrost his chops and clean his beard stubble out of the sink, a good-looking man is public perving property. And good looks, after all, are by definition only visual. Touching and feeling him will not bring a woman any closer to his beauty, especially in the dark. Besides, the closer you get to a man, the less you are able to appreciate his overall splendor. With your eyeball pressed up against his neck, nipple, navel or knee cap, it becomes very difficult to distinguish your Adonis-like specimen from all those short, bald and tubby ones.

The only useful purpose an attractive man serves is as a human handbag. Slight satisfaction can be gained in hearing other ladies hiss, "How did she get *him*?" But then you have the worry of strange women draping him "mistakenly" over their arms at parties, or "accidentally" collecting your male accessory from the cloak room, and so on, endlessly ...

So please, gentlemen, toss out the hair restorers, Beroccas, jogging shorts, weights, slimming pills and moisturisers. There's no need to nurture nature. My girlfriends and I have definitely decided: it's more satisfying and economical to live with a man who has wit, culinary abilities, a gentle disposition and the same taste in movies, and who is well-read and good with his hands, than to shack up with a redundant Greek God. And perhaps to purchase, as compensation, a Persian rug, Ming Dynasty wall-hanging or Poll Hereford stud. ☺

The satisfaction of doing it yourself.

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Convincing audiences to believe the unbelievable is a multi-million dollar industry

Special FX

BY DENIS WHITBURN

"You will believe a man can fly." The catchline lauding the release in 1978 of *Superman* was not so much a statement as a fervent wish which dared the viewer to contradict it. Fifty million dollars was riding on the gamble that audiences would indeed believe, without reservation, that the man of steel was actually zooming through thin air under his own steam, rather than just dangling from the rafters on the end of some fishing line.

Special effects in cinema have, like *Superman*, progressed in leaps and bounds, from the enormous technical breakthroughs of the late Sixties embodied in Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey through the spectacular wizardry of *Star Wars* and onward to the present. These days audiences either embrace the reality of the fantasies concocted by cinematic technicians, or nonchalantly shrug off the result of years of sweat, blood and crippling interest rates.

And now, with *Superman III* and *Revenge of the Jedi* (part three of the Luke Skywalker saga) in production, and with *Supergirl* and the sequel to *Raiders of the Lost Ark* at planning stage, the parameters of special effects are again, of necessity, being extended beyond measure. With each great leap forward in cinematic sleight of hand, producers must subsequently come up with new and wondrous imagery to entice the populace back for another ride on the fantastic merry-go-round. The credibility established by making a man fly of his own accord across the Manhattan skyline becomes an albatross for the producers unless they can not only equal, but supersede, that technical feat.

Richard Donner, the director of *Superman*, remembers the experience as awesome: "The script read, 'He flies across the room.' Yes, sure. Then when we started to do it, I said, 'Now wait a minute . . . how does this guy go about . . . ?' I'd never thought about it."

Donner surrounded himself with the cream of Europe's special effect technicians, and in so doing he eliminated the accepted constraints of the field. At the outset he devised a simple rule: "If anyone says,

'This is not my department', they're fired."

Out of the confusion which marked the project in its initial stages, a group of dedicated artists and technicians evolved. They were committed to the task of creating a piece of entertainment that would transport audiences to totally new areas of experience.

The new line-up of screen epics fuses special effects with credible dramatic themes in a way that is going to test the craft of artists and technicians from here on in. Steven Spielberg follows his breakaway success of last year, *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*, with two features, one as producer and guiding hand (*Poltergeist*) and the second (*The Extra-Terrestrial* or *ET*) as director. The second *Star Trek* picture subtitled *The Wrath Of Khan*; the celluloid version of the mythic barbarian, *Conan*; a remake of the 1952 creepie, *The Thing*; another futuristic dazzler from *Alien's* director Ridley Scott called *Blade Runner*; and Clint Eastwood's venture into the future, *Firefox*, add up to a smorgasbord of whiz-bang kaleidoscopic escapism.

The "star" attractions of these films, which have become the heartbeat of Hollywood during these recessionist times when audiences are demanding to be transported away from the harsh realities of their over-taxed and mortgaged environment, are no longer mere mortals composed of flesh, blood and rampant sex appeal. They are the creations of the staff of EEG (Entertainment Effects Group), a company founded by Douglas Trumbull (the man considered most instrumental in advancing new effects technology through his work on 2001, *The Andromeda Strain*, *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* and the first *Star Trek* movie) and of the people behind Industrial Light and Magic, an effects unit formed by George Lucas from his overflowing *Star Wars* profit; and John Dykstra of Apogee Inc, the man who gave Luke Skywalker's world its stamp of credibility through his Academy Award-winning work.

Theirs is a heritage which reaches back to the inception of cinema at the turn of the century, when French director George Melies adapted a Jules Verne sci-fi classic called *A Trip To The Moon* into a stunner (in hand-tinted color no less) that had audiences gasping from Paris to the USA. Crude in execution by today's standards, yet imbued with a lasting innocence, the 1933 feature *King Kong* stood for a decade as the pinnacle of special



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effects achievement. Utilising mostly stop-motion animation on a model constructed from a skeleton of steel with ball and socket joints, adjustments were made in each single-frame shot to build the required action against a backdrop of projected single-frame scenes of the jungle and New York's streets. The mighty gorilla came to life as a living, breathing entity "with a reality and personality of his own".

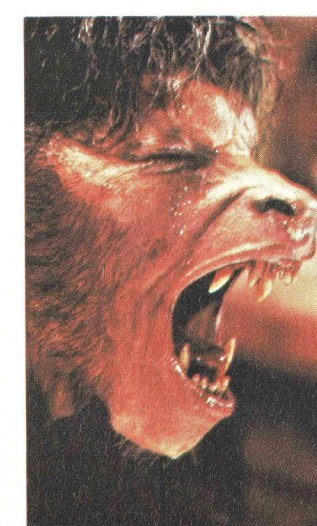
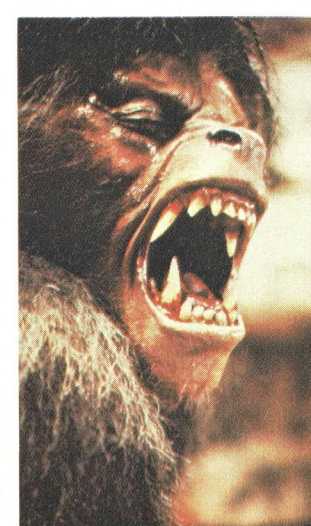
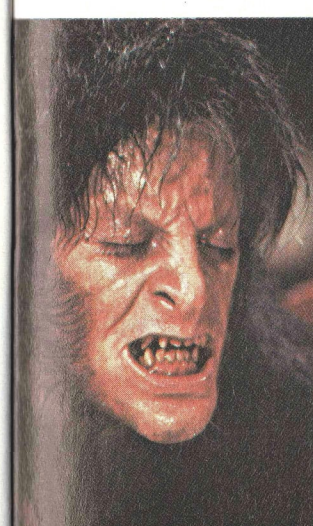
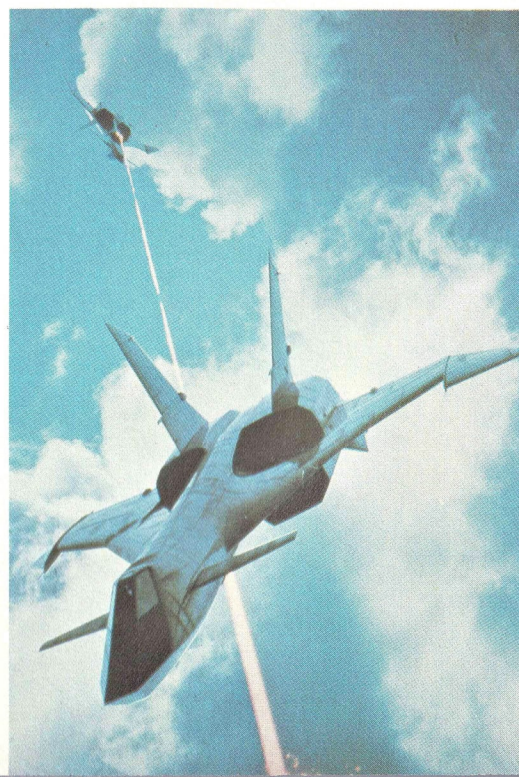
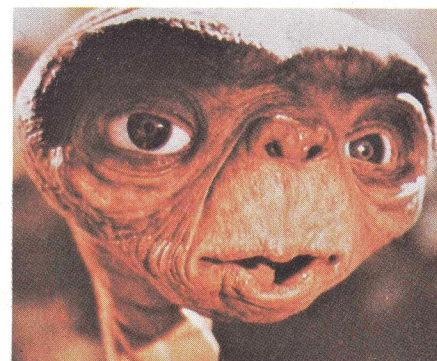
A watershed period for the "state of the art" transpired in the Fifties when America, in the grip of the Cold War and (psychologically at least) under constant threat of nuclear attack, took to science fiction with a vengeance. "Things" undefined and from other planets, creatures from the bowels of the earth, insects magnified into prehistoric proportions, and worlds in collision became the stuff of dreams — and nightmares! Although tastes had developed away from the Frankensteins, werewolves and vampires of the Thirties and Forties, the systems used to give credence to Fifties film-making magic relied in the main on techniques dating back to *King Kong*. The British production *The Thief Of Baghdad* (1940) had advanced the art through the use of technicolor, enabling magic carpets to fly and a genie to appear. Sci-fi demanded two-way flight traffic by men and aliens, and asked for Man to step on the moon and on Mars, and to escape to another planet *When Worlds Collide* (1951).

War Of The Worlds, *Forbidden Planet*, *The Day The Earth Stood Still*, *This Island Earth*, *The Thing* and *20 Million Miles To Earth* relied on the craft of the model maker, on stop-motion photography, on rear projection coupled with stop-motion on models, and on animation combined with live action and blue matte work (in which one piece of action is imprinted on another through a matting process). These and dozens of lesser productions kept Hollywood out of the clutches of creditors during the critical years when television was taking hold. The films also served to refine the crafts and techniques of the specialists.

The refining process continued throughout the years when sci-fi and special effects fell out of favor with moviegoers. British-based producers Gerry and Sylvia Anderson linked futuristic models (made mostly from plastic build-a-kits) with puppetry in the *Thunderbirds* television series. By the mid-Seventies, the Andersons had forsaken puppets for live actors and plastic build-a-kits for sophisticated models to launch their *Space 1999* opus — the first television series since *Star Trek* (of the Sixties) to gain popular appeal. *Star Trek's* effects had relied more on sleight of hand than on techniques comparable with the Andersons'.

It was not until the dawn of computer

Previous page: The make-up artistry of Ric Baker won him an Academy Award for his transformation of man into beast in An American Werewolf in London. How did he do it? We may never know. Baker is keeping the secret of this on-screen metamorphosis to himself; This page, clockwise from right: Steven Spielberg cooks up another batch of frighteners as bratty ghosts invade suburbia in Poltergeist; Ric Baker's step-by-step guide for turning a man into a werewolf. Baker applies a generous dose of gore to Griffin Dunne, the werewolf's decomposing sidekick; Clint Eastwood takes the special effects route in the jet-fighting spectacular, Firefox with the help of Star Wars graduate, John Dykstra; Spielberg again, playing Jeckyll and Hyde with our senses in ET(Extraterrestrial), guaranteed to tug the heartstrings; Douglas Trumbull, special effects trailblazer in 2001: A Space Odyssey, sets his handiwork to the futuristic detective thriller Blade Runner, directed by Alien's Ridley Scott.



technology in the late Sixties that film-makers were able to leave the crude systems which had been the backbone of special effects behind, and test the limits of machinery and creativity to the fullest. *2001: A Space Odyssey*, a \$10 million "serious" sci-fi epic considered at the time to be unmarketable by the major studios, brought together Douglas Trumbull, at 25, and Stanley Kubrick. Their creative teamwork set the standard for special effects during the next decade. Pivotal to Trumbull's effects in *2001* was a system called *motion control*. "Motion control at that time consisted of very clumsy synchronous motors... linked up with Selsol motors," Trumbull explained while completing *Blade Runner*, his latest feature. "They were linked up to gear boxes taken off lathe machines and hooked to timing belts which in turn were hooked to lead screws. The whole thing was very clumsy: it only ran at one speed, and only in one direction. But nevertheless

it was motion control — a technique for exactly repeating camera moves."

The flight of *Star Trek's Enterprise*, the battle in outer space between the starfighters of Luke Skywalker and Darth Vader, the bumble-bee flight of the playful UFOs in *Close Encounters*, and the docking of a shuttle into the huge revolving space station in *2001* all happen because of motion control.

Ten years after *2001*, Trumbull had advanced his special effects talents to the point where he was able to surpass himself with *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*. The most difficult thing he had to face on that film was the disadvantage of coming down to earth. "We didn't have the advantage of being out in space creating a fantasy," he told *Newsweek* at the time of the film's release. "We had to be down to earth with totally believable illusions. Putting a UFO on a screen is like photographing God. So the general look we went for was one of motion, velocity, luminosity and brilliance." To do this he used sophisticated fibre optics and light-scanning techniques to modulate, control and color light on film, creating the appearance of shape "when in fact no shape existed."

Motion control is only one ingredient in the film wizard's kinetic brew. Photographic and optical processes as intricate as they are technically advanced are brought together with the craft of the model maker (now able to utilise the widest range of construction materials) or, as in the case of *An American Werewolf In London*, the talent of the make-up artist, to delude the audience into a false state of mind. It says everything for these artists that the highest-grossing films of all time have been made during the last seven years: *Jaws* (in which a mechanical shark scared us shitless), *Star Wars*, *Superman I and II*, *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* — three of them produced by George Lucas, three directed by Steven Spielberg. The latter two have notched up box-office grosses in excess of \$1.5 billion. Which accounts for a whole lot of credulity on our part.

Spielberg's latest feature *ET* demands our absolute belief in the on-screen existence of an extra-terrestrial being which has come to earth and parted from its mother ship. The alien finds refuge with a 10-year-old boy from middle-class suburbia. "A science fiction fable" is how Spielberg describes his film. "It's about human values, the understanding people have for one another."

Playing the alien as expensively as Clint Eastwood is a \$1.5 million mechanical creation from Carlo Rambaldi, a painter and sculptor who was brought to America in 1975 to work on the remake of *King Kong*. Starting out with sketches and clay models of the alien creature, Rambaldi constructed an aluminium and steel

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skeleton on which he built, with fibreglass, polyurethane and foam rubber, the stunted body and elongated features that give the ET a very necessary screen uniqueness. With body and facial movement controlled by mechanical or electronic servo-mechanisms, the director has been able to cast a truly credible alien opposite Henry Thomas, the boy who befriends the lost earth visitor. Spielberg's intention with *ET* has not been to terrify, but to bring about a lump in the throat just as Disney animators did in the fantasy classics of the Forties.

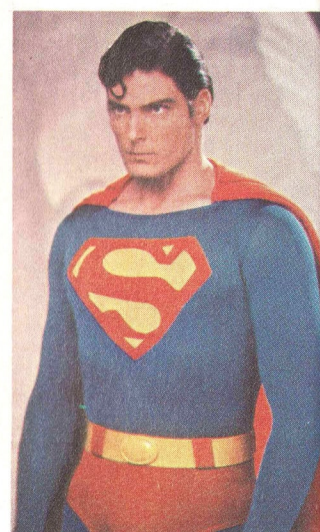
The "horrors" have been held over for Spielberg's second current feature *Poltergeist*, in which he has taken the production reins and left the direction to Tobe Hooper, the man who drowned the screen with blood in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Again using middle-class suburbia as the terrain for strange goings-on — "bratty" ghosts turning an average family household upside-down — Spielberg has continued his close ties with George Lucas, using his friend's Industrial Light and Magic facility to come up with the desired effects. The credits for the special visualisation of a house under attack by an uncontrollable "energy" read like a separate film altogether. One hundred and two people in all were responsible for the terrors; one third of the production budget was allocated to the 100-plus optical effects integrated into the narrative.

On another exploratory path, and determined not to repeat himself, is Douglas Trumbull. He and stylist-director Ridley Scott have shortened their futuristic focus to "the mean streets" of a near-future city, a "megalopolis" — against which a latter-day trench-coated investigator, Deckard (Harrison Ford) stalks the treacherous streets in pursuit of "replicants" (renegade manufactured humans which have become the supreme products of industry).

In a film which is set within the lifetime of most of its audience, it was essential that Trumbull and Scott shy away from depicting the future as pristine, austere and colorless.

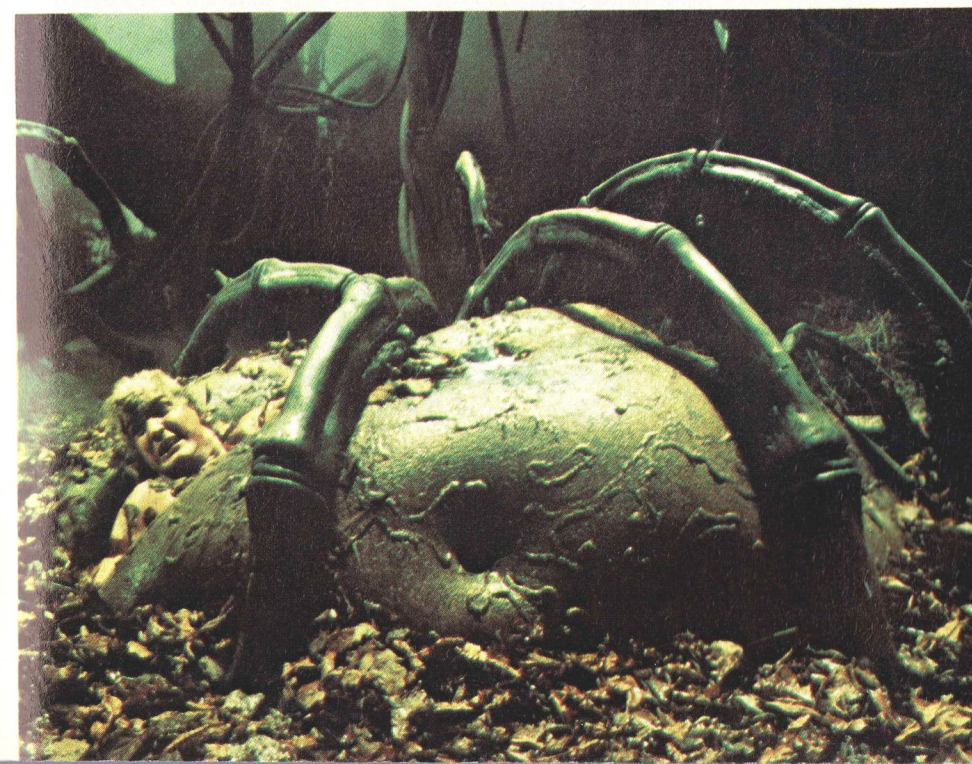
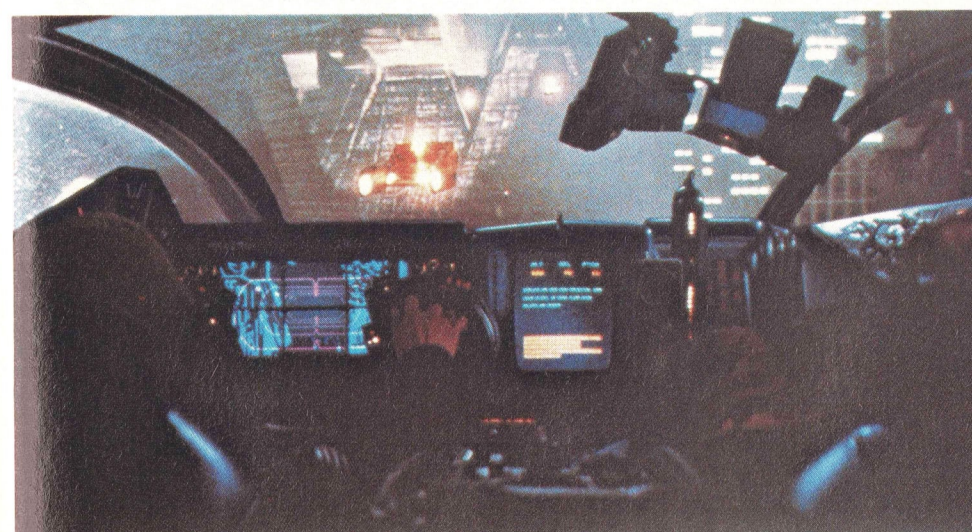
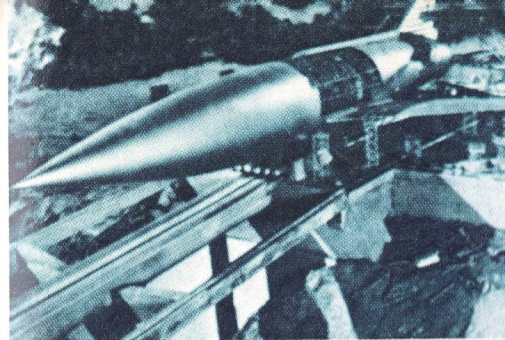
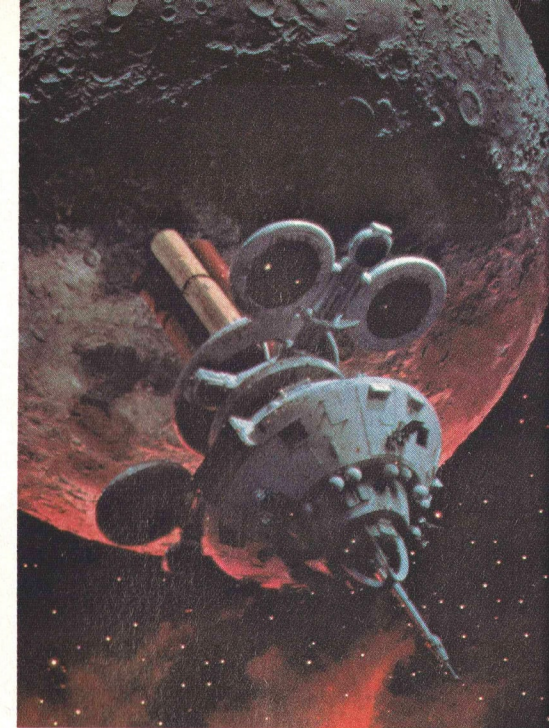
"I find it challenging to try during each picture to come up with at least one thing that's somehow different or better than whatever's been done before," Trumbull notes. "To try and invent a new motion control system or some kind of interesting thing that will make each project intriguing as we go along, so it doesn't become a manufacturing business." It is his hope that once *Blade Runner* is seen, audiences won't be impressed by the special effect itself, but more by the idea it represents.

Not every director supports Trumbull's style of working. Following the outrageous success of *Star Wars*, writer and director



George Lucas spoke of his reasons for not using Trumbull, who was at that time considered the master of the trade. "If you hire Trumbull to do your special effects, he does your special effects. I was very nervous about that. I wanted to be able to say, 'It must look like this, not that'." Lucas did not want to be placed in a position where he was handed an effect at the end of five months and told that was it: "Either you do it yourself, or you don't have a say."

On a technical level, Lucas was convinced, films were always evaluated against 2001. He opted for his own special effect unit under the direction of John Dykstra, and a system evolved which used a giant camera mounted on tracks, powered by high-torque motors and controlled by a computer into which each shot was programmed to accommodate the numerous model elements in a sequence. The relationship between director and Dykstra was not always equitable, as the latter related: "Directors and special ef-



Clockwise from far left: You can't keep a good monster down. The Thing had its first chance to get the better of us in 1952. Thirty years on it's at it again, bigger, better and bolder than before; Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan, second in the motion picture adaptations of the classic television series, finds Captain Kirk and his pointy-eared buddy, Spock, traipsing around the lost universes once more; When Worlds Collide (top) and The Day the Earth Stood Still (bottom) drew thinking audiences to sci-fi in the Fifties; A pilot's eye view of Los Angeles 2019 in *Blade Runner*; It was big stuff back in 1939 when Flash Gordon (Buster Crabbe) took his first trip to Mars. After 40 years he's still courting trouble in the \$20 million version; If the cape fits, wear it. Kirk Alyn was more man than steel in 1948. George Reeves gave the man from Krypton a touch of humor in the Fifties television series and Christopher Reeves (with the help of the special effects experts) convinced us that a man could fly — and have a great time while doing it.

fects directors always disagree incredibly because he conceptualises one thing but I know what is capable of being produced." The major problem encountered on *Star Wars* was the difficulty of applying through Dykstra's unit what Lucas had conceived — such as the starship dogfight finale in which Darth Vader's army is crushed. Lucas insisted on basing the sequence around footage of WWII dogfights. The streaks, rolls and continuous motion allowed by aerial photography proved a nightmare when recreated inside a studio, where multiple ships, planted backgrounds, and stars (human) had to be brought together with the problem of angular displacement, matching shots and depth of field.

Dykstra insists that it's difficult to explain to a director why a concept won't work because of some technological thing. This can then become a bone of contention. A director, he says, can shoot an exterior where he can see the lighting, set-up and action and can hear the dialogue, but when he steps into Dykstra's studio situation all he is confronted with is a camera able to move down a track at about three inches a second.

Five years on, Dykstra is again pushing the limits of his craft and taking chances with the latest Clint Eastwood opus, *Firefox*, "which really breaks new ground". Playing a special pilot smuggled into Russia to steal a *Star Wars*-type jet able to fly at six times the speed of sound, Eastwood stars, produces and directs. "The plane," Dykstra explains, "has a weapons system actuated by thought waves, and it can carry nuclear arms. To begin with, it had to look sinister and functional. It couldn't be a spaceship or look too futuristic."

Nine models of the super-jet, the MIG-31, were built by the Dykstra unit: four large-scale, four small and one to full-size specifications. Two of the larger models actually flew, with the rest used for blue-screen composite miniature photography. Taboos were broken in the execution of filming the MIG-31 in flight and under attack from the Russian airforce. "We photographed a shiny aircraft, which is a theoretical taboo because its very tough to match due to reflection." They also carried out aerial photography in Greenland, "which, frankly, just has never, ever been tried." Until now.

Dykstra is delighted with the integrated film, for it lives up to his philosophy that "the best effects should go unnoticed. An audience should not be able to tell that they are watching something which is separate from the story."

To convince audiences that "a man can fly" is the goal of producer and special effects craftsman alike. To have us refuse to accept the feat as an integral part of the story is unacceptable — and a downright waste, in millions, of production and marketing dollars. 

A guide to
this year's hi-fi releases

THE BEST OF '82

BY RICHARD MORGAN

The task has been to assemble a complete hi-fi system comprising the best 1982 releases in each of the major component categories. The products featured in this "best of '82" collection are, in every case, technologically advanced. They have superior sonic qualities, boast impeccable technical credentials, and are unashamedly expensive.

In the turntable category the featured product is the Dunlop Systemdek — a manual turntable

featuring a belt-drive system which is supplied without a tonearm. The design basis of the Systemdek is its loosely-sprung suspension system, a feature that is successful in stopping unwanted vibrations.

For the tonearm the choice was an exotic version of the Syrinx PU2 — one of only two such units in the world. It's gold-plated and hence it's value in terms of dollars is very high indeed. The standard model PU2 is regarded as among the best in terms of performance and the manufacturer claims the special gold version sounds even better. The Dunlop Systemdek/Syrinx PU2 combination will cost you \$1560.

Now we come to the cartridge, and the pick is a Dynavector DV Karat low-output moving coil unit. At a cool \$1000 you would expect something for your money, and you get it, because the Karat uses a pure natural diamond cantilever (the thin tube that connects the stylus to the internal workings of the cartridge). Diamond is used for its sonic benefits and its tracking properties. Since it's a low-output MC cartridge, you'll need a "head" pre-amplifier before you can plug it into the amp. Dynavector makes a range of such devices specifically for its cartridges; the gun model is the DV/6A transformer. The pair sell for \$1496.

In designing the amplifier system featured here, David Hafler has omitted features and facilities that do nothing to improve sonic performance, but only unnecessarily buck up the price. The model DH-500 power amplifier pumps out a prodigious 250 watts RMS minimum per channel. As a mono unit the power output is awesome, to say the least. The amp

system carries a suggested price of \$2196.

With the current activity in the FM broadcast medium, the ownership of an FM tuner has become a necessity rather than an option. The Marantz gold-finish ST-8 tuner is the top of the range from that company, and it features the latest in technology: gyro-touch tuning; analogue broadcast frequency read-out; and LED tuning aids. It is a sleek unit that performs well and sounds excellent. Yours for \$929.

With a price tag of over \$3000 and, thankfully, performance to match, the Nakamichi 1000ZXL is regarded as the Rolls Royce of cassette decks. But it's not the top-line job from Nakamichi; that prestigious place belongs to the 1000ZXL "Limited". Your bank balance will be sorely strained at \$5000 — plus asking price. Nakamichi calls it a "computing cassette deck" because of the microprocessor circuitry used to govern operating parameters.

As the final link in the audio chain, you'd have trouble beating the Reference II speaker system from Infinity. Weighing in at more than 40 kgs each, these speakers are the result of extensive research by the parent company in the US. The high frequencies are handled by Infinity's EMIT tweeter, said to combine the best of both electrostatic and dynamic design principles. The bass and midrange drivers are manufactured from a polypropylene material which is said to give excellent transient performance because of its light weight (low mass) and high stiffness properties. The cost is a cool \$3000 per pair.

Photos by Peter Johnston



THE REST OF '82

Bose has come up with yet another variation on its direct/reflecting speaker system with the \$1050 model 601 Series III. This speaker has four tweeters mounted on the top of the main cabinet, each one angled differently so that an ideal reflection pattern is achieved. Two woofers are fitted, each with its own enclosure which is connected to the main cabinet. The idea behind the system is to present a stable stereo image from anywhere in the listening room.

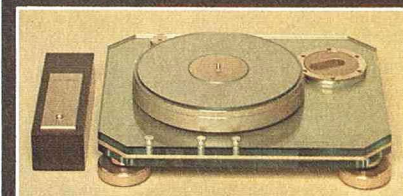
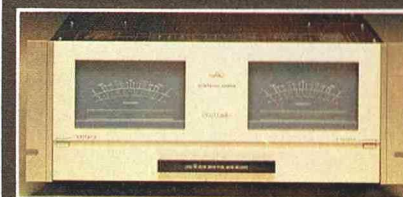
JBL is one of the better-known speaker brands on the market — particularly when large volumes of loud sound are required. JBL, with the release of the models L46 and L56, is attempting to gain wider market appeal by making the speakers more suitable for a wider range of music. The expected JBL attention to detail is present, and the units are very well finished in real walnut wood veneer. The models differ slightly in size and internal volume. The L56 is said to have slightly better (3dB output) bass compared with the L46. The L56 costs \$838 and the L46 sells for \$638 — both prices per pair.

Kenwood has continued with its Sigma Drive amplifier system in two new amplifiers from the company: the KA-7X and KA-9X, priced at \$499 and \$599 respectively. Sigma Drive is said to force the speaker system to function at its optimum level, and works by extending the amplifier circuitry to encompass the actual speaker connecting cable. Kenwood also makes extensive use of "high-speed" circuitry as an aid to transient performance (that is, the unit's ability to handle large instantaneous peaks in the sound). The 7X and 9X have a form of graphic display on the front panel and have an input for moving coil cartridges. Power output for the 7X is 100 watts RMS per channel, and for the 9X, 120 watts.

Marantz's SD-8020 is a micro-computer-controlled cassette deck with a two-speed capability on both record and play modes. The user can switch between normal and double

speed. The track search system on this unit is ultra-sophisticated and allows the programming of any track replay in any order you desire. The tape counter has a clock function and the SD-8020 is yours for just under \$600.

If you have \$5000 you could buy the Marantz "Gold" SM-1000 power amplifier. This brute of an amplifier



produces a whopping 400 watts RMS per channel power output — enough to satisfy even the most power-hungry buff.

The new Rega Planar 2 turntable, which features a glass platter, costs \$345. A reduction in resonance problems and better sound are said to be the benefits of the unusual feature. Or perhaps the Marantz TT1000L will appeal. At \$2548 you might be surprised to learn that you will have to pay extra for tonearm and cartridge. This unit features a three-layer base construction: glass/aluminium/glass. Glass is also used in the turntable seat and the conventional rubber mat found on other turntables has been replaced by a glass one. The unit has provision for the attachment of two arms. It is a quartz-controlled direct-drive unit — a guarantee against speed inaccuracies.

The Marantz ST-520 stereo tuner, a model in the new "gold finish" range, sells for \$269 and can compete with units twice the price in terms of performance. The new SR8100 receiver from the same company has a front fascia that resembles the control panel of a British Airways Concorde. It features nearly every form of user convenience, and has an 80 watt RMS per channel power output and DC amplification as an aid to bass performance. Marantz has also fitted a five-band (five control) graphic equaliser. (An equaliser is like a very sophisticated tone control.) Other features include digital quartz-synthesised tuning and a 16-station preset memory facility. There is also a programmable timer that works on all those stations, as well as the record player and the auxiliary input. Sophisticated stuff from Marantz at \$799.





After a brief disappearance from the local scene, Monitor Audio, under the banner of a new distributor, has returned with a revamped lineup of speakers. Monitor Audio is a British company which prides itself on the craftsmanship of its products. Real wood veneers are used for cabinet construction and the drivers and enclosures go through severe quality control during manufacture. The MA-83 is a three-way system in a bass reflex enclosure (which means that a tube port is used to extend bass performance). Power handling capacity is 150 watts RMS and the price per pair is \$1499.

Mordaunt Short is another British brand which has undergone some change of late. Gone are the wood veneer cabinets. Instead, the company has aimed at cutting costs and maintaining price levels in order to stimulate sales. Thus the new range features a "stocking" type grille that is pulled up over a painted chipboard enclosure. US companies doing the same thing call it the "high-tech" look. The top-line model is the Pageant Series III, which sells for \$898.

Akai's new AT-61L tuner has a four-mode tuning system — manual, automatic, preset memory or random. The last option allows the user to punch in, via button controls, the actual broadcast frequency of the station required (FM 104.00 or AM 1270, for example). The unit will then select the required station.

Dual stereo cassette decks seem to be catching on. Optonica has added a second unit, the RT-5050H, to join the model RT-7070H — said to be the first deck of its type in Australia. One side of the double cassette deck is used to record while the other is used to play. It (the RT-7070H) allows real-time dubbing between tapes while the RT-5050H has a higher-speed duplication facility. Prices are \$489 for the 5050H and \$569 for the 7070H.

As well as straight line tracking, Akai provides an ultra-sophisticated track selection system as an added bonus on its \$549 model AP-L95C turntable.

One manufacturer, Nakamichi, not only fits both Dolby B and C to its new cassette decks, but also markets a separate component for external noise reduction. Designated model NR-200, it sells for \$399 and is designed as an add-on unit for decks that don't have a noise reduction facility, or for those who want the Dolby C system without changing machines. The unit has two tape circuits to replace those on the amplifier that it utilises. 



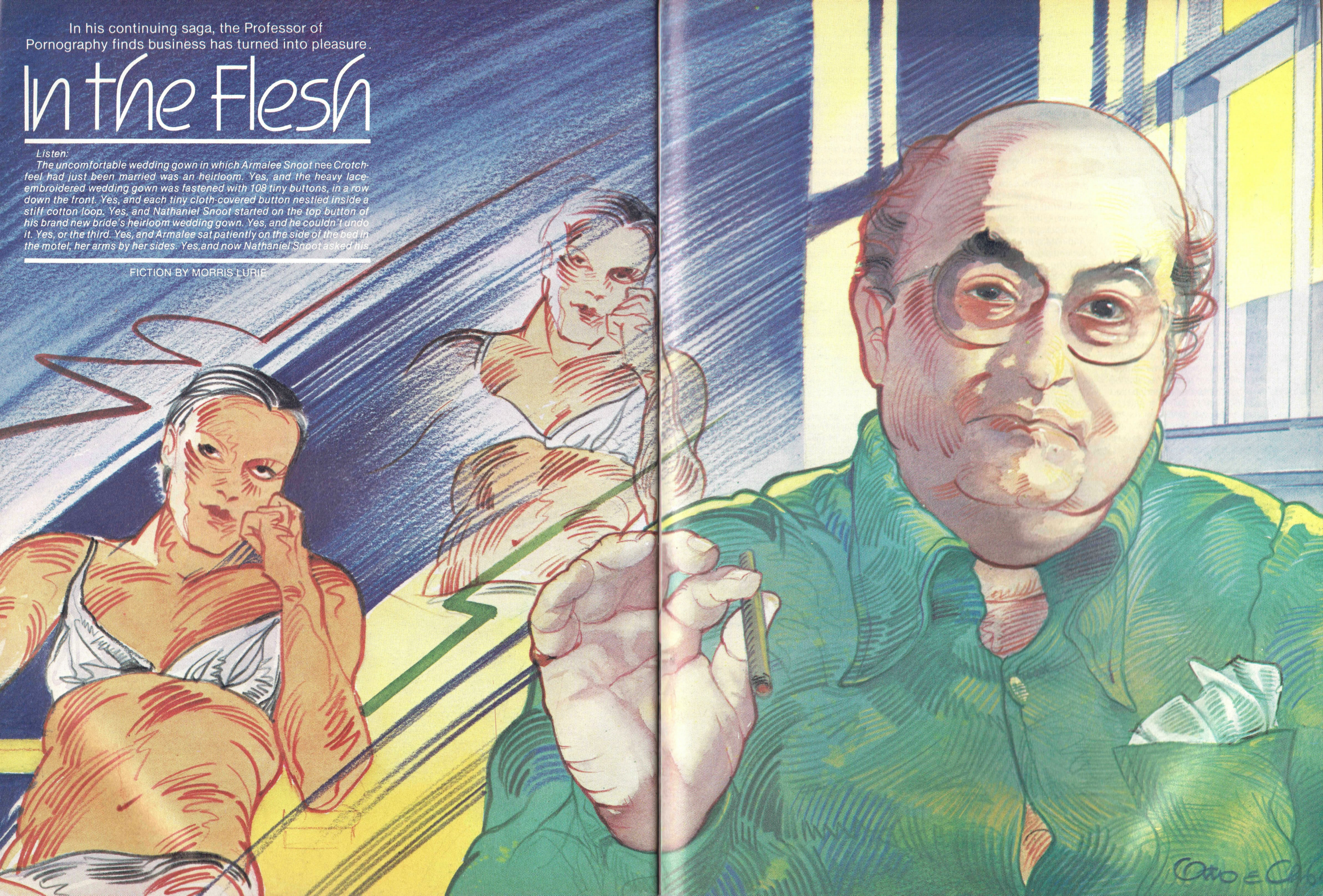
In his continuing saga, the Professor of
Pornography finds business has turned into pleasure.

In the Flesh

Listen:

The uncomfortable wedding gown in which Armalee Snoot nee Crotch-
feel had just been married was an heirloom. Yes, and the heavy lace-
embroidered wedding gown was fastened with 108 tiny buttons, in a row
down the front. Yes, and each tiny cloth-covered button nestled inside a
stiff cotton loop. Yes, and Nathaniel Snoot started on the top button of
his brand new bride's heirloom wedding gown. Yes, and he couldn't undo
it. Yes, or the third. Yes, and Armalee sat patiently on the side of the bed in
the motel, her arms by her sides. Yes, and now Nathaniel Snoot asked his

FICTION BY MORRIS LURIE



In the Flesh

bride to stand up, Yes, and she did. Yes, and he said he would have to do it this other way. Yes, and Armalee said please don't tear anything, it's my Quaker great-great-grandmother's heirloom.

Yes, and listen:

Nathaniel Snoot bent down and began to work the tight heirloom wedding gown up to and over Armalee's long legs. Yes, and when he got it to her knees it became extremely difficult. Yes, and Armalee stood with her arms by her sides while her brand new husband worked. Yes, and Nathaniel Snoot got it past her knees and halfway up her thighs. Yes, and now it was very hard indeed. Yes, and he kept going. Yes, and then he saw the white flash of the crotch of Armalee's wholesome cotton pants. Yes, and then there was a kind of pop as the stiff heirloom wedding gown jumped over Armalee's hips.

A kind of pop.

Now Nathaniel Snoot told his brand new bride Armalee to lie down. Yes, and she did. Yes, and Nathaniel Snoot hooked all of his fingers into the elasticised waistband of Armalee's white wholesome cotton pants and pulled them down. Yes, and he pulled them past her shoes and continued to pull past the need to pull. Yes, and the pants sailed clear across the room and came to rest on the Gideon Bible on the small table underneath the framed seascape on the opposite wall.

Hi ho.

Grossman, in the flesh, was exactly as Fielding had envisioned:

The fat.

The sweat.

The stains.

The leering gold tooth.

"Yass?" said Mr Grossman, rising asthmatically from behind his desk.

Fielding faltered.

"Dirty Jew!" hissed Fielding's WASP brain.

But Grossman noticed no faltering. Or were such reactions his common lot?

"Ah! Professor!" he cried, thick liverish lips widening the show of gold. "Come in, come in!"

Fielding, collecting himself quickly, entered in tweed. Tweed jacket, tweed tailored skirt. Oh very Burberry British, just a hint of ravishing lace beneath. His blouse was bone, the trim petite collar held in place with a simple Jorgen Jenson silver pin. Gunmetal stockings, seamed. His shoes a modified golfing style with sensible heel, tasselled tongue, a whisper of brogue about the toe. And about his shoulders, loosely knotted, artfully careless, femininity finally proclaimed by an Yves St Laurent silk square, a flash of midnight blue cut through with bands of red and electric green. His scent was Patou's Joy.

"Take a seat," said Grossman. "Professor. Pliss."

"Oh," said Fielding, unprepared for the courtesy. "Thank you."

Fielding perched on the edge of the indicated hard wooden chair, unsure for a moment what to do with his legs.

He attempted a small smile.

Grossman responded in spades.

Beside the gold tooth was one that was black.

Fielding fled his eyes quickly around the room.

Fire-sale steel cabinets.

A dangling naked bulb.

A scarred, blackened desk heaped and overflowing with grimy pages, flung-open phone books, a grease-banded black hat.

And right in the middle of it, a half-eaten onion and a glass that had once held milk.

Fielding repressed a shudder, shifting on his chair to touch even less of it. Oh the germs! The filth! God only knows the

“Boy, am I hungry for poon,” he would moan. “Any size, any shape. Long as it’s genuine poon.”

diseases that lurk here!

Fielding looked quickly down at his gloved grip on the suede envelope wherein his manuscript rode on his tweed lap.

"Oh," said Fielding. "Well."

He was, after all, here on business.

And quickly he unzipped, businesslike, brisk.

"Ah!" said Grossman, leaning forward, spying pages.

Fielding handed them across.

The 90 crisp pages he had written in three feverish days and nights in his hotel room, exhausted, starving, but too frightened to call room service, subsisting on chocolate bars, whiskey, cigarettes, and anyhow too bound up in the fortunes of Nathaniel Snoot and Armalee Crotchfeel and all the other characters his maddened brain had sprung to life: Humbert Digit and Phoebe Sludge at the local condom factory, Madame Vulv and her Coitus Circus, the lesbians in the Triflemore Motel, where Nathaniel Snoot had stepped into a time warp and disappeared for 15 years; and the final scene with the department store Santa and the little girl, and all in the "aw

shucks", simple wisdom, easy-to-read style of Kurt "Slaughterhouse Five" Vonnegut — in Professor of Literature Fielding's view (and he lectured on him) a profound phoney — and what a choice revenge.

"Jailbait Fifteen?" read Grossman. "Hmmm."

And began to read.

Now Fielding knew what would happen next, could see it as exactly as he had envisioned Grossman himself. And more than Grossman. The building, the lobby, the office, the scarred blackened desk.

All of which, in a sense, he had from Reuben Rabinowitz, of course, though Rabinowitz had not actually described it.

Well, not in so many words.

Professor Rabinowitz, University colleague, still unmarried at 44 and no plans in that direction either, a curly-haired seven o'clock-shadowed perennial playboy, forever talking about poon. He had no other topic. Poon was his Major and all else besides. An enthusiast. An authority. A specialist in the field. "Boy, did I have me some poon last night," was how he began every day. "Air hostess poon. You can't fly any higher than that." Around lunch time he would become pensive, fretful, his eyes darkening with longing and lust. "Boy, am I hungry for poon," he would moan. "Any size, any shape. Long as it's genuine poon." But then, five o'clock, five-thirty, he would make some phone calls in low, whispered talk and hang up bushy-tailed, eager, his movements quick as mercury. His eyes would flash, alive again. "Got my poon waiting," he would cry, rubbing his hands excitedly together. "Hot from the oven. Wet and deep. Night, all!" And then suddenly discovered being outrageously personal with two boys at once in the back row of the local movie house. Good students, too, both of them. Fielding was shocked. Shocked and disgusted. A Jewish homosexual. He had never before heard of such a thing.

"Dirty Jew!" Fielding had thought.

But from Rabinowitz, before he was blown — yes, the boys had been active too — the name of Grossman. A grubby card handed across. *Grossman Press*. A phone number. The address. "He's hard, but he's fair," Rabinowitz had said. "A flat fee, no royalties. In that business, it's standard. Leave the pseudonym to him. He knows the market. What do you want, fame? Go somewhere else. This is for money, pure and simple." And then, with a curly-haired blue-cheeked cherubic smile: "I did mine for a lark."

Of course.

So Fielding had phoned, made an appointment. Wondered should he explain the circumstances necessitating the clothes in which he would appear — suckered by gangsters, massive gambling debts, fearful for his life. Decided no.

Rather, couldn't for some vague reason form the words. Speaking not to Grossman, but to a girl, a woman, a female voice. Grossman's secretary, Fielding surmised.

"Strumpet," Fielding thought, hanging up.

He caught a cab. The address was on the other side of the city, a dubious locale, best avoided at night. Fielding extracted a Dunhill Superior Mild filtered cigarette from a tapestried cigarette case, fitted it to a long rhinestoned holder, smoked.

The cabdriver attempted conversation. Fielding cut him icily dead.

He would not be there for 30 minutes, 30 minutes at least, but already he could see the building exactly. It would be anywhere from 60 to 90 years old. Grimy. Grey. The names and businesses in the lobby directory vague and anonymous, the perspex letters falling out, like gaps in teeth. The lobby would have a black and white tiled floor, the tile cracked and broken, gritty underfoot. A litter of cigarette ends. Newspapers. Worse.

Fielding was not disappointed.

Grossman Press was on the fourth floor. Handy for quick stairway escapes. Fielding rode up in the elevator. A reeking mop stood in a metal bucket just inside the metal grille you pulled across to make the elevator move. Fielding smiled, delighted with the detail. The elevator groaned, moving slowly up.

Four. The elevator stopped with a tooth-jarring clang.

Fielding pulled open the grille.

But now there was a surprise, a detail Fielding had gotten completely wrong. For the voice he had spoken to over the phone, making his appointment, belonged not to some hardened strumpet — lacquered with paint, reeking of cheap scent, bosomy, sagging, as tough as a brick — but to a fresh-faced girl, surely no older than 18. If anything, younger. Her skin glowed, her lips soft and red, but unmarked by make-up, Lux-scrubbed, her shiny brown hair fell to her shoulders in a natural wave, the softest golden haze burnished her bare forearms, her nails were unpainted, and trimmed sensibly short.

She was Audrey Hepburn in *Roman Holiday*.

She was the young Mia Farrow.

She was the essence of innocence, virginity proclaimed.

Fielding, in his tweed, felt himself blush, a coarse harlot before such fresh youth.

The girl delicately dropped her eyes.

Then Fielding found voice, introduced himself.

"Oh, yes. Professor Fielding," said the girl.

Her soft lips opened onto perfect white teeth.

"Just one moment, Professor Fielding," she said, skipping up from her desk, dancing to a door, gently tapping.

A demure white blouse.

A simple grey skirt.

Black unfussy shoes with just hint of a heel.

"Of course," Fielding thought. "He wouldn't have a brazen strumpet. Much too obvious. And not perverted enough. But, even so, this girl . . ."

"You can go in now, Professor Fielding," the girl said to him, with an en-core of that wonderfully innocent smile.

Fielding went in.

"Dirty Jew!" hissed his brain.

Grossman first seen, in the flesh at last, Fielding faltering.

But also rejoicing.

Oh, how wonderful.

Grossman.

Wonderful down to the last dirty detail.

The face, the jowls, the lips, the tiny wet pink eyes — these behind steel-rimmed eyeglasses so thick his eyes loomed and diminished like fish in a bowl, until, with a movement of his head, Grossman pulled

Grossman would read slowly, for each word moving those thick liver lips. He would wheeze. And he would burp. He would fart

the curtain, the lenses turned opaque.

Fielding swallowed with difficulty.

He was bald on top, bald and shiny, but there was black hair everywhere else, sprouting from his ears, from his nose, running like fire along the tops of his gross, heavy hands, right down the fingers too, rampant and unruly, the fingers marvels in themselves, sausages of fleshy stumpiness, and just how massively meaty you could gauge from the pinkie of the right, where a rounded gold ring bit in like a vice, the fat flesh jumping up tumultuously on either side.

Oh, he was perfect, perfect.

The quintessential dirty Jew.

The pornographer supreme.

And now Fielding moved to his clothes.

The ink green shirt, bad taste and evil in ultimate combination, the peaks of the collar mangled and pointing like the horns of a bull, and under the arms the foul color even darker, sour and unwashed.

The boots, just this side of orthopaedic, broken laces, leather lumps, blue-veined white flesh gaping horribly above.

And the trousers. Oh the trousers.

They were beyond color, a sea of flecks

and spots and stains, voluminous in their pleating, of that age before zippers and yes, a button brazenly undone, a hernia-sized lump riding beneath. And to the side of it, in that sea of flecks and spots and stain, the largest stain of all, curiously the exact shape of South America, yes, the entire continent, from the Panama Canal to Tierra del Fuego, and topographically correct too, bulging up at the Andes, a wetness for the rain forests of Brazil, arid and flat along the Patagonian plain. And around it all, banding the detailed inlets and passages of egress of each river and stream, the encrusted reticulation of the flowing saltine tides.

Fielding gulped in spellbound horror.

"So," said Grossman, smiling warmly.

Fielding hastily handed across his work. Grossman read.

And now Fielding knew exactly what would happen. A dozen times at least his mind had played out the horrible scene.

Fielding steeled himself.

For Grossman would read slowly, painfully, each word moving those thick liver lips. And he would wheeze. And he would burp. He would plunge a finger into his ear. He would fart.

"The dirty little Jew," Fielding thought.

"And what a pervert. He hasn't even mentioned my clothes."

Yes, Fielding could see it all. Grossman would read, fingering his ear, fingering his nose, those vast hair-filled nostrils, burping, farting, gas from both ends, moving those thick asthmatic lips, but finally he would finish. A silence then. A wheeze. He would at last look up at Fielding. He would give a small smile and then stand.

Fielding closed his eyes.

For Grossman now would slowly unbutton those hideous trousers, take out his member — "His *shlong*," Fielding thought shuddering, referring back to conversations with colleague Rabinowitz — lay it down, beside the half-eaten onion, beside the milk-besmirched grimy glass, on the desk. Oh, Fielding could see it, could see it exactly — veined and purple, an ancient eel gasping for breath.

And again Grossman would smile.

"Professor," he would say. "Say hello to your reader. When he stands up, you've got a hit."

Fielding and Grossman both would look down at the lifeless length.

"Oh dear Mother of God," Fielding silently prayed, his hands trembling inside their gloves.

He wanted a cigarette, he needed a cigarette, he was desperate for a cigarette, but he knew he couldn't manage it.

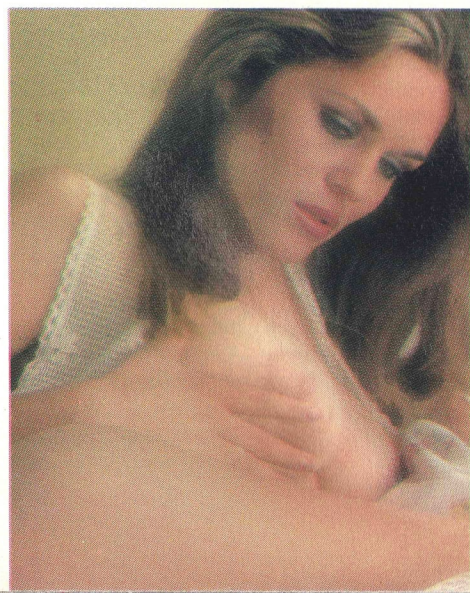
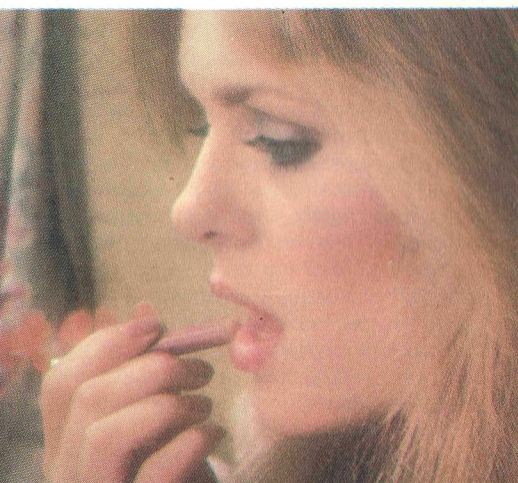
He saw his wife, his fresh young children.

Fielding was on the brink of tears.

"Oh, charming," Grossman said.

Fielding looked quickly up.

Continued on page 160



PRETTY BABY

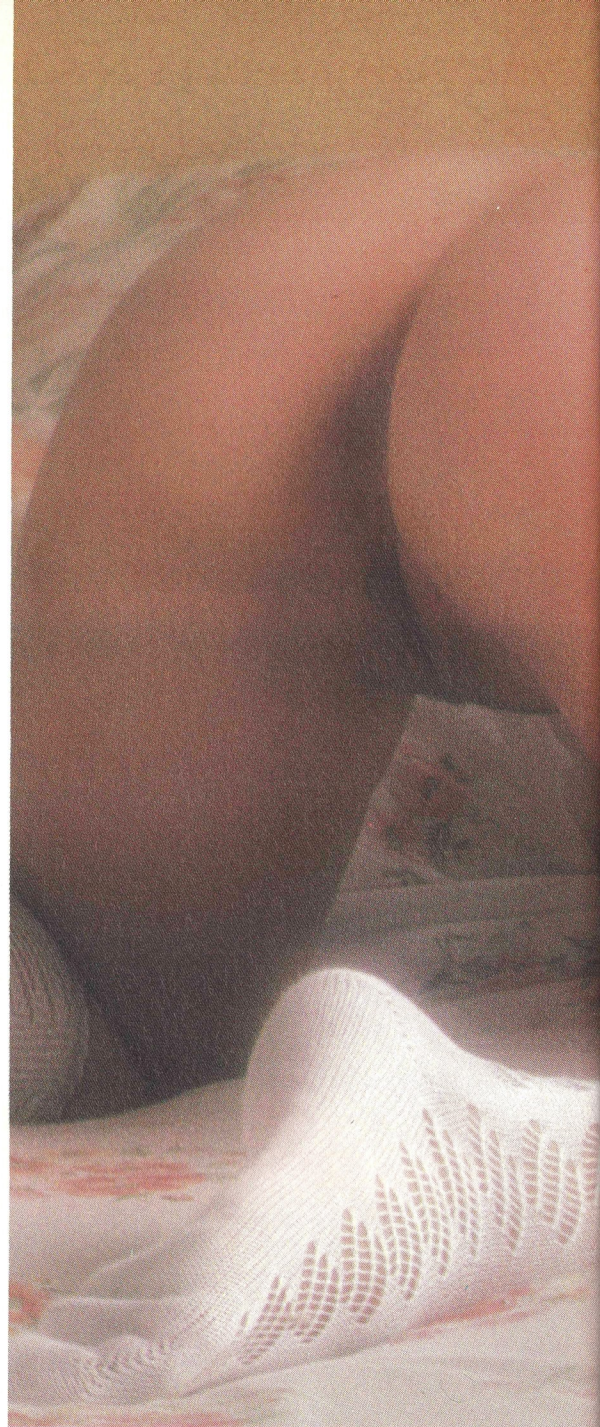
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

Cami O'Connor may only be 18, but she's very well versed in the art of taking care of herself. She's a virtuoso at doing her face, her hair, her nails. And she doesn't neglect the rest of her body either. We suggest a bedtime story, maybe "the saga of a girl and the hairbrush who loved her."
"Go on," she laughs. We'd love to!

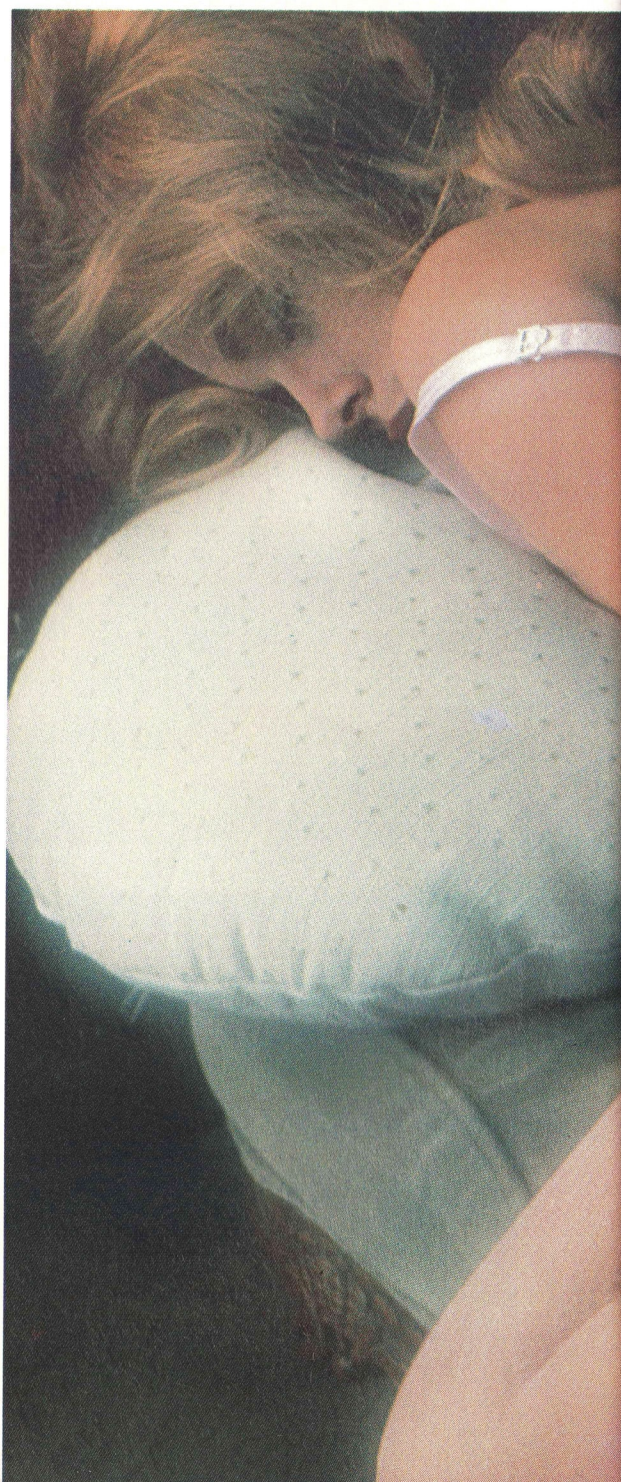
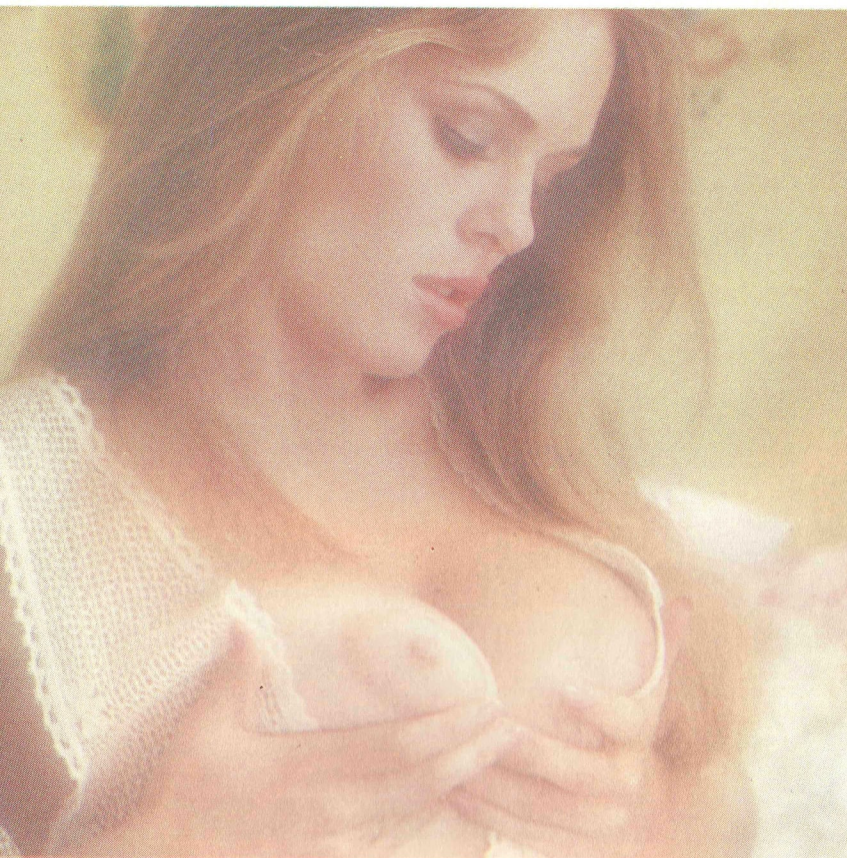


An aspiring cosmetologist, Cami places great stock in good grooming. She brushes her hair a hundred strokes a day — maybe twenty for the golden triangle below.

Sometimes she allows assistance. Her cabinetmaker lover built her a four-poster bed, and helped break it in by handcuffing her to it. He didn't parole her till dawn, she says with a smile. By then, she'd been made a repeat offender . . .



Cami has a weakness for sex pranks. Like the time she and a girlfriend went joy-riding topless. Their car was soon surrounded by a honking entourage of horny motorists.





The irony, Cami confesses, is that she's terribly quiet and shy in conventional social situations — something she's hoping to change. Not to worry with a looker like Cami, actions speak louder than words.





THE PENTHOUSE HISTORY OF
CRIME IN AUSTRALIA — PART V

THE LAW OF THE RAZOR

BY DENIS WHITBURN

February 14, 1916 stands as *the* day of infamy in the annals of the Australian serviceman. Disgruntled over conditions and discipline at the Casula camp in NSW, 5000 lighthorse infantry and troops rioted. Their first target was the outer-Sydney township of Liverpool, where they stormed the Commercial Hotel, drinking it dry before going on a looting rampage and stripping the cellars of all liquor supplies. By the time the looters had moved on to the next hotel, the Golden Fleece, they had demolished \$4000 worth of booze and furniture. After doing a similar job on the Golden Fleece, their next port of call was the Liverpool railway station. The soldiers intended hijacking a train and

taking on Sydney. The subsequent confrontation between the mutineers and armed military guards stationed around the depot left one soldier dead and another six wounded, while 500 men made their way into the city. Storming the immediate area around Central Railway, the mutineers took over the hotels, looted shops, fought the police with bottles as weapons, and generally took control of the streets. Finally exhausted of their anger, the mutineers returned to camp — some to face arrest and imprisonment, others to be dishonorably discharged. The Federal Government ordered the immediate indefinite closure of all Sydney pubs and the banning of liquor in the camps, paving the way, through the

THE RAZOR

temperance lobby, for the introduction of six o'clock closing — "the patriotic hour", voted for in a referendum by 60 percent of people in NSW. Inadvertently, the good citizens of the day were pre-empting the people of the United States when they backed Prohibition. Their vote closed the doors of the nation's pubs at sunset — and gave the criminal community the leverage to further exploit society through the establishment of the sly grog trade.

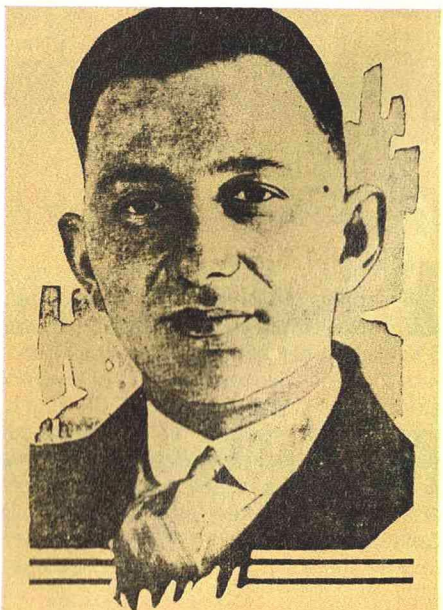
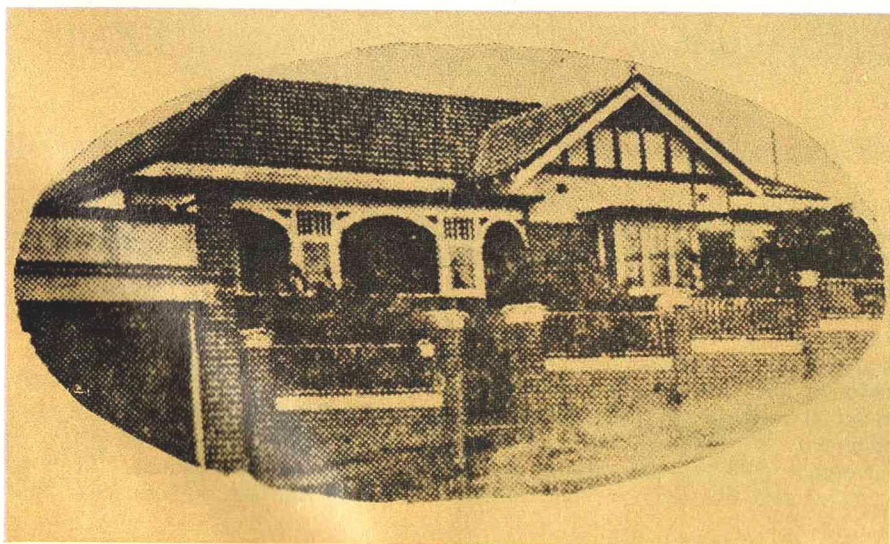
At the centre of the Melbourne gang wars of the Twenties was the desire to control the sly grog business; in Sydney that need became the pivot of similar bloody confrontations between the four gangs then ruling the city's notorious vice industry. Ex-Melbourne gangster and founder of the original Sydney razor gang, Norman Bruhn; cocaine distributor, gunman and sly grog merchant, Phil "The Jew" Jeffs; brothel proprietress and drug pedlar, Kate Leigh; and brothel owner, Tilly Devine vied for supremacy of the multi-farious rackets. The result was gun fights, hand-to-hand razor combat and outright back-alley assassinations comparable with the Fitzroy vendettas involving "Squizzy" Taylor, "Long" Harry Slater and their thugs. The smuggling, distribution and street sale of cocaine, opium and morphine was as important as sly grog to the buoyancy of the four Darlinghurst-based gangs. Sydney operated as the Australian distribution centre for the illegal drug trade. The routes leading to the main outlet originated in the north, in Queensland, and in the west, starting from Rottne Island and Fremantle. The top-grade Hong Kong opium came directly through to Sydney; the second-grade Dutch opium, to Rottne and Fremantle from Java and Singapore. A first-hand account of the Rottne Island operation was given to *Truth* by "a young man who, as a result of his war experience, was dragged into a vortex of horror from which the morphia

needle was the only escape." *Truth* continued: "His cheeks were gaunt and sunken. His eyes glared with an uncanny piercing gleam that spoke of temporary insanity," as he told of the smuggling incidents then taking place off the coast of the former penal settlement which had become one of Western Australia's foremost holiday resorts. Small "fishing" craft set out to sea after receiving a signal — a glimmer of light from one of the many steamers returning from a cruise up to Java or Singapore. The "catch", a container thrown overboard containing opium or morphia, was brought ashore and stowed away in one of the many caves that dotted the island, later to be taken across to Fremantle. As *Truth* noted, "Rottne and Fremantle are the same country, and there is no custom query when a small fishing smack skims from the island to the mainland, as they often do."

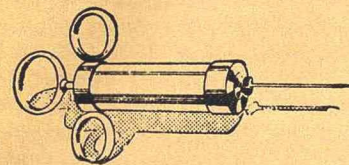
By the mid-Twenties, Dutch opium was "falling out of favor," according to the newspaper. "Such enormous amounts are being brought in that the suckers of the soothing pipe are able to show discrimination." There was a swing from opium to cocaine, both because of the escalation in price of the high-grade strain and the wide distribution of "exhausted" opium, a mix in which opium used in the manufacture of morphine was "blended" with charcoal to adulterate it. Other adulterated forms consisted of mixing the substance with sand, soot, powdered poppy petals, and similar desiccated seeds. The demand for illegal drugs far outstripped supply.

Accommodating the needs of the addict were the South-East Asian and coastal smugglers, the Sydney-Melbourne

Previous page: Tilly Devine and her husband, Jim Devine, superimposed on dancing scene from the film Kitty and the Bagman. This page, from top right: The faces of Sydney's underworld — Kate Leigh, George Gaffney and Phil "The Jew" Jeffs. Below: Jeffs' home, where Jeffs was wounded in gunfire.



THE DRUG-PLAGUED TWENTIES



Drug addiction swept through some sections of Sydney society during the Twenties like the plague. The four most common forms were opium smoking, cocaine sniffing, the injection of morphia and the drinking of chlorodyne and paraldehyde. It was calculated that 75 percent of prostitutes were cocaine addicts, purchasing the small paper wrappers of the drug from street runners, who not only supplied regular customers but kept an eye out for fresh clientele. The policy of the runner in giving away "free samples" was to nurture victims first — then bleed them afterwards.

"Snow" parlors were established in various parts of Sydney and Melbourne: places for bringing together the drug "society" and introducing newcomers to the circle of "more or less flagrant immorality (comparable with the worst excesses of the American film colony, Hollywood) with drink and periodical sniffs from the little bowls of snow on the table in the middle of the room."

It was calculated that nine out of ten dope addicts were cocaine users. Cocaine was cheaper than morphine. Produced by the ton in Peru and Bolivia, cocaine and ecogine and their salts could easily be smuggled into the coastal cities of Australia. "Immediately one sniffs it," one regular user said, "a feeling of remarkable exhilaration results. But it wears off quickly, and another sniff is necessary." The problem for the regular user was that eventually the effect wore off. Veteran users then started to mix cocaine with water and inject it with a hypodermic needle just below the elbow.

Witnesses of the day related instances where men were brought into Sydney Hospital "with hardly a square inch of natural flesh on their bodies", having succeeded in jabbing the morphine needle into "places that it would seem only a contortionist could reach." One dope dealer, a tall, thin young man with a ghostly complexion, worked a night shift on the steps of Sydney's

GPO building. For 50 cents, his clients could receive an injection of morphia on the spot.

"The need for the morphine needle," one addict observed, "is just like the appetite of the hungry or the thirst of the man who needs a drink." Amongst the addicts were listed doctors, nurses, chemists, dentists, school-teachers, journalists, professional men and women from all walks of life. There was a free flow of the drug; it was brought in by sailors on boats from Europe and the Far East, who sold it in bulk to dealers. Holland and Germany ranked among the key supplier countries.

One of the insurmountable problems facing the law's effort to come to terms with the "drug epidemic" was the "amazing secrecy observed by the victims themselves." They were not willing to assist the law, for fear that their enforced abstinence from drugs — once they were found to be, or volunteered themselves to be, addicts — "might agender greater agony and torture than the drug itself".

"If Parliament would knuckle down to serious business in the direction of facing this insidious foe," *Truth* proclaimed in the mid-Twenties, "instead of wasting the time and money of the country in enacting unnecessary legislation, it might at least succeed in minimising an evil which threatens to range Australian cities on a parallel with the worst 'snow' cities of America."



peddling axis and some of the most respected members of the medical, dental and pharmaceutical professions. These practitioners, many of whom were addicts, were a vital source for cocaine and morphine because of the quotas allowed them by the Collector of Customs. Dentists could legally purchase two ounces of cocaine a year, and many of them never used any of it, preferring procaine and novocaine. One Sydney-based doctor was eventually discovered to be personally using 60 ounces of cocaine each year. As a hopeless addict, his supply (all approved by the customs authorities) almost quadrupled the amount used for medical purposes by Sydney Hospital.

Harry "Jewey" Newman, dubbed "the King of Sydney dope traffickers" by *Truth*, made the rounds of city and suburban dental and medical surgeries (often with the assistance of his two children as carriers) and distributed the purchases, broken down into five-shilling bags, to prostitutes and hotel customers. Brought to Central Police Station for identification in connection with an assault and robbery charge, a game he did not wish to be associated with, Newman fronted Dt Sgt Wickham with a proposition to help further his already lucrative trade.

"I am taking over Bobbie Carr's fish shop," Newman confided, referring to a well-known haunt in Goulburn Street, Sydney. "If I had you fellows in with me I could corner the cocaine market and we could make a packet out of it. These women must have it, you know. In a couple of years you could retire." It was a proposition Wickham was able to resist. After filling the site of Newman's new base of operations away, and after constant surveillance of both the fish shop and known cocaine addicts frequenting it (mostly prostitutes from nearby Darlinghurst) and Newman's pattern of visits to doctors and dentists, Wickham was able to nab him with 30 packets of cocaine in his possession. Newman's eventual sentence was nine months hard labor and a \$600 fine — lenient by today's standards, but in 1929 that represented something of a breakthrough for the law. It was not until 1927 that a person could be charged with possession of drugs.

In Brisbane, police had managed to make a similar charge stick after the arrest of "Sydney Jo" Mendez, who used a street fruit stall as a "blind", slipping packets of cocaine into ten-shilling bags of fruit. Mendez's main customers were from Brisbane's "back lanes of vice" and police knew him to be but one of the "vast army" of pedlars operating in the city, and in Townsville to the north.

Following each arrest and prosecution, another pedlar or key supplier was waiting to step in and fill the gap. In Harry Newman's case, "Melbourne Flo" Smith stepped into his shoes "almost as soon as the prison gates closed on him." *Truth*, a

THE RAZOR

fleeing in the night, Bruhn lay writhing on the road, his body riddled with bullets.

Under police examination later, Miller had no recollection of the identity of the four men. There was speculation the killing had been carried out by cocaine dealers and the Commissioner of Police, James Mitchell, was ready to confirm this. "The shooting is closely interwoven with the drug traffic," he told the newspaper the day afterward. The Chief Secretary of NSW, Mr Mark Gosling, added that he was "fully alive to the increasing menace of the drug traffic", which was not good enough for *Truth*. "The ineptitude in high places," it railed, "provides the real story, for otherwise the greater part of the noxious trade would have been stamped out under the

drastic provisions of the drug amendments to the Police Offences Act.

"At the present time the trafficker in 'snow' and other similar drugs may laugh aloud if caught with the 'goods'. He has only to say it is his own private supply and no action can be taken other than confiscation of a too-large amount." An offender had to be caught in the act of selling or passing the drug before the law had any chance of making a charge stick; even then, fines and punishment were unlikely to cause a felon to consider an alternative line of work in the future.

With Bruhn liquidated and his gang dispersed ("Snowy" Cutmore died at the hands of "Squizzy" Taylor five months later; "Razor Jack", wounded in a Darlinghurst street battle a year later, left Australia for good; "The Midnight Raper", Wallace, died in Perth in 1949 after a knif-

ing), the territory *Truth* kept insisting had to be cleansed of vice was shared between Kate Leigh, Tilly Devine and Phil Jeffs. Their differences were confined to their joint domain, until an outbreak of street violence in mid-1929, at Eaton Avenue, Darlinghurst, between Jeffs and drug-trafficking rivals who were upset over a shipment of adulterated cocaine. Out came the razors and guns, on went the knuckle-dusters as 20 men went at each other. Jeffs was in for part of the action.

Described at the time of his death in 1945 as a "racketeer, gangster, drug pedlar, procurer, sly grogger, razor man, alleged phiz gig for some detectives (grassing on his own in return for favors from the law), gunman and wealthy friend of some politicians and many police", Phil "The Jew" returned to his Eaton Avenue home after the battle had died down. Later in the night he was woken from his sleep. He heard his bedroom door open and switched on the light near his bed, thinking it was his girlfriend (with whom had fought the previous night), coming home. It was just after daybreak and a gunman stood in the doorway. The first shot hit Jeffs just below the left shoulder.

"I jumped out of the bed and made a rush, and as I hit the floor, I was shot again," he recalled. The gunman jumped through the window with Jeffs after him, but the latter collapsed on the lawn and the would-be killer escaped in his car.

From his hospital bed, Jeffs cockily requested *Truth* to "break down all that rot about me being an international crook." He insisted, at 32, that he had never been the head of an international gang. The only comment from the newspaper was: "It may be anticipated that the sequel of the Eaton Avenue affray and the shooting in his home will not be heard in the police court ... but will have a grimmer atmosphere." The Melbourne gang wars were "a feeble and lonely affair compared with the succession of ruthless and bloody gang outrages to which" Sydney was becoming so smugly accustomed, an editorial insisted in the period between the killing of Bruhn and the Jeffs shooting. The one solution to the city's "Augean stable of crime" was an amendment to the Vagrancy Act, "to make consorting with convicted persons a punishable offence" — a move that would have "the double-edged effect of making conviction easy, and of preventing criminals from associating to hatch their conspiracies against property, life, law and society in general."

Following the Jeffs shooting the new Chief Secretary, Chaffey, guaranteed that parliament would confer greater powers on the police through legislation then under discussion. While the heirarchy fiddled, Darlinghurst burned. A streetside foray between a couple of Tilly Devine's henchmen and one of Kate Leigh's side-kicks, George "Gunman" Gaffney, ended

with Gaffney putting a bullet into Frank Green. Later that night, Green was discharged from hospital and headed out to the Devine house in the Sydney suburb of Maroubra, seeking refuge. Gaffney followed.

Shortly after midnight, Tilly's husband, Jim, heard someone trying to scale his fence. He cried out a warning: "The first man over the fence will be dropped in his tracks!"

"I've got plenty of mates with me," came the reply from Gaffney. To prove his intention, he sent a shot whistling past Devine's head. Devine fired back with a borrowed .303 military rifle, stopping Gaffney with a bullet through the chest just above the heart. Gaffney managed another barrage before expiring in a pool of blood on the footpath. His back-up, Tomlinson, suffered a shattered arm. A third person had made a getaway in a taxi.

Standing trial for murder, Jim Devine claimed he acted in self-defence — of wife and home. The court agreed on justifiable homicide and the animosity between Leigh and Devine returned to the streets, building up into an out-and-out donnybrook between the two gangs. Razors slashed, gun shots echoed through the streets. Then, three months on, Green went after Tomlinson and his companion, Dalton, down the road in Woolloomooloo.

"Cop this, you bastard," Green shouted, aiming his gun at Tomlinson. He missed, and fatally wounded Dalton instead. Two other shots were fired, one hitting Tomlinson in the arm, the second going through his right lung. Dalton's funeral was an event the gangsters of Chicago would have been proud to attend, with Tomlinson — recovered from his wounds after giving police a "deathbed" deposition — escorting Kate Leigh in her chauffeur-driven Studebaker.

Green had already gone underground. He was as much concerned about the law being after him as he was about being hit by Leigh's gang, and it wasn't until five months later that the police were able to lay their hands on him. Tomlinson broke the "code of silence" traditional among the underworld by fingering Green in a line-up, adding more fuel to the fires. Four thugs went after Tomlinson three months after Green's trial. Breaking into Kate Leigh's Riley Street house around three o'clock in the morning, they demanded that her bodyguard be brought out. They made no bones about their reason for wanting him: they were going to kill Tomlinson.

Armed with a rifle, Leigh stood her ground. She would use it if they came near her. The leader of the pack, "Snowy" Pendergast, who was armed with a pistol, swore he would kill her as well as Tomlinson unless his demands were met. He pitched a brick at the woman where she stood on the stairs. Missing her, and ignoring her warning, he came at her. She hit

Pendergast in the stomach, causing the other three to retreat into the early morning darkness. When the police arrived they found Pendergast dying of a stomach wound, cursing Kate Leigh and telling her to finish him off.

Pointing to the broken rear door and the splintered furniture, Leigh was able to convince the law, and the jury, that she was acting in self-defence.

Meanwhile, the politicians were through with talking. Kept on their toes by a Sydney press insisting on action to rid the streets of the razor gangs, thugs and racketeers, they had cleared a passage through parliament for the NSW Vagrancy (Amendment) Act 1929, complete with the "Consorting Clause" providing harsh penalties for those who habitually consorted with reputed thieves, prostitutes, "or persons who have no visible or lawful means of support." The whole was designed to keep criminals out of each other's company and made it possible for a conviction to be made through police testimony of an association between known criminals. "It was one of the most authoritarian and effective measures against organised crime ever passed in a Western democracy," Alfred McCoy states in his book, *Drug Traffic*. "In short, the NSW police were given almost unlimited powers to imprison any citizen who had associates they deemed criminal."

However draconian the act may have appeared, the police, through the newly-formed Consorting Squad, came down with a force such as the gangs had never before experienced. The arrest of over 100 men and women throughout 1930 led to 68 imprisonments; that figure jumped to 121 the following year, sending tremors across Darlinghurst, the Cross and Surry Hills, and through the sly grog shops and brothels, rattling cocaine runners, gang leaders and petty crims alike. No person was immune to the ramifications of the Consorting Clause.

Tilly Devine, nabbed for consorting with prostitutes, came to an arrangement with the court and left Sydney for an extended two-year holiday, handing over the running of her vice rackets to her husband, Jim. During the ensuing period, Jim Devine went from one inter-gang scuffle to another, leading to a severe razor slashing. Falling out with Frank Green after the charges for Dalton's murder were dropped when Tomlinson's testimony could not be corroborated, Devine took to Green with a gun after Green had robbed his Maroubra home of a diamond stick-pin. The rifle shot aimed at Green's getaway taxi missed its mark, and hit the driver. Again, both Devine and Green were able to walk away from a killing.

On her return to Sydney, Tilly Devine was met with an ailing business. Jim Devine had proven he was nowhere near the "man" Tilly was when it came to

operating a lucrative group of rackets.

Kate Leigh was also feeling the effect of the new police strength. She was prosecuted and found guilty, after her rented house in Surry Hills was raided, of providing a place for known thieves to "consort" in. Her four-months imprisonment served as a message to the rest of the underworld that the police meant business.

With the Roaring Twenties giving way to the Thirties, the change in the role of law enforcement was encouraging.

Organisation within the network of criminal activities seemed to be a thing of the past.

The nightmare of open street violence and the control of the rackets by a handful of "underworld dictators" appeared to be receding with each passing day.

When, in fact, the opposite was happening.

PART SIX: Sydney grows in importance as the drug trafficking capital of Australia; racecourse rackets and SP bookies make their mark.

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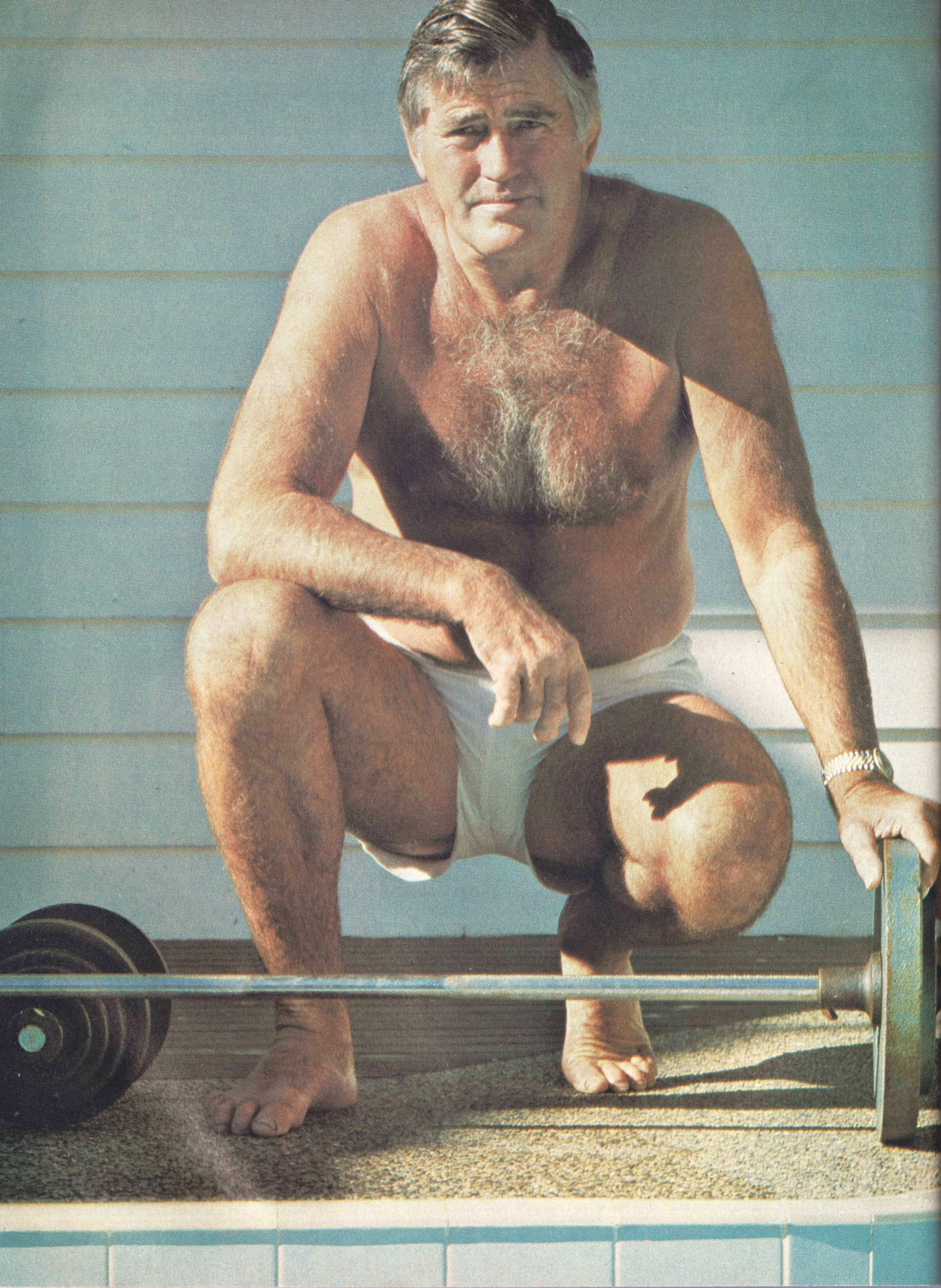
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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

REX MOSSOP

I am not a
turn-the-other-cheek character. I'm
a very aggressive person. I've hit many
people in my life. And I used to
enjoy all the violence

Rex Mossop is one of the country's greatest survivors. As a Rugby League player, he survived numerous encounters with some of the roughest Englishmen of all time; as the Sports Director at Sydney's Channel Seven he is, along with Channel Nine's Ron Casey, the longest-running television sports personality in Australia; as one of the most eminently lampoonable characters Australian viewers have ever encountered, he has absorbed inordinate amounts of flak from media satirists and concerned dictionary-wielding purists; and yet he continues to dominate a TV screen as only Mossop can. His Sunday evening *Big League* match coverage is watched by three million viewers on 27 channels. Mossop is, as he would no doubt put it, the doyen of League commentators.

And now, he faces a new challenge: the invasion of his territory by the South Melbourne Football Club, heralding an era of aggressive promotion which its proponents claim will result in Australian Rules becoming a major winter sport throughout Australia within a decade. It's a challenge which does not please Mossop in the least, particularly since it carries the implication that the Rugby League administration in NSW can't compete with its slick, affluent southern counterpart. While Mossop's survival instincts will face their sternest test in the coming years, no-one doubts that Rugby League could not have a more self-assured, dominant, vigorous personality as its media figurehead in the battles to come. And they will come — whether in overt or covert form — because there is no love lost between the two factions.

Mossop started playing rugby when he was 12, a few years after moving to the Manly district, where he's lived ever since. His background is humble enough; Rex's mother had been a nurse and his father a buyer of hardware in a department store. But the man was imbued, it seems, with tremendous ambition and an insatiable desire to win. Although he admits he was initially a pretty lousy footballer, Rex made the Manly first-grade Union side at 15 — just three years after his first game. With that sort of motivation behind him, an intermediate certificate education was not going to stop him. He'd been a salesman dealing with cars and hardware throughout his football career and until 1963, when the call went out from an infant TV station. Nineteen years later Mossop is virtually a law unto himself at Channel Seven, with complete control over sporting coverage through his tremendously successful weekly *Sportsworld* show, exclusive rights to Sunday League (including the right to designate the Match of the Round) and regular appearances on the nightly news.

Rex Mossop was and is a tough man. When lining up this interview, staff writer Greg Hunter found he had a telephone manner which went way beyond macho and into a category of its own. It was with considerable trepidation that he entered the Mossop household, only to discover a man who, once he had established control of the situation and was convinced he was not dealing with a supporter of that other game, came across as a likeable, personable, high-spirited individual — the sort of guy you'd enjoy chatting with over the odd beer after work. It's just that he needs to place himself in control of whatever is going on.

"The Moose", as he is sometimes called, has two characteristics which ensure that he and controversy are never far removed. First, there's his penchant for mangling the language. Alex Buzo of the *National Times* has led the rush to haul him over the coals, awarding him the Australian Indoor Tautology Pennant four years in a row (Mossop dead-heated with Norman May for the '82 pennant) on the strength of such classics as: "Let me recapitulate back to what happened previously" and "I don't want to sound incredulous, but I can't believe it." When asked to justify his citizen's arrest of a nude bather, Mossop reportedly said: "I don't think the male genitals, or the female genitals, should be rammed down people's throats — to use a colloquialism." The second of these characteristics is his unabashed ultra-masculinity, which translates on screen into what many viewers interpret as an inappropriately high regard for violence, particularly on the football field. At 54, Mossop is a very large, very fit man. He can cut a rather menacing figure, particularly when he combines that impressive physique with his fierce determination to call a spade a spade. This makes him a popular target for the anti-macho school, who delight in lampooning his obsession with physical power. On Sydney's 2MMM-FM radio station there's a regular morning program devoted entirely to that purpose, called *Wrecks Phone Booth*.

In the light of all this, it's hardly surprising that Mossop very rarely makes himself available to the media. He is a public figure and an extremely private man. And however you may assess his screen persona, Mossop can always claim to have the last laugh. Programs have regularly been thrown up to challenge *Sportsworld* during its remarkable 20-year run; all have been superseded by new formats. Only a couple of years ago the ABC pitted against Channel Seven its coverage of the same game in the same timeslot, with the enormous advantage of no advertisements. Aunty lost out, and Mossop powered on. There's something about Rex Mossop that nobody can emulate.

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: When your career as a footballer ended, how did you move into television work?

Mossop: Very simply. Back in 1963 there was an ad in the *Sydney Morning Herald*: "Sports Commentator Wanted". I applied and was interviewed, and they seemed to like me. Then they talked about money and I declined the offer because I was making very good money at the time as a car salesman. Three months later they reapproached me, having talked to a lot of others in the interim, and the second time around they talked real money and we sort of got married.

Penthouse: What is it about Rugby League that's captured your imagination and made you want to devote your life to it?

Mossop: The moment I played the game I fell in love with it. It was a magnificent game: a game of fluidity, a game of movement, a game of violent body contact, an extremely aggressive game, where you could really let yourself go and hammer the opposition. And it was a game where little men could compete against big men on a skill basis, rather than just a game for giants. There wasn't anything about the game I didn't like.

Penthouse: Is it a fair criticism of Australian Rules that it is not so amenable to people of any stature, as Rugby League is?

Mossop: I've watched Australian Rules on a number of occasions. The rules are very simplistic and they don't require a great knowledge, which may be one of the advantages of being a VFL supporter. You don't have to think terribly much, because the ball's in sight all the time. They say it's a fast game — well, the ball travels fast but the players don't necessarily travel fast. I think it's probably to do with the simplicity of the rules that the game is attractive to a mass audience.

Penthouse: Do you see yourself as a defender of the faith, in view of the various challenges League has absorbed recently?

Mossop: No, I don't. I don't think the game needs any defence. There are many areas where you can be critical of any sport, and I appreciate that. But I get irritated by ill-informed criticism, by criticism that's not warranted. Rugby League is administered and played by humans, and obviously it's subject to failures due to that fact. But the game itself has very few weaknesses. With a few little rule changes here and there, which I believe are in the wind, the game will be flying again — not that it's not flying now. I have some statistics here which I got from the League this

week. At the end of Round 15 in 1981, 765,871 people had been through the turnstiles; at the end of Round 15 in 1982, the figure was 889,751 — an increase of 16.2 percent. And that with five wet weekends included.

Penthouse: Apart from the rise in crowds, a lot of commentators have recently said there's been a remarkable upsurge of general interest in League this year. Do you agree?

Mossop: No, I don't agree there's been an upsurge of interest. The interest has always been enormous. People have always been widely informed about the game. The reason why people are coming back to watch it is very simple. For two years — for two bad years — the Sydney media gave the game a hard time. It was the thing to do, evidently. After all Rugby League had done for so many journalists, 1980 and 1981 became the years to bag the code, to

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as an alien
game
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tear it apart, to shred it, to highlight only the bad aspects — such as the spitting in the face that some goose did to Mick Cronin in one match. Every game's got a goose, hasn't it? So instead of that tiny little incident receiving almost no press — a revolting, disgusting incident of a major player being spat at by some idiot — it got a two-inch banner headline: "Cronin Spat At", on the back page of *The Sun* as I remember. God spare me days! For two years League was fair game for any journalist who felt he had any sort of knowledge at all — and God knows a lot of them have a very limited knowledge of the sport. But this year they've declined to do it. They realise that you can kill the goose that lays the golden egg, and that if they didn't stop going at it in that stringent manner they might well be standing in at the death of the game in five or 10 years. They could have killed it. But people are now coming back to League because the journalists are reporting it correctly. You can be as much in love with League as I am and still be critical — Jesus, I give 'em heaps sometimes,

as far as attitudes are concerned — but I'll never tear the game down. You've got to be objective and not tear things down.

Penthouse: It's been suggested that the revival of crowds and interest is due to people expressing their approval of a game that's being challenged by the VFL inroads.

Mossop: A lot of people — and I know this from phone calls and letters I've had — resented the intrusion into Sydney of what they classified as an alien game. I don't feel terribly strongly about the VFL one way or another. I think this Sydney Swans/South Melbourne thing has been a bit of a media exercise — I mean, how they rationalise all that business, God knows. But anyway, let's be objective. I don't have any real hang-ups about the game of Australian Rules. It's not my game and I wouldn't be bothered watching it; I wouldn't pay to watch it. It's not a game that grabs me. A lot of people have contacted me personally and said, "I haven't been to a game of Rugby League in a long while, but I'm going now just to show them we don't need an alien code here." My secretary took dozens and dozens of calls like that in the early stages.

Penthouse: Which role do you prefer — Mossop the dual international or Mossop the media personality?

Mossop: It's not a matter of preference. I'm very proud of having been a double international, but that's historical now. I don't know that anyone in my position has a right to expect anything from the public. I'm continually amazed — shocked and amazed — by the public, in certain areas.

Penthouse: Would you elaborate on that?

Mossop: Sure, I'll elaborate on it. You mentioned Mossop the international and Mossop the commentator. Mossop the international is very proud of having represented his country; Mossop the commentator is shocked at the treatment that Mossop gets from time to time from the public — I'm only talking about small sections of it — because he thinks that perhaps having been a double international they would not be so critical of him, would not scream out the obscenities that they do. You know, you're called all sorts of things by football crowds. And that applies to any commentator — not just Rex Mossop. I was discussing this with Ray Warren from Channel Ten the other day. He receives enormous "pays" from the public as he walks through a crowd. I said, "Look, mate, I've been in this business for 19 years now and I get a stony stare on my face." I look straight ahead whenever I'm in public. I just walk. I don't acknowledge anyone now. If I knew you well and you walked past

me I'd probably acknowledge you — but chances are I wouldn't even see you. I just look through people, because you can't afford to stop and talk. Supporters of one team or the other will give you heaps — and the women are just as bad as the men. This is what I copped recently from two young mothers pushing their strollers: "When are you gonna televise fucking South Sydney, you fucking idiot?"

Penthouse: Isn't this the sort of thing that happens to anyone who becomes a public figure?

Mossop: I dare say, but it still shocks me because I've been a double international, you know what I mean? I would have thought I was above that sort of criticism, but no. Once you're in the media out here you're open game for anyone.

Penthouse: Do you think it's any worse in Australia than it is elsewhere?

Mossop: Oh, no. Eddie Waring, before he retired, was the doyen of Rugby League commentators in England — and I use the term advisedly. He was the only Rugby League commentator. Whenever he appeared at the grounds over there the crowd would all chant: "Eddie Waring is a bum. Eddie Waring is a bum." The entire crowd would keep that up for 10 or 15 minutes at a time.

Penthouse: When things of an even more overt nature have happened, such as the incident when your car was bashed in at Cumberland Oval, have you ever felt that you might as well give the game away?

Mossop: No, I'd never let a couple of ratbags get over the top of me to that extent. The thing that bugs me, in a nutshell, about crowd behavior is that people say the most obscene things to you and you are expected, because you are a media person, to not say anything back. Now I am not a turn-the-other-cheek character. I'm a very aggressive person. I've hit many people in my life. I used to be a very physical person. You know, I was a bloody Rugby Union international forward and a Rugby League international forward, and you don't get that sort of status by turning the other cheek. You've got to be smite and hip and thigh, the whole Old Testament bit. And I used to enjoy all the violence. Yet now I'm expected to do nothing when all my instincts tell me to grab them by the throat and go "bang". Then what would happen? "Media Personality Mossop Assaults" some dickhead out there. So I have to ignore them. That's across the board now, it's part and parcel of the business in this country.

Penthouse: Which forms of violence are acceptable to you in Rugby League, and which aren't?

Mossop: I can't abide the use of feet or knees in a tackle. But look, the game has been cleaned up enormously these

last two years. It's squeaky clean now. Christ, it's one of the cleanest games you'd ever see.

Penthouse: How is League different from when you played it?

Mossop: The head-high tackle was an accepted thing in those days. It was just an accepted way to go. But it wasn't done maliciously — it was part of the game. I don't have any hang-up about a bloke throwing a punch in a game of Rugby League. That doesn't bother me at all. In the old days, if two big men like Harry Bath and Rex Mossop got involved in an altercation, the referees would just say all right, let the silly big buggers get on with it and maybe after they've chopped each other about a bit they'll come back to reality. And that was a very attractive part of the game for spectators — make no bones about it. The crowds love this gladiatorial aspect. Now I'll sound a bit

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"I'm not watching Rugby
League any more because
it's not violent
enough"
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off when I say this, but I believe the Rugby League has gone too far and taken a lot of the sting out of the game. I say that as a personal feeling, but also I've had a lot of letters in the past two years saying: "I'm not watching Rugby League any more because it's not violent enough." Apart from that, we never had tackle counts in my day. I believe, from conversations with players, that if you're being held by an opponent then someone else will always come in and finish you off because he'll get his name ticked on the tackle count too. It's rather a lot of bullshit, isn't it?

Penthouse: Can your success as a commentator be attributed to the fact that out of all the commentators, you alone have been a major footballer?

Mossop: I don't think it's a prime requisite to making a success of coaching or refereeing or commenting. I don't know, mate — if you'd asked me that 15 years ago, when I hadn't gotten a bit of humility, I'd have simply told you I was the best going around that was all there was to it. But

I'm not that way anymore. I don't need any personal publicity, and curious as this may sound to some, I've never gone after it.

Penthouse: Yes, you're rarely interviewed and your relationship with the media is very superficial. Have you sought to distance yourself from the media?

Mossop: Yes. Deliberately. I don't respect a lot of people in the media. I don't respect the knowledge or the credibility of a lot of people who write on sport. I'm not a media person in that context. I do a journalist's job at Channel Seven — I write all my own copy, I consider myself a journalist — but I distance myself from the media because there are a number of people who write sport that I just can't cop.

Penthouse: *Sportsworld* has become an institution during the past 20 years. How do you account for its success?

Mossop: I'm very proud of the show. Don't let there be any doubt about the success of *Sportsworld*; if you check your ratinas you'll see that we win the timeslot, we have done so for many years, and we win it comprehensively, we don't just win it. The reason for that success in the winter is that we have a great Rugby League involvement — again, that points to the popularity of the code. The second factor is I've got very good people on the show — all of them, going right across the board. My panel: look at 'em. They're a bit ancient, I know, the same as I am. Ferris Ashton — he is absolutely the doyen of the blue-rinse set. The ladies love him. Funny, fat, cuddly Ferris — who was a bloody good footballer too, by the way. Noel Kelly — he should have been a heavyweight fighter. He had the great ability to knock a man down with one punch. But that's not his greatest asset. He could charm the birds out of the trees, and this from an Irish roughneck, if you like, is a very attractive thing to the viewers. Col Pearce — the stern, dedicated, unimaginative referee. Hated, but listened to and respected as an authority. No, not hated — that's too strong a word. I've got to listen to everything Col says, because on the rules of the game he is the number one. He is the man. He presents a very authoritarian view, and people want that. "Controversy Corner" is an institution now, and it's all ad-libbed. There's no "I'll say this and you can say that" sort of thing. And we get three or four hundred letters a week — it's just incredible.

Penthouse: You hand-picked all of these characters?

Mossop: Yes. And I haven't lost too many people, either. There's nobody who's just worked for me for a year and then gone.

Penthouse: On the subject of sex ap-

INTERVIEW

peal — is there an element of that in you which might have contributed to your success? You've worn this "Sexy Remy" label for a long time.

Mossop: I think anyone who's called Rex gets that, don't they? Anyway, with my wife sitting 10 yards away, what could I say? But I think we can assume that the opposite sex have never been disgusted by my presence.

Penthouse: Your four-year contract for exclusive rights to Sunday League ends this year. How would you react if Channel Seven doesn't get the contract next year?

Mossop: It would be a vast disappointment to me, but I don't think it's going to happen.

Penthouse: Doesn't the same-day telecast threaten crowds?

Mossop: I've got statistics to prove that the game we televise traditionally pulls the largest crowd — 99.9 percent of the time. Obviously I pick the best game to televise each week. We have a very high rating, yet the crowds still turn up at the ground.

Penthouse: People still seem to want to be there?

Mossop: Well, it's the atmosphere of the game. I still get goosebumps when I go to a game, or into the dressing rooms. I still find myself playing the game when I commentate, and I didn't accept retirement for 10 years. I was still honestly thinking "I'd like to make a comeback," 10 years afterward.

Penthouse: You look as if you've been training this morning. Do you resent the passing of the years?

Mossop: Yes. I'm never going to grow old gracefully. I have been training this morning. I did a four-mile run, some weight exercises and stomach exercises. I do that every day.

Penthouse: You're going to stave off old age as long as possible?

Mossop: Yeah. It's a cosmetic thing, too. I enjoy being fit. I enjoy not looking my age, not looking as if I'm getting a beer gut. These things are very important to me. I've got a highly developed ego. It's a personal thing.

Penthouse: You don't do it for an image, but for personal satisfaction?

Mossop: I don't give a fuck what other people think; I'm only concerned about how I feel about myself.

Penthouse: Tell us a bit about Kangaroo Tours. Are they pretty outrageous affairs?

Mossop: Oh they can be, yes. Or they have been in the past, at least. I think footballers these days are a lot better-behaved than when we were young. I don't know whether they're consciously concerned about being better ambassadors now, but in my era, on

both the tours I went on, we all wanted to play up desperately at night, get as drunk as we could and pull the birds and all that jazz. That was all the go. There's been virtually no drama with touring sides in the last five years. Rugby League teams really are marvellous ambassadors, but that certainly wasn't always the case. League players are much more tightly-constrained these days, because the League and the clubs themselves are very aware of image now. I think this has come about because of the heavy serves which the League was getting from the media in those two bad years.

Penthouse: So the media have jumped on the traditional image of the footballer, not only in terms of violence but also behavior?

Mossop: The media are responsible for a massive clean-up of the game and the League has carried it on. Guys are now

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everything. I can't
just play a game —
I've got to
win it

getting 14 weeks suspension for things that, a couple of years ago, you'd get two or three weeks for. I'm not disagreeing with that, as long as it's consistent. It's certainly had a salutary effect on players. They are much more careful on the football field. In my era you were never told not to retaliate to violence. No coach worth his salt would have said: "Now don't you retaliate if Harry Bath jobs you" — that was never on. But these days players are told: "If you get yourself sent off you're going to leave us a man short, you mustn't do it, you've got to turn the other cheek" and all that.

Penthouse: Wasn't it still a crime to get sent off in your day?

Mossop: Not so much. It was a very macho thing in those days, you know.

Penthouse: You said you have little respect for the media. Some journalists have really taken you to task over what they see as your abuse of the language.

Mossop: Yes. I find a lot of the things attributed to me were never actually said. It's now become a simple exercise to say: "Did you see this comment? Of

course, it was made by Mossop." A great percentage of these things were never said.

Penthouse: How do you feel about Alex Buzo of the *National Times*, who has crowned you the king of tautology four years in a row?

Mossop: I've never given him a thought. I'm not concerned about media criticism. I've copped plenty and I've grown completely immune to it. As long as they spell my name right, I don't care.

Penthouse: I imagine your vocabulary has improved a lot since you started in 1963?

Mossop: Yes, it has. But I've always been an avid reader. I mean, you can see heaps of books around you, and my wife and I have been in libraries. If we're watching television and a word comes up that we don't know, one of us will look it up; it's an instinctive thing with us. I like the English language; it appeals to me. I think it's a good language and I consciously try not to use the word that's always used. My mind searches for a better word and I invariably find it. I've got a pretty wide vocabulary for a bloke in my position, and that being the case it's only a split second before I've come up with another word.

Penthouse: If you hadn't become a commentator what would you be doing now?

Mossop: Christ knows. I'd been a salesman, made a very good living as a salesman. I'm just one of the lucky ones who gets well paid for something I enjoy doing.

Penthouse: You've never gone in for publicity stunts like many of your counterparts — Casey, Richards, Peters. Do you regard that sort of thing as beneath you?

Mossop: Yeah. It's not the sort of thing this public figure should be doing. That's a good way to describe it — it's beneath me.

Penthouse: You described yourself as an aggressive person. Is that something you try to overcome, or to foster? Does it just suit you?

Mossop: It doesn't suit me, it's just the way I am. I've always been an aggressive person. I've always striven to win everything; I can't just play a game — I've got to win it. I have to have control over my own destiny at all times. That's why I had to put a few constraints on this interview right from the outset; I had to establish that these things would be done or I wouldn't be interviewed. That was typical of me.

Penthouse: You're regarded as something of a law unto yourself at Channel Seven. You have total control. How did it come about that a person could gain such control?

Mossop: I haven't set any precedent because there'd never been a pre-

decessor as Sports Director at Seven. The station had only been going for six years when I got the job. It was still in the embryo stage and it was Mickey Mouse sort of television at that. I can't remember what my first appearance was all about — a man should remember that — but it was a bastard. I came off there a shattered wreck, because no-one had told me any of the signals. John Bailey put his arm around me and took me to his office for a drink, and he taught me all the things I needed to know. From that moment on it became very easy.

Penthouse: You personally select the Match of the Round each week. That's part of the contract?

Mossop: Yes. Theoretically, on Monday mornings I make a decision as to which game we're going to televise. My secretary advises the Rugby League and then they do whatever they're going to do in the way of choosing the Saturday game.

Penthouse: Do you think the League is happy with that situation? Wouldn't they prefer to select the Match of the Round themselves?

Mossop: I've never had any criticism from the League about it. It's never come up. It might have come up in the media, but never from the League. I'd suggest that some of those who criticise it would probably like to be televising the game themselves; maybe there's some sour grapes there.

Penthouse: Lou Richards is one of many who've suggested that if the Rugby League doesn't professionalise itself the game will fall by the wayside. What do you think of that notion?

Mossop: It's a cliché. League is never going to fall by the wayside. Games, administrations and players go through cycles. I don't doubt that the League hierarchy are going to have to bring the game into the 1980s, and I'll admit there are some areas that irritate the Jesus out of me. Like kicks at goal — they should be done using a rubber tee given to the kicker by the referee. But it's an international game, so any rule change has to go across the board. Naturally, these things will take time because of that.

Penthouse: Doesn't it concern you that international League is all one-way traffic these days?

Mossop: Yes, and the League should be looking at means to assist other countries. One of the problems in League is the parochialism of certain clubs, such as the Cronulla club which refuses to release the Sorensens to play for New Zealand. That to me is bloody short-sighted and stupid, because it's putting Cronulla club above Rugby League. The administration here has done a lot for France through Ron Willey's involvement, but I would never

be sanguine about altering the French. They're a funny race of people. I like the French food, French wine, French women — but French referees, they're ratshit. You just don't have a doubt in your mind about it — they are cheats. They'll do anything.

Penthouse: Did you witness that incident in France when Ken Irvine was bashed over the head by a spectator when he was about to score?

Mossop: Witness it? I was on the bloody field. It was somewhere in the southern part of France. We were playing a combined French side and giving them a fair doing. Irvine made a break up the right, beat his winger and I've an idea he stumbled and was trying to regain his feet. The next thing we knew, this extraneous person had run on to the field with one of those collapsible chairs and he's gone "whack" over the head of Irvine. There was a stunned

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silence and then this bloke suddenly realised what he'd done and the portents of it — and he was pretty bloody right, because our entire team took off after him. The stupid bastard tried to run off into the grandstand, but the rest of the Kangaroos were sitting up there, so he was gone.

Penthouse: You talked about bringing League into the Eighties. I know that didn't happen recently, but the French are still absurdly backward in their approach to sportsmanship; the New Zealanders can't compete with us; the Poms are a mob of old men... isn't international competition the thing that ultimately perpetuates interest in a game, and isn't that League's big advantage over VFL football?

Mossop: Look at that picture on the wall. That's the start of a Test match against England in 1958. Australia and England — that had a marvellous ring to it in those days; it was the pinnacle of sport in this country. It would be wonderful if we could recapture that atmosphere. There's a wide resurgence of the game in England right now;

crowds are up; but they're still playing slow-motion football. I'm terrified to think what our blokes will do to them this year. They are not conditioned to play the game as it should be played. But I don't fear for the future of League. If the game ever went bad internationally, it would still survive in Sydney. There's a vast reservoir of juniors, Rugby Union is a great nursery for League players, and interest, as I said before, is enormous — not just in Sydney. *Seven's Big League* goes to 27 stations, you know. It has an audience of around three million. Now it's not a Utopian situation to have only a thriving Sydney competition, and I'd like to see the Test matches regain the esteem in which they were once held. But again, it's a cyclical thing. The Poms will ultimately come up to our standard; they've always had the skill, but they haven't learned to condition themselves. Tremendous innovations are being made in Sydney as far as training goes, and all that knowledge and expertise will finally be at the disposal of anyone who wants it, including other League-playing nations. Now, Lou Richards has said that he wants to see the VFL game played Australia-wide, and that he doesn't care about it being international or not. Well, he hasn't got much choice, has he? Where else do they play it? That's the weakness of their game, in my view. It doesn't offer anything other than local content.

Penthouse: Does it annoy you that while the VFL have made distinct incursions into the Sydney media, League gets about as much coverage as badminton in Victoria?

Mossop: It irritates the life out of me. That's nothing to do with the VFL, though. It's the media — they gave this Sydney Swans/South Melbourne business the most massive publicity, out of character with the importance of the thing. Say, for instance, the Eastern Suburbs League team had wanted to move to Fitzroy. I reckon the Melbourne media probably wouldn't have given that a line in the paper. That is terribly unfair, to me. But the Sydney media bent over backwards to be fair.

Penthouse: Why?

Mossop: I can't explain it, except that if you're like me and you've got a suspicious mind, you might have thought that a lot of journalists were getting a quid. I don't know whether that's so, but I got a very strong feedback from certain areas that there had been a lot of sweetheart deals made. I believe the Rugby League has handled the VFL invasion up here a bit leniently. I would have been more aggressive in my approach to it, but then I wasn't in charge. I believe the League acted on advice from sections of the media that to criticise the VFL inroad would be

INTERVIEW

playing into the Victorians' hands.

Penthouse: Lou Richards reckoned if you took a game of Sydney League to Melbourne you wouldn't get 2000 people. . .

Mossop: You'd probably have trouble getting a ground to play on. The people who are trying to promote Rugby Union down there have tremendous difficulty with councils and so forth. The VFL are the only people who get any help from anyone.

Penthouse: Is the Victorian attitude unporting?

Mossop: Not really. They're just protecting their own interests. One thing about Melbourne audiences — they're definitely a race of spectators down there. Up here we're much more involved in activities, but Melbourne people go to the football. I remember years ago when Ron Clarke, who at that time held about seven world records, ran in front of a Melbourne crowd of 20,000. Some days later he ran in Sydney, in an event we televised, and the crowd was 300 or so. Whether that means they'll watch anything down there, I don't know.

Penthouse: Recently you did some radio talkback work. Are you thinking of branching into areas apart from sport?

Mossop: Well, you give a dog a name, you know? On that radio show 99 per cent of the questions were about sport, even though I stressed that I had wide interests and I'd talk about anything. We did get on to drugs at one time, but that was incidental.

Penthouse: How do you feel about drugs?

Mossop: Horrified. Sickening. Rotten, stinking business.

Penthouse: Obviously the drug issue is of personal concern to you. Is it the lot of a media personality to have to cope with situations which are not the norm, because of the pressures exerted on his offspring?

Mossop: That seems to be a fact of life, although I was never aware of it. I'm not going to get into the problems I've experienced personally, or the problems of anyone that I'm fond of. Suffice it to say that the whole drug scene is loathsome to me, and were I in a position of political power I would have a death sentence for drug pushers. I have no qualms about saying that. I feel very much like Genghis Khan about it. Whether a media personality ought to expect to come under enormous pressure because he happens to also be a father, I don't know. I would've liked to have thought that everyone was born with sufficient spine to be able to stand up to the pressures of life. It does seem to be true that a lot of people who are in

the public eye do have problems. In any case, I just think of myself as Rex Mossop. I'm not anyone exceptional in my own eyes.

Penthouse: You often express your view of the morality of a situation. Can you be general about your moral outlook?

Mossop: Yes, I think so. I'm not a religious sort of person. I only go to church for weddings and funerals, and I don't pray a lot. But I have a very strong code of behavior. I believe you want to do to other people exactly as you expect to have done to you. Wasn't that one of the rules laid down by Jesus or God? I'm not an expert on that area.

Penthouse: How would you rationalise that incident when you felt it was your duty to arrest that man who was wandering around naked? A school of thought would hold that he wasn't doing anything which would harm you, so that action couldn't be explained by

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at you

simply saying "Do unto others".

Mossop: He was an ass. He was drunk, I think, and he was walking along the street out here, OK? I don't know what sort of behavior people expect, but I don't have people walking up and down my street in the nude. It was the act of an idiot — an irrational, stupid bloody act. I don't know — if you live at Cremorne or Fairfield or wherever, is it the norm to have people walking down your street in the nude? I still don't think my action was anything exceptional. He deserved something coming to him. The only disappointment I had about the whole thing was that he didn't try to resist me, because I'd have taken a great deal of pleasure in flattening him. It was black and white; there was no decision to be made. He was there to be got, that bloke. He was an idiot.

Penthouse: How would you sum up your contribution to media and sport over these 19 years?

Mossop: I really wouldn't know what people think of me. I'm a survivor in the business. It's hard to put your finger on

why you've survived. I've put in 100 per cent effort, a lot of professionalism, a huge amount of research, and I never say anything that I haven't made sure I'm correct in saying, although of course I offer opinions as well. I'm very careful. . . I think I've engendered some excitement by the way I call a game of football. I get excited myself and I like to transmit that to the viewers. I'd be totally stupid if I didn't acknowledge that I'm very popular with a lot of viewers.

Penthouse: Do you bend over backwards so as not to appear biased toward Manly?

Mossop: Yes, but it doesn't do any good. People will always accuse me of that because I played 140-odd first-grade games for the club. I get it all the time. These are the things I'm talking about when I say that I'll enter a ground or a crowd and stare straight ahead and just ignore people, because you get all this shit thrown at you as you go in: "What happened to Manly yesterday Rex, what's wrong with that fucking team of yours" and so on. They're not my team; I'm probably less popular with Manly officials than with any other officials, because they reckon I bake the club too much.

Penthouse: It seems that people resent success in any form. How do you handle that?

Mossop: I don't think about the public; they don't enter my calculations. I've got to be totally honest here. You hear a lot of crap spoken by people in the media to the effect that they consider what the public are thinking about. I don't. I'd be a bloody hypocrite to say I did. I just do the best I can for Channel Seven and for my own integrity. I won't prostitute myself, and I'll say exactly what I think about any given subject.

Penthouse: Has anyone ever tried to compromise your integrity?

Mossop: In what way?

Penthouse: For example, has anyone ever tried to make financial offers in return for promotion on your show?

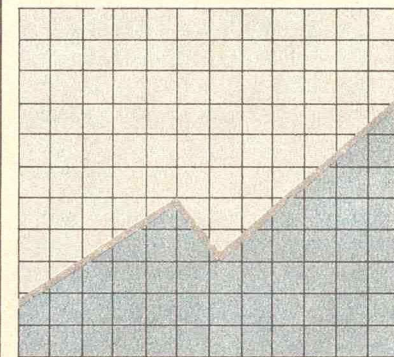
Mossop: People have tried to use me, and to my discredit, on one occasion they got away with it. I've got a court case going on at the moment which involves around \$30,000 which I would have been entitled to as payment for some work I did. The money was never forthcoming. So: "Fool me once, shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me." I'll never get caught again.

Penthouse: You very rarely consent to be interviewed. Why did you make an exception in this case?

Mossop: You went about it politely and correctly. You weren't bombastic about your role. You did all those things that I expect from a younger man. As a result, you got your interview. Maybe there's a lesson there for the future. ☐

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU A SADIST?



If you have a closet full of leather harnesses, buggy whips, handcuffs, nipple clamps, labia spreaders, bicycle chains, hobnail boots and padlocks, you'll probably score well on at least part of this psychograph. But you don't have to be a connoisseur of whips and chains to be a sadist. Daily life offers us limitless opportunities to practise more subtle forms of sadistic behavior.

Sadism is an ambiguous term in psychology. Sometimes it's used to describe only people who practise the arcane rites of the sexual sadist: bondage, flagellation, mutilation, etc. Other times it applies to a more generalised set of cruel attitudes and behaviors. People who fall into the first category do not always fit into the second. Some sexual sadists are, in the non-erotic parts of their lives, well-adjusted, pleasant folks. On the other hand, some extremely cruel men can be downright meek when it comes to sex.

Researchers at the University of London's prestigious Institute of Psychiatry have found that sadism is not peculiar to any single social class. It's spread fairly evenly through all socioeconomic levels. They've also found that sadists' sex drives are neither more nor less powerful than those of "normal" men, nor do sadists engage in their kinky sex practices with more or fewer partners than your average heterosexual male.

Sadistic impulses go back to the dawn of human existence. In fact, there are those who argue that gratuitous cruelty is what sets man apart from all other species.

The Romans, of course, were masters of sadism. Public executions were a major spectator sport. People were not only thrown to the lions, they were also burned alive, buried in the company of vicious dogs or poisonous snakes, thrown off cliffs, drowned, and trampled by elephants.

The Marquis Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade, from whose name sadism derives, was actually not as vicious as legend would have it. True, he once slashed a girl with a knife for the sheer pleasure of savoring her fear, but otherwise most of his sadistic impulses seem to have been confined to his writings. (The girl, by the way, escaped and had the marquis arrested.)

The man who could perhaps have

been the world's worst sadist was Gilles de Rais — one of France's most wealthy and powerful nobles — who lived from 1404 to 1440. During his short life he sexually abused and killed 150 to 200 children (he said he lost count), often sexually violating his victims after they were dead. The fact that he was also the official protector of Joan of Arc — he saved her life twice — lends ammunition to those who have noted a historic attachment between religion and sadism.

Some of the following questions touch on delicate matters. It's important that you answer them with complete honesty.

PART 1

1. If you could only have one type of sex for the rest of your life, would you prefer that it be:
 - (a) soft, gentle, and romantic
 - (b) rough, hard, and impersonal
2. Have you ever bound, gagged, spanked, or whipped your sexual partner?
 - (a) yes, frequently
 - (b) occasionally
 - (c) very rarely or never
3. Have you ever forced your sexual partner to engage in erotic practices against her will?
 - (a) yes, very often

- (b) sometimes
- (c) on rare occasions
- (d) never

4. Do unusual items of clothing specifically designed to be erotic?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
5. Have you ever ripped clothing off your partner during a sexual encounter?
 - (a) yes, frequently
 - (b) occasionally
 - (c) rarely or never
6. Do you enjoy having sex with a woman while you're mad at her?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
7. When you're having sex, do you often pin your woman to the bed almost as a wrestler would, immobilising her writhing arms and legs while you enter her?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
8. Do you feel a sexual encounter is not completely satisfying unless your partner emits uncontrollable gasps, moans, and sighs?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) sometimes
 - (c) not usually
9. How do you feel about anal intercourse?
 - (a) It's nice, but it's not my preferred form of intercourse
 - (b) I can take it or leave it
 - (c) It's disgusting
10. Have you ever seriously bruised or injured a partner during sex?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
11. Does your lovemaking style usually include biting, scratching and similar sorts of minor physical aggressiveness?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) occasionally
 - (c) not usually
12. Do you feel a sexual encounter isn't completely satisfying unless you use words like "screw" and

"bitch" while you're making love?

- (a) yes
(b) no

PART II

How strongly do the following statements apply to you? Check (a) if a statement applies *very strongly*; (b) for *quite strongly*; (c) for *moderately*; (d) for *not much*; (e) for *not at all*.

- When I'm arguing with people close to me (lover, wife, parents, etc) and they don't fight back verbally or physically, I become even more enraged than I already am. When someone folds up on me, I attack even more viciously.
(a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____
- I daydream a lot about getting back at my enemies. When I think someone has done me wrong, I plot all sorts of ways that I can screw them.
(a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____
- I have very strong political beliefs. You could almost say I'm a fanatic on that subject.
(a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____
- I have very strong religious beliefs. You could almost say I'm a fanatic on that subject.
(a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____
- I like to play practical jokes.
(a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____
- When I was a kid, I often tortured small animals and insects (pulling wings off flies, etc).
(a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____
- I enjoy discovering other people's mistakes, and when I do, I invariably point them out to the people concerned.
(a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____
- I almost always express my anger with my lover, wife, parents, kids or roommates. Even if it's a little thing that ticks me off — something other people might let pass — I get it out into the open.
(a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____
- I enjoy being sarcastic. I can never

resist making a sarcastic jab whenever the occasion presents itself.

- (a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____

- If I'm mad at someone, I can invoke the silent treatment better than anybody around.
(a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____
- I think that having a mastery of sexual technique is the key to a good sex life.
(a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____
- Any woman I live with has to know that I'm the boss.
(a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____
- The Nazis actually had some good ideas; they just didn't get a chance to carry them out.
(a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____
- I often make promises that I'm pretty sure I won't be able to keep. For example, I'll make an appointment that I know I'll probably have to break or I'll promise to call someone back when I actually have no intention of doing so.
(a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____
- I'm never the first to make up after a quarrel.
(a)____(b)____(c)____(d)____(e)____

SCORING

The two parts of this psychograph deal with different aspects of sadism. They are scored independently. It's possible to score very high on one and very low on the other. However, a high score on either part indicates possible sadistic tendencies.

Part I

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below.

To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose in the quiz.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. a-1, b-5 | 7. a-5, b-1 |
| 2. a-10, b-3, c-1 | 8. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 3. a-8, b-5, c-2 | 9. a-7, b-4, |
| d-1 | c-2, d-1 |
| 4. a-5, b-1 | 10. a-8, b-1 |
| 5. a-6, b-3, c-1 | 11. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 6. a-5, b-1 | 12. a-7, b-1 |

Part II

Give yourself 5 points for each (a) answer you selected; 4 points for each (b) answer; 3 points for each (c) answer; 2 points for each (d) answer; 1 point for each (e) answer.

INTERPRETATION

Part I. (Highest possible score, 76; lowest possible, 12.) If you scored 40 or more points on this section, there's a strong likelihood that you have a pronounced streak of sexual sadism in you. If you scored 20 or below, you probably don't. A score between these two extremes may indicate that you have leanings toward sexual sadism but don't often indulge them. No matter what your overall score, if you chose any individual answers worth 6 points or more, there's a good possibility that, deep down, you have sadistic sexual tendencies.

Sadistic sex fantasies. Even if you've never engaged in any of the behaviors described in Part I, it's possible — even probable — that you fantasise about them. If you scored low on this part but fantasise frequently about such activities, it's likely you're a closet sadist.

If you fantasise occasionally about some of the behaviors covered in Part I, you're probably relatively normal, since most men have some secret sadistic sex fantasies. If you never fantasise about any of these activities, you may actually be a little weird, since few men are really *that* meek and mild.

Part II. (Highest possible score, 75; lowest possible, 15.) This section deals with generalised psychological sadism in everyday life. A score of about 50 points suggests you have a strong tendency toward cruel, sadistic behavior in nonsexual matters. If you got the chance, you could be our next Hitler or Idi Amin. This applies no matter what you scored on Part I of this psychograph.

A score between 30 and 50 points means you have some sadistic leanings but don't carry them out to the same frightening degree as men who scored highest on this section. If you scored below 30 points, you're probably pretty well-adjusted. You don't feel the need to take out your frustrations and power lusts on those around you. 

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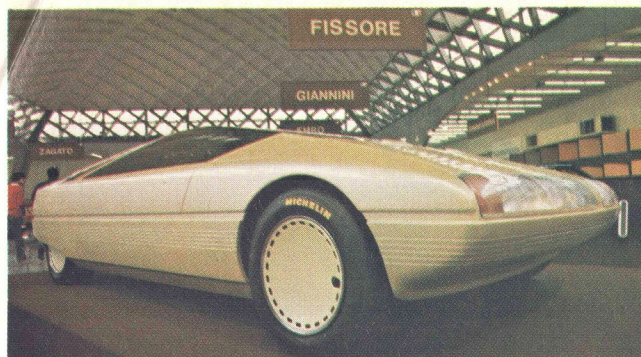


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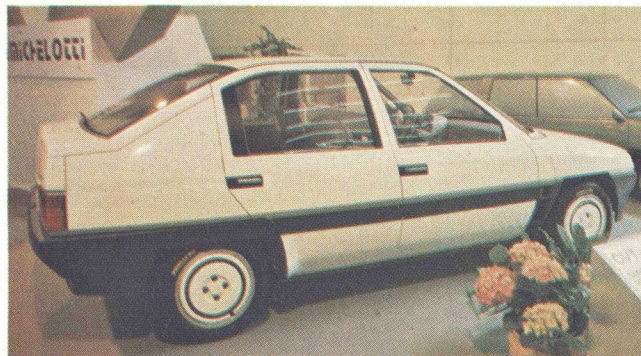


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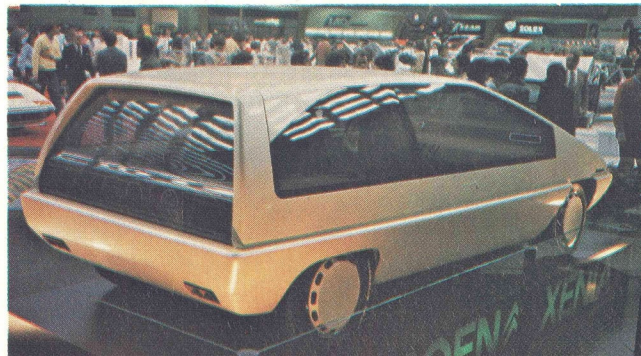
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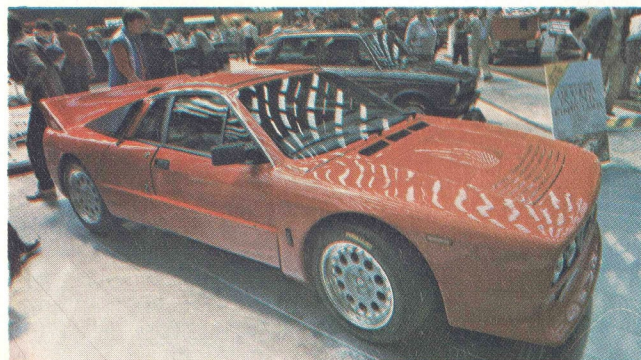
Citroën pre-empt the future with this space age special.



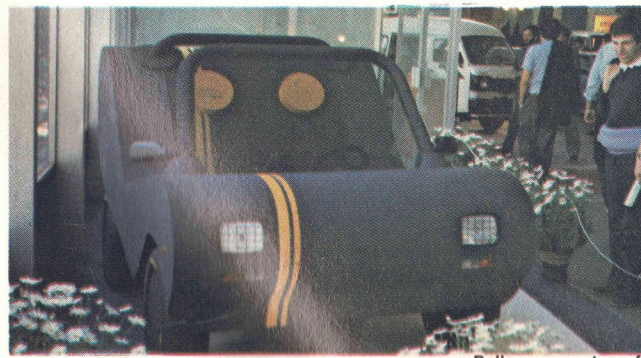
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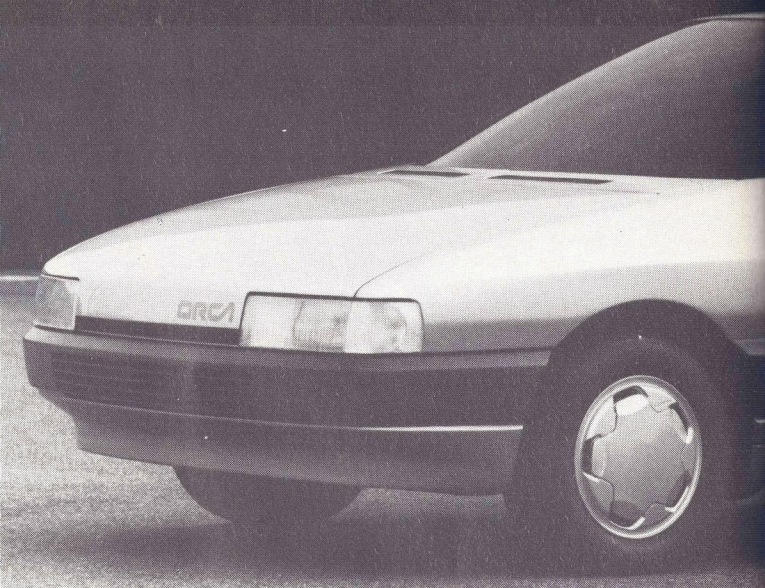


Wolf in wolf's clothing, limited edition Lancia Rallye.



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IMMACULATE



A creation for the future: Orca is its name, and its rounded lines cut through the air more efficiently than any car currently in production. A specially shaped under-belly, with smooth surfaces and twin venturi areas to tidy the flow of air and create downforce, follows the normal practice of today's grand prix racecar designers. Body panels are level with their neighbors; bumpers and light fittings do not disturb the flow of line, or air. Window glass is flush with the surrounding bodywork. Wind disturbance is further reduced by the adoption of covered recesses for windscreen wipers; they open when the wipers are needed.

Based on a stretched Lancia Delta frame, the Orca has a supercharged Delta engine and four-wheel drive.

Wrap-around indicator lamps look to be made from clear glass, but turn yellow in use. Headlights feature a high-intensity brake actuating warning lamp — or front brake lights in simple terms — to warn oncoming motorists of an intention to stop.

Outside, its dimensions are as modest as those of a Nissan Bluebird. Inside, Orca is as roomy as a Merc. Important controls and switches are mounted forward from the fascia inside the steering wheel; they do not move with the wheel, however.

Orca is a concept car: the brainchild of brooding design genius Giorgio Giugiaro, head of Ital Design.

It cost \$220,000 to design and build, but the Orca is not for sale. It's one of a kind: a design exercise to show the direction our motor cars will take in the immediate future. Giugiaro has been responsible for hundreds of such models — many commissioned by the car giants, but others produced from the heart.

Northern Italy remains the hub of automotive design innovation. This is the neighborhood of the independent master stylists... Pininfarina, Ghia, Zagato, Bertone, Michelotti, and Giugiaro. Each year they dream up design exercises like the Orca. Some are too fanciful to be treated seriously. Others are strokes of artistry and practicality.

The design studios of Northern Italy are proof that the Japanese are not complete masters of the automotive industry. No-one bests the Italians at car design. And no-one so consistently reaches into the imagination to produce cars that both magnetise with beauty of line, and captivate with common sense, as does Giugiaro. Witness the Golf, Alfasud, Audi 80, Lancia Delta, Fiat Panda: consumer classics of their time.

The Japanese still make the pilgrimage to Italy when they

PRECONCEPTION

BY PETER MCKAY



Aerodynamically perfect, the Orca was the killer attraction at the Turin motor show

want a killer design. Isuzu took Giugiaro's stunning Ace of Clubs show model — the star of the 1979 Geneva Motor Show — and sent it down the production line as the Piazza. And the Honda City, launched at last year's Tokyo Motor Show and inevitably heading for the major Car of the Year accolades for '82, is a none-too-subtle pinch from Giugiaro's Lancia Megagamma concept design first seen at the Turin expo in 1978.

The rest of Europe might go to Japan to learn the latest in production-line techniques, but if it's a slashing new look they want, then Northern Italy is usually the source.

"Coefficient of drag" is a fashionable term in automotive design at present, with car makers boasting about their latest in slippery shapes. Giugiaro hit on a new low (or high) of 0.263 with the Medusa two years ago. That was unmatched by a practical design using an existing production motor. His new Orca is the reigning drag queen at 0.245.

Yet Giugiaro is no slave to the search for the ultimate slippery motor car. He says he spends considerable time persuading car makers to shift their emphasis away from drag coefficients. "People should be comfortable in their cars," he declares.

Coming from a man responsible for the wonderful lines of the BMW M1, the Maserati Merak and the Lotus Esprit, among many others, it's strange to hear Giugiaro describe himself as a technician first and a designer second. His most satisfying recent project was the Fiat Panda, a utility passenger car of modest dimensions. Giugiaro concentrates initially on overcoming production problems; conversely, the first priority of American designers is eye appeal. Passenger comfort and space come first — the shape later — at Ital Design.

Giugiaro's Capsula, another dream machine shown for the first time in April this year, is the skyscraper of motor cars. From ground to roofline it measures 1.66 metres (a Commodore, by comparison, is 1.37 metres high). The Orca, at 1.40 metres, is no short-arse either; Giugiaro believes that cars will become wider and taller, but without aerodynamic sacrifices.

Where is the motor car heading? Some would suggest oblivion, just as soon as the remaining fuel supplies are doled out at ever-increasing prices by the sheiks. Since the '74 oil crunch sobered up the petrol-tipping habits of Europe and the USA, the emphasis in car design has centred on fuel economy and aerodynamics.

Trends for the 1980s include all-wheel drive for passenger



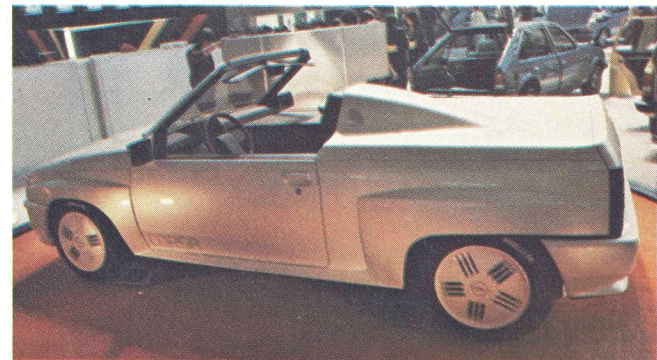
Transport for all seasons, Ital Design's ingenious Capsula.



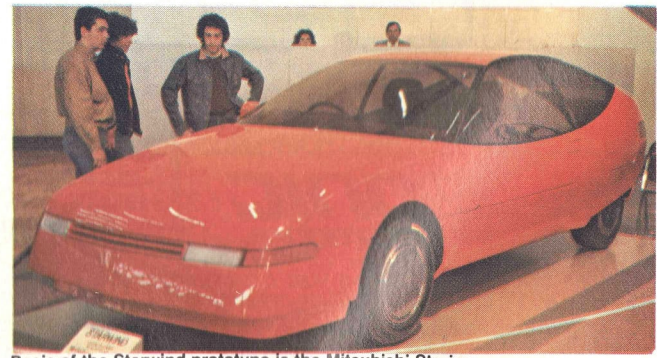
Ghia's Brezza (red car) suggests return of rear-wheel spats.



Aria is based on Mazda's 323 mini-car.



Wind in the hair motoring from Opel. It's called the Corsa.



Basis of the Starwind prototype is the Mitsubishi Starion.

IMMACULATE

cars, turbocharging and supercharging. All three are strange bedfellows in an era of constraint; of ballooning gas prices, tighter speed limits and insipid people-carrying boxes. It is the designer's way of fighting back, demonstrating flair and ingenuity but with one eye cast towards the Arabs and their shrinking reserves of oil.

The Orca may be destined to see out its days in a glass case — an expensive fantasy that no-one wanted to turn into reality. But the Fiat Lancia group is seriously considering the creation, and the Orca is more

likely than not to follow 32 previous Giugiaro dream-babies into volume production.

That's what concept cars are all about. Dream 'em up, build 'em and show 'em. And sell 'em. Flogging them off to a big carmaker is the ultimate accolade, the seal of approval. There's also the financial consideration...

Many design ideas are wild, wild, wild... too wild to be practical. Take Bertone's Aria, based on the Mazda 323. Talking point is the rectangular steering wheel designed along chain-link principles, similar to tank tracks. It makes the old wheel rim seem like a very good idea. This

unusual wheel may seem wrong now, but it might springboard Bertone, or a contemporary, down the right path. On the credit side, the Aria has a feature most husbands would appreciate. When reverse gear is selected, a synthesised voice alerts the driver when she is closing rapidly on a solid object. The radar warning system is just the thing for the supermarket parking lot. Birthday gift for the little lady...

Three years ago, the revolutionary Audi Quattro put the industry on its ear with a permanent four-wheel drive operation allowing roadholding previously only wished for. Not surprisingly, the copy-cats have come out in force. Apart from Giugiaro's 4WD Orca, a handful of '82 prototypes feature all-wheel-drive.

Lancia has taken the wraps off a "working hypothesis" (fancy words for prototype) Delta model with 4WD. It is turbocharged, so Lancia has taken care of two very trendy engineering developments in the one car.

As well, Porsche, Alfa Romeo and Fiat are experimenting with 4WD for highway rather than boondocks usage. This would suggest that all-wheel-drive passenger sedans for purposes other than off-road work are more than a passing fad.

Ghia, a design studio committed to doing plenty of work for Ford (styling the pricier top-of-the-line models), furnished a traffic-stopper at the recent Turin Salon. Called Brezza, it has an Escort engine located behind the cockpit, and ultimately is a possible rival for General Motors' upcoming mid-engined sporty. The coupe Brezza is real sci-fi stuff on the outer, but all business under the skin... it's the right medicine to loosen the purse strings of the Yanks, many of whom have apparently forgotten how to go out and buy a new car, particularly an American one. It may never reach production but its styling and engineering will influence the car of tomorrow.

Motor sport success sells cars, no matter what Ford Australia chooses to believe. And even with the pressures of the fuel-saving lobby, most of the major European car makers continue to market their product as race bred/rally bred offerings. Porsche, Renault, Alfa, Ferrari, Fiat, Opel, Ford Europe and Lancia are all in motor sport up to their tappet covers.

Lancia has produced a car for the road that needs no excuse to go rallying. Even the name — Rallye — makes no attempt to disguise its motives. It uses an Abarth-developed supercharged 2.0-litre double overhead cam engine in a spectacular glass-fibre Pininfarina-designed cloak, with monocoque centre section and tubular spaceframes front and rear. A racecar with upholstery.

In reality, it is a roadgoing version of Lancia's rally car and it is available in several forms, from tame touring through to a full-house street racer. The Rallye

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will do two things for Lancia: project a sporting image to those who don't buy the new car, and fill a need for those who will.

The antithesis of the enthusiast's car must be the all-rubber Ballcar, shown for the world to see and ponder at Turin. Inventor Giuseppe Lagana, who isn't among

the elite stylists of Northern Italy, lists the Ballcar's attributes . . . crushproof, light, strong, safe, economical and particularly comfortable. Moulded from plastic foam, the Ballcar doesn't really need either suspension or seat springing. Presumably, though, it does require an engine and Giuseppe hasn't quite worked this one out.



Who is this Man?

This gent could stroll through our streets and remain entirely unnoticed, though hundreds of thousands of Australians would recognise his voice. His disembodied utterances either entertain or enrage during the Nine Network's direct coverage of the overseas grands prix. His elaborate wordy descriptions, his penchant for mistaking identity, and his failure to notice and then acknowledge what is there on the screen for all to see have earned him the tag of the man TV spectators love to hate.

He is, of course, James Hunt's co-commentator: the excitable Murray Walker.



The Amaroo Park circuit is 1940 metres long — or short. Compared with Mount Panorama (6.17 km), Surfers (3.2 km) or Sandown (3.1), it's no monster. But those two kilometres (almost) have possibly broken more cars, and more spirits, than any other strip of bitumen in the nation.

Carved into the picturesque terrain in hilly, semi-rural Annangrove, on the fringe of Sydney, Amaroo hosts some of the most ferocious racing anywhere. Spectators grill steaks while competitors burn away the bucks in the bullring below.

Amaroo rarely forgives its sinners. Forget all that stuff about erring being human. Make a blue at Amaroo and you usually pay. It's that kind of place: a minefield for the naive, and the untidy.

There's a kink on Bitupave Hill, where duelling cars thread a path through a tunnel of love bounded by steel armco fencing to the right and a stone cliff-face to the left.

Mazda House corner: the fastest bend. Miscue here and you spear into a dirt embankment, just as Garry Rogers did a season or two back. Winfield, or Stop-Go corner: 90 degrees of right-hand lock, with a bumpy apex, an even rougher exit and a concrete wall awaiting the unskilled or unwary. Honda: one of two left-handers. A blind corner until lately. A bulldozer has opened up the apex, but an embankment remains to claim anyone who falls victim to brake or brain fade. Terry Whit busted a couple of vertebrae when his Mazda brakes failed.

And then there's the Loop. A nasty piece of work, it's an off-camber right hander that springs a surprise immedi-

ately following a left hooker at the brow of Bitupave Hill. The Loop is where commentator Evan Green's son, Gavin, punched a hole through the "O" in the Dunlop trackside sign on the earth mound away to the left. Gavin broke a leg in that one. It's a good day if the Loop doesn't claim an Aunt Sally during a race meeting. As someone once said: "It's not the speed of the car that hurts . . . it's the sudden stop." Sudden stops are par for the course at the Loop. Take your pick — a dirt and stone bank in the early part of the Loop, or the concrete wall further along.

Raceday minus three. The Marantz-Penthouse Nissan 280ZX is at Amaroo for what is usually described as a "sorting" session. It's a time for experimenting with the few variables permitted under production car regulations: tyre pressures, shock absorbers . . . and driver.

The Z-car feels a touch soft in the rear, with a tendency to hang the tail on the corners. Today, though, we have no alternative shocks to try. Today we work on the driver.

The driver is to play with gear-change points and different engine rev limits. He will try staying in third all the way up Bitupave. And then he will use fourth gear. And then at Honda he'll compare lap times using both second and third.

The driver follows the game plan. Six laps using third up the Bitupave climb. Then, another half-dozen circuits employing third at 5600 rpm. Result: inconclusive. Ditto Honda. Second gear through there for six laps, followed by six third-gear runs. Result: inconclusive.

Okay. Moving right along, the driver decides to pursue the elusive fractions of a second in another direction . . . tyres. The Goodyear Supersteels on the car are the popular choice among the production car set. The sole tyre failure during this year's series at Amaroo was recorded by the only team not to use Goodyears.

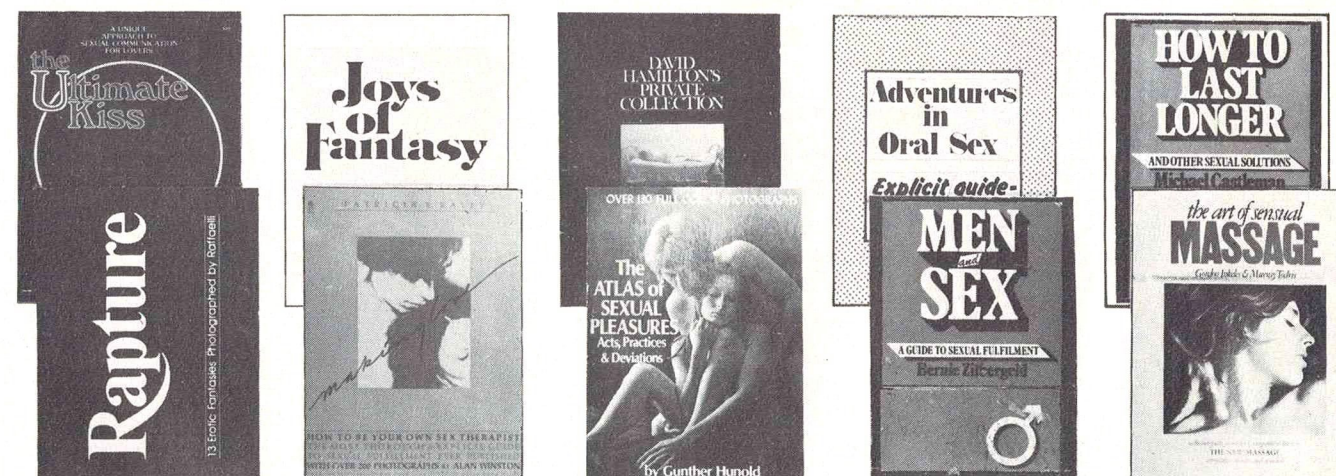
No complaints about the Supersteels. But 52-50 psi might be too high to provide optimum grip. Pressures are dropped to 48-46. On the second lap around the Z-car tail slides out like a drunk on banana skins. The driver swings the steering on to the bump stops on full opposite lock. But still the car continues its pirouette. The errant tail is now where the nose should be, except it's heading for the concrete wall in a cloud of grey rubber smoke. The driver slams on the brakes, tucks in his head and waits for the thump. It doesn't come. The car humps to a stop. The right hand tail-light, glowing red, is 15 centimetres from the wall.

Damage is confined to four flat-spotted Supersteels, courtesy of the none-too-subtle last-ditch braking. It could have been, and should have been, worse. The driver calls it a day. He heads off to place an order for four new tyres. And to do some more thinking.

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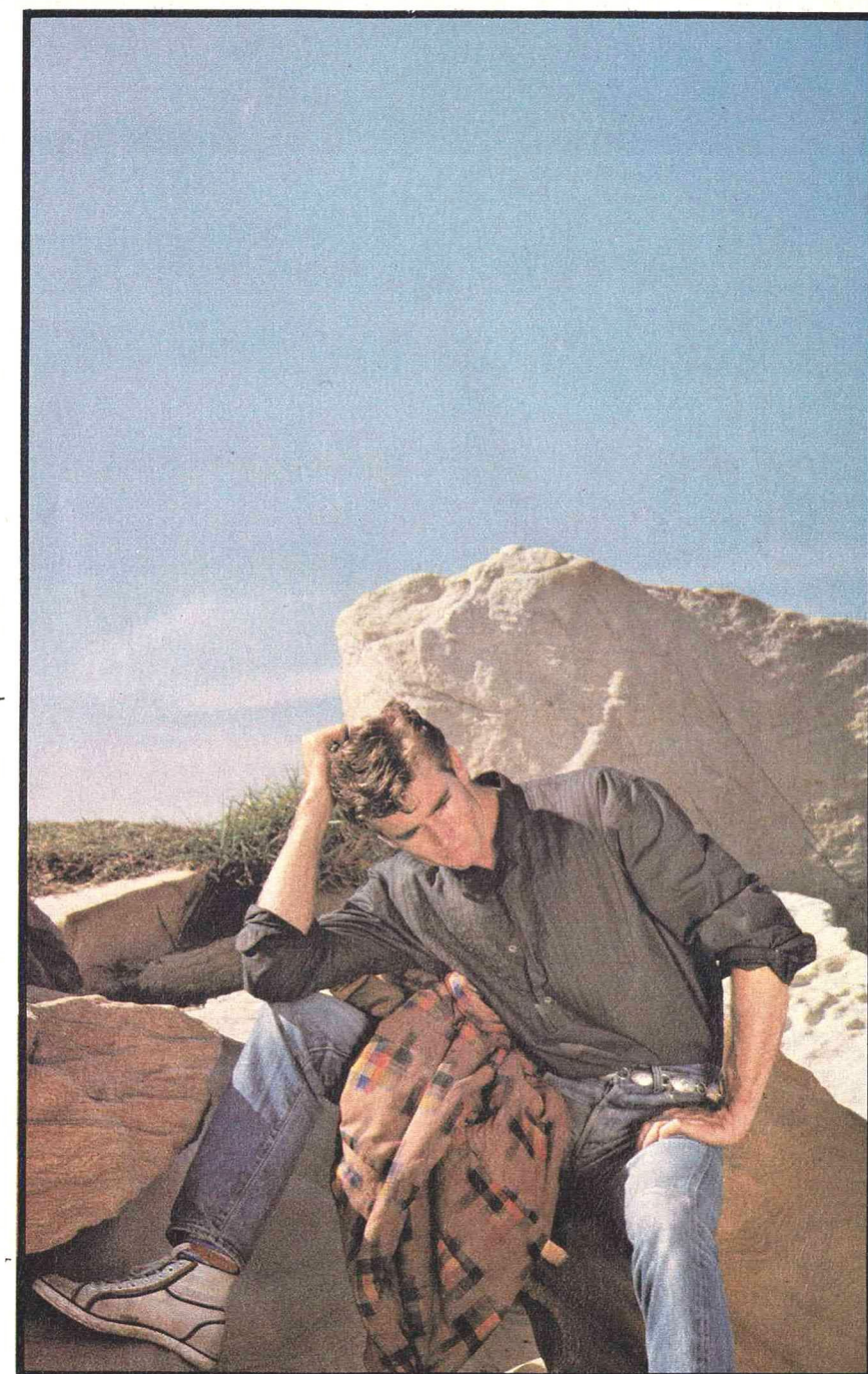
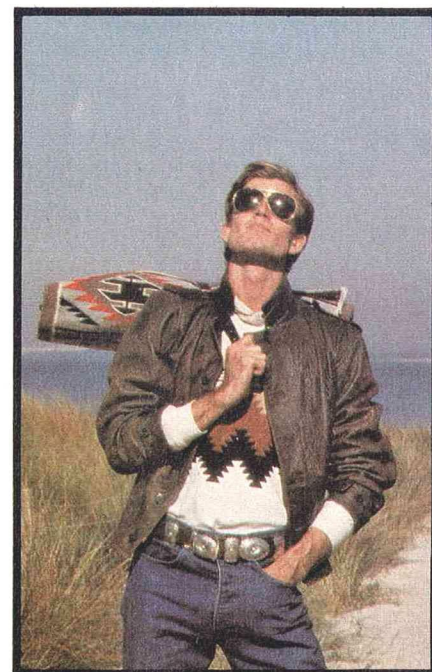
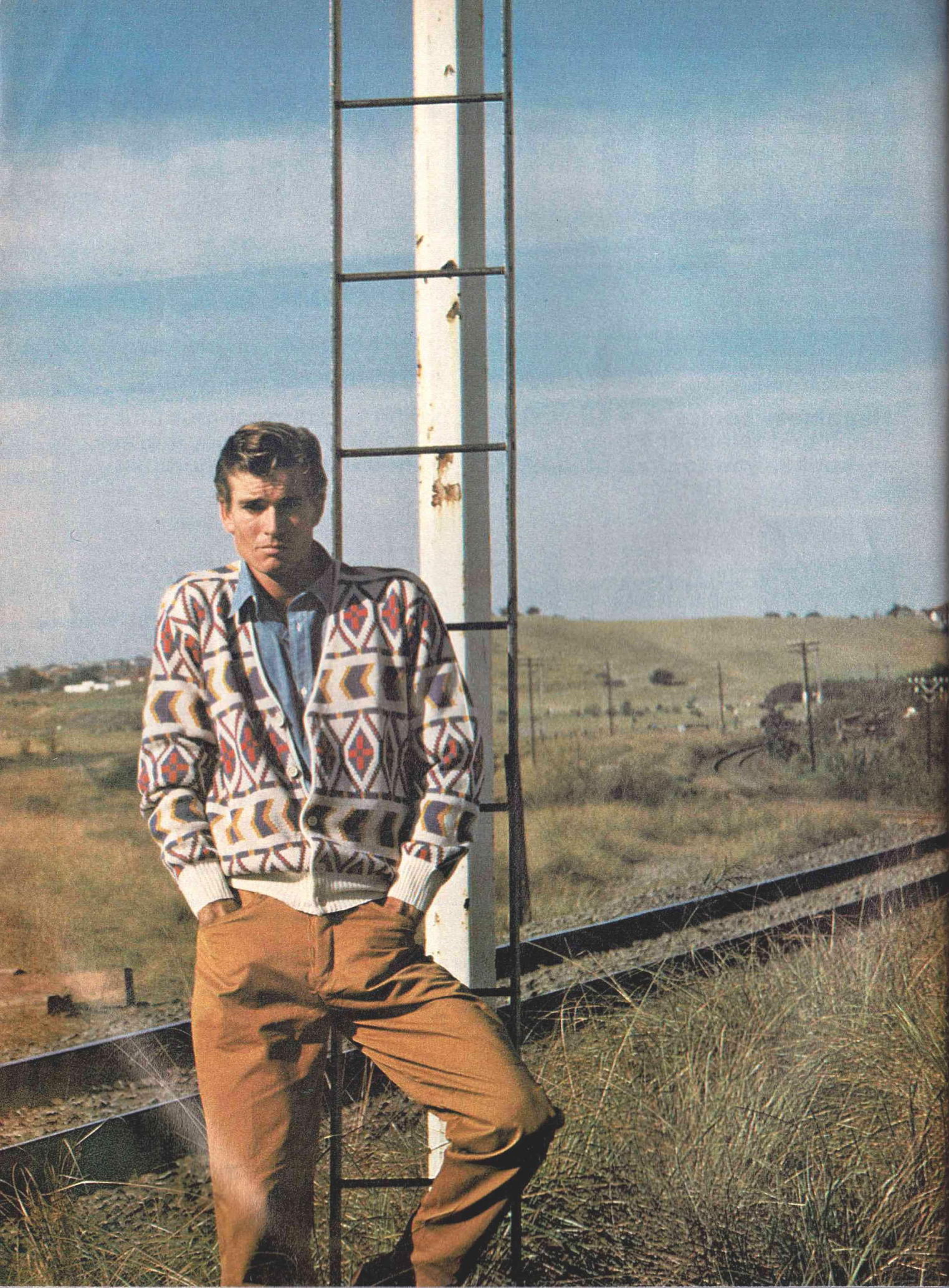
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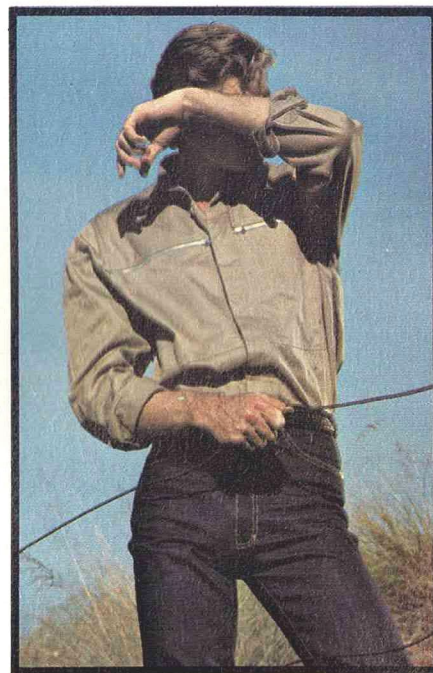
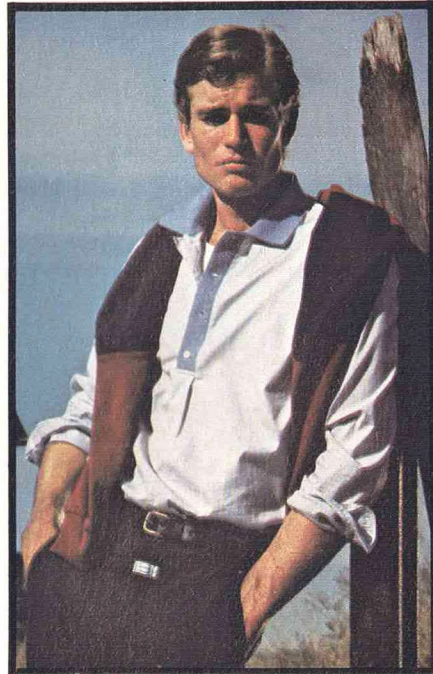
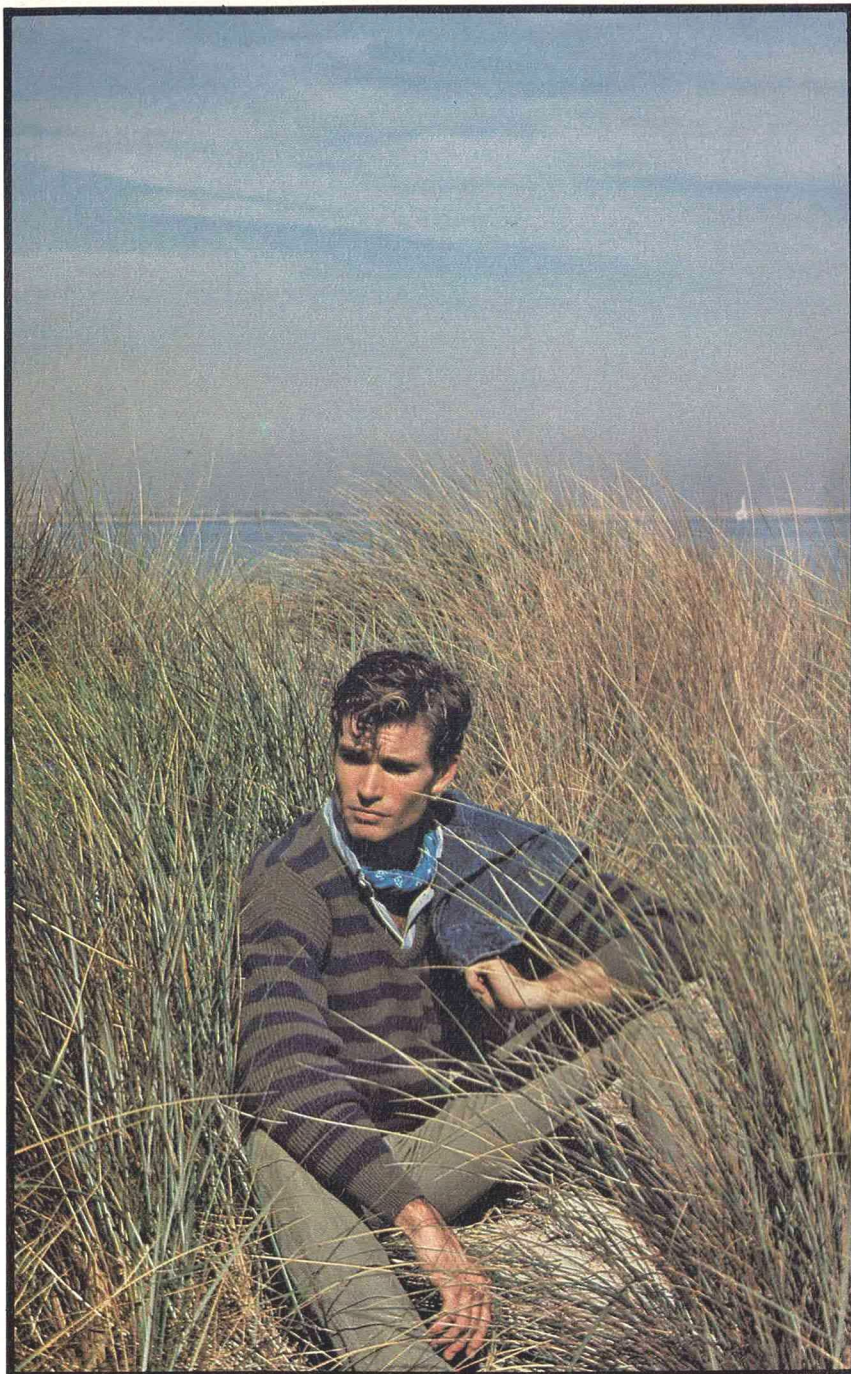


EASY DOES IT

FASHION BY SUE SMITH/PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

There's a simple maxim to casual wear — if it feels good and it looks okay, it's a fair punt. Plain fabrics and garments like denims and bright sweaters can spell great smart casuals. Don't give a damn what anyone says about checks and stripes not working together or any rules as to what goes with what. You're calling the shots here — when it comes to casual wear, it's your approach, your style.

Clockwise from left; Masons' drill pants (\$59) at Masons of Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney. Frisco Town cardigan (\$120) and Contro Vento shirt (\$59) also at Masons; Amco stonewashed denim jeans (\$36.99) and Amco jacket (\$54.99) at Amco stockists across Australia. T-shirt (\$24.95) from Physical, Sydney. Scarf (\$2.50) and belt (\$11) from R.M. Williams stores; Grey pintucked shirt (\$54) and padded jacket (\$125) from Gary Smith, Sydney. Solid silver belt (\$557) from Four Winds Gallery, Sydney; Mashe jeans (\$95) and Valentino T-shirt (\$69) from Five Way Fusion, Sydney. Piero Gesualdi leather jacket (\$380) at Masons. Indian silver belt (\$1000) and Indian rug from Four Winds Gallery. Scarf (\$2.50) from R.M. Williams.



Clockwise from above: Faberge cord jeans (\$37.95) from Grace Bros and Just Jeans in all States. Giorgio Armani shirt (\$120) and sweater (\$189) from Masons in Adelaide, Sydney and Melbourne. Scarf (99c) from Sportsgirl, Sydney and Melbourne. Amco stonewashed jacket (\$54.99); Amco jeans (\$40.99) and sweater (\$36.99). Leather belt (\$11) at R.M. Williams. Giorgio Armani shirt (\$89) at Five Way Fusion, Sydney; Shirt (\$68) from Gary Smith, Sydney. Longhorn moleskins (\$58.50) at R.M. Williams. Indian silver and turquoise belt (\$775) at Four Winds Gallery, Sydney. Norsewear sweater (\$71.35) and Jansport Back 2 (\$27.65) from Mountain Equipment, Sydney; Shirt (\$54) from Gary Smith, Sydney. Faberge denim jeans (\$35.95) from Grace Bros and Just Jeans in all States. ○—■



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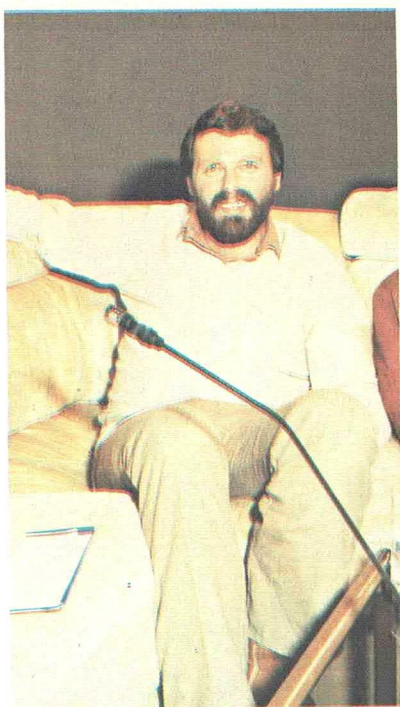
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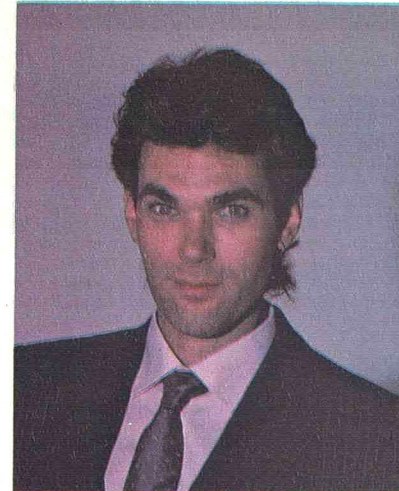
GLENN A. BAKER

He has a head full of musical trivia, he talks like a machine gun, he works like a coolie and he's currently carving a comfortable niche for himself in the media. Glenn A. Baker, Australia's foremost rock historian, is everywhere. He holds down three regular radio spots in Sydney and Melbourne, rattles out music columns for the local and international press, edits the new *Countdown Magazine*, is making a killing with his third book (*The Beatles Down Under*) and his jovial Mormon mug is cropping up with alarming frequency on our small screens. A cohort of Baker's observed that even by hopping a jet out of the country you can't escape the ubiquitous GAB. Qantas in-flight entertainment includes a four-hour series on the history of modern music compiled and narrated by you-know-who. Baker says his preoccupation with flat black plastic stems from his early teens when, as a child of a broken home, he was shuffled through 18 different schools in 10 years. Never having the chance to make many friends, he had a love affair with his phonograph. Today, at 30, he is the proud daddy of 15,000 albums, "God knows how many singles" and countless music books. He had to build an extra storey on his home to accommodate the stuff. Baker says he's got three more books in the pipeline as he works his way toward the Great Australian Novel. He has one twinkling eye firmly fixed on a TV music chat show and he's just completed two pilot music programs. If the TV powers that be give the nod we'll be seeing even more of this Bill Collins of the pop world. If they don't, it's London to a brick Baker will keep plugging away till he gets there.



PATTI MOSTYN

People who are in the know in the entertainment industry will tell you there's not much point bringing an overseas act to Australia unless you've hired Patti Mostyn to do the publicity. Holding court in an office wallpapered with autographed photos of some of the dozens of stars she's promoted, Ms Mostyn — cigarette in a short-stemmed holder in one hand; telephone still ringing with the voice of Elton John, who's just hung up after a lengthy chat, in the other — shrugs off that suggestion with a laugh. Patti Mostyn sells people, and over the last few years they've included just about every major act to hit our shores, from Rod Stewart, Willie Nelson, Cliff Richards, Elton John and the Doobie Brothers to Frank Sinatra, Michael Parkinson and the women's indoor tennis championship players. She started her career in the entertainment industry as secretary to Johnny O'Keefe, moving on to work in the same capacity for Don Lane and then Harry M. Miller when he was doing big shows like *Hair* and *Jesus Christ Superstar*. Then she set up her own company and diversified into the rock music and sporting fields with remarkable success. Although she is dealing daily with the stars, Ms Mostyn has never developed their typically egotistical affectations, and this is why she works so well with them. "Some people in publicity start to think they're more important than the personalities they promote," she says. "As far as I'm concerned, the performer is never wrong." The perks of the profession are enviable. Entrepreneurs have been very generous in showing their appreciation for her efforts on their behalf. A little while back, Ms Mostyn opened a letter and found two Qantas tickets and an invitation to spend two weeks off the coast of Southern France on Robert Stigwood's yacht. . . a very pleasant surprise. Mostyn's high-powered, no-bullshit approach has won her the friendship of a variety of VIPs and after 11 years in the business, the lady's indispensable talents have elevated her to the same status as that of the people she promotes.



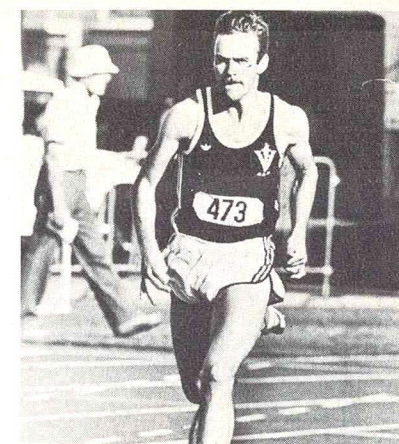
MARC HUNTER

I'm revoltingly mellow at the moment," joked Marc Hunter, the former *enfant terrible* of Oz pop-rock. As lead singer with Dragon, Hunter was guilty of assaulting their audiences — who were still in the final throes of the teen hysteria phenomenon — with the deadly pop anathema-sarcasm. The "five-way joke that lasted four years" has obviously been deemed good for a laugh again. Dragon rears its head around the Sydney pubs for a couple of weeks this month, ostensibly for a few good times with some refund friends taking leave from their own current projects — but there are also some lingering bills from that period. Hunter was sacked by the band in 1979 for being a drunken ratbag, and they never recovered from his absence. The revival is, however, definitely temporary. His solo career has cost too much sweat and he doesn't want to go back to doing mostly other people's songs. For two years Hunter did virtually no performing and has toured for only six months out of the last 18. He has been hard at work developing himself as a singer/songwriter, and developing a reliable stage craft to prevent a reversion to the old habits of excessive chemical stimulus. A new album has just been completed and, after the Dragon exercise, the Marc Hunter Band will tour constantly for the rest of the year. Gone are the days of sending the rented Rolls down to the corner for a burger. "I want to earn my success this time around," he claims, eager to shoulder the responsibilities of a new career — responsibilities that evaporated with Dragon's burgeoning success. Then, the only remaining reality was the 90-minute period on stage. The rest of the time was a void lived out in hotel rooms around the country. The new Marc Hunter is noticeably avoiding the air of self-destruction that used to pervade a Dragon gig — he's even quite personable, if fairly static, on stage these days. An intuitive, charismatic showman comes to terms with developing his performance craft and refines some great pop-rock in the process.



DI DREW

The US Congress may have smothered the voice of women in defeating the Equal Rights Amendment, but when it comes to the opposite sex — gentler or otherwise — voicing their own in the Australian film industry, it is definitely no contest. Di Drew, co-director with Chris Thompson of the ABC's 50th anniversary mini-series *1915*, not only takes on the task of guiding two lusty outback boys through the Great Adventure of the war-to-end-all-wars, but in doing so digs her own trench in the unisexual battlefield of Oz film. Winner of both the Greater Union Award (1980 Sydney Film Festival) and Certificate of Merit (1980 Chicago Film Festival) for her short *Tread Softly*, the former Australian Film and Television School diploma major lines up alongside Patricia Lovell, Gillian Armstrong and Margaret Fink as proof positive of woman's power base in the business. Having sold *1915* to every major television market around the globe, Di Drew is able to slot her substantial talent into an international frame, adding to the kudos Australian feature films and television productions have been attracting in recent times. For this strong-minded, quiet professional, that frame will soon take on cinema-size proportions when she makes the move from the small to the big screen with her first feature. A long way for the one-time purchasing clerk at the Hydro-Electric Commission to have come, via a string of experience-building repertory stage productions, a diploma in speech and drama at Trinity College, London, three years at the Film and Television School and a founding role (then co-Artistic Director) for the Gallery Theatre, Hobart. Motivating force for Di Drew is to inject *passion* into our films: an element she is convinced is lacking, to the detriment of film-makers and their audience.



RICK MITCHELL

Rick Mitchell is the mystery man of Australian athletics, but that won't be the case for much longer. Mitchell, you may remember, was the 400-metre runner who carried all our hopes for a gold medal in track and field at Moscow. His second placing in the final was a magnificent effort — the first Australian track and field medal since Raelene Boyle's two silvers at Munich — yet for Mitchell it just wasn't good enough. He was shattered by the defeat, particularly because he knew he could have won it had he not completely misjudged the pace. "I blew it," he said after that race. "I felt like strangling myself with the ribbon." Returning to Melbourne, he had to look for work because he'd quit his previous job 12 months prior to Moscow in order to concentrate on training. Sadly, no job was forthcoming. "I was disappointed and disillusioned that nobody would take me on. All I really wanted was a chance." He packed his bags and flew to England, drifting out of the sport which should have made him a household name in 1980. Mitchell didn't compete in a single event for one year; then, two months ago at London's Crystal Palace, he ran a relay leg, struggling home in a slow time but finding a new motivation in the cheers of the crowd and the excitement of competition. The 28-year-old athlete quit his job and, aiming initially to prepare himself for a defence of his Commonwealth 400 metres title in Brisbane in October, he quietly slipped into a private training camp. He knows he has work in front of him; Mitchell will have to chop around a second and a half from his last reported time if he's going to make it. But he's young enough, proud enough and talented enough to do it. The only stumbling block is his belief that he has once reached the mountain and failed to conquer it — although nobody else in the world would consider that effort at Moscow a failure. Perhaps that's the essential difference between a world-class athlete and an ordinary one, and maybe it's also a good reason to suppose that Rick Mitchell will be there when they're handing out the medals in Brisbane.

Sweet Chastity

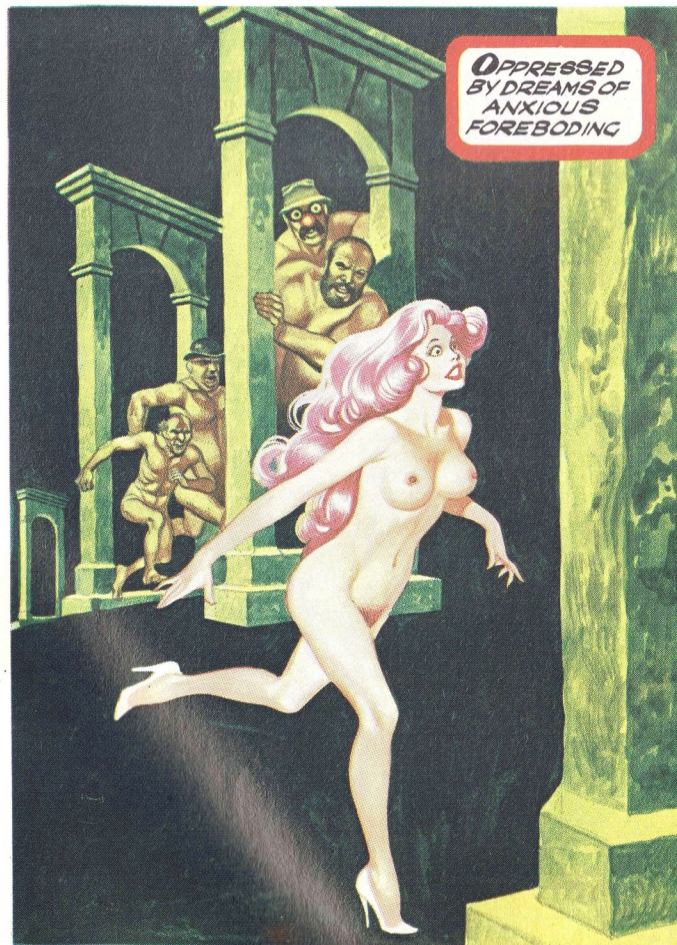


by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE





As the drug takes effect, Chastity drifts into a deep and troubled sleep



Oppressed by dreams of anxious foreboding



Pursued by dark menacing forms and of falling towards some fearful future!



Next morning all is forgotten. Chastity awakes, refreshed and happy.....

Morning? It's 11:30 - alright for some people!



Lighting the gloomy castle with the radiance of her personality

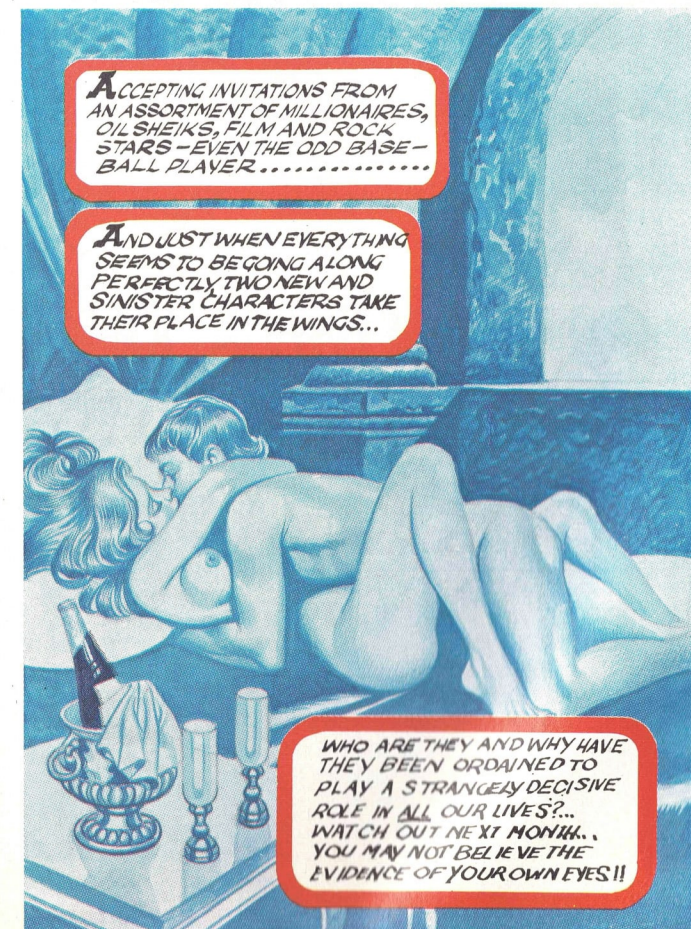
Good morning all! It's lovely out there in the swamp - full of wild flowers!

D'you know - I never thought of it that way!



I'm not really dressed for a sports car!

No sweat! I'll trade it in for something else on the way to town!



Accepting invitations from an assortment of millionaires, oil sheiks, film and rock stars - even the odd base-ball player.....

And just when everything seems to be going along perfectly two new and sinister characters take their place in the wings...

Who are they and why have they been ordained to play a strangely decisive role in all our lives?... Watch out next month... you may not believe the evidence of your own eyes!!

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY BEN BOVA

The author is the editorial director of *Omni*, a Penthouse sister publication. He has written over 50 books, his latest being *Voyagers* (a novel) and *The High Road*.

WALKING THE PLANK IN OUTER SPACE

This month a handful of American space-agency officials and State Department officers will travel to Vienna to attend the United Nations conference on "Peaceful Uses of Outer Space." There they will be faced with the space-age equivalent of the question: "Are you still beating your wife?"

The UN has sponsored several world conferences over the past decade on subjects such as technology, food production and international communications. These conferences follow a predictable format: the Third World nations demand that the industrialised nations give them more high technology, more food, more control over international communications. If they don't give in, the industrialised "rich" countries are pictured as evil, grasping neocolonialists. The Third World nations, by virtue of being poor (despite the fact that their membership includes most of the OPEC nations), are supposedly the virtuous victims of capitalist greed.

The Second World nations — Soviet Russia and its satellites — sit back and watch the fun, and quietly cause trouble.

The American delegation to the upcoming UNISPACE 82 conference is going to Vienna full of enthusiasm over the highly visible, highly successful US space shuttle. But instead of being the envy of the world (or maybe because they are), the Americans will be sandbagged by Third World and Russian propaganda painting the American space program as selfish, militaristic and "piratical."

Why is it that the US, with the world's only reusable spacecraft and a space program that is wide open to the world's scrutiny, is going into this UN conference as a clownish villain, destined to be hit in the face with a large, messy pie?

Why is it that the Soviets, who apparently have a missile-armed satellite already in orbit, are able to get away with blaming America for militarising outer space?

The Russians have worked for several years to achieve this situation. Their plans apparently took shape once they realised that the oft-delayed US space shuttle was going to be a success.

They orchestrated the following sequence of events:

April 1981: The space shuttle *Columbia* makes its first flight, launched from Kennedy Space Flight Centre on the 20th anniversary of Yuri Gagarin's first manned orbital mission. Soviet news coverage of the flight makes no mention of the *Columbia's* size or weight or of the altitude of its orbit. Instead, *Pravda* and other Russian media harp on the military nature of the shuttle. *Red Star*, the official newspaper of the Red Army, says: "Pentagon [officials] are gleefully rubbing their hands — after all . . . the Pentagon sees the shuttle in the role of an omnipotent and insatiable space pirate."

A few days after *Columbia's* first landing, Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev piously pronounces, "May the shoreless cosmic ocean be pure and free of weapons of any kind." This, despite the fact that the Russians rejected earlier American proposals to ban all weapons from space. This, despite the fact

that since the late 1960s the Soviets have flown an anti-satellite killer system that blows up target satellites in orbit.

May 1981: General Alexei A. Leonov, chief of the Soviet cosmonaut corps, implies in a speech in Ulan Bator, Mongolia, that military satellites are fair game for Soviet anti-satellite weapons.

Also in May 1981, the Russian delegation to the UN objects to having Marvin Robinson, an American, become director of the Outer Space Affairs Division of the UN's Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space (COPUOS), the committee responsible for organising the UNISPACE 82 conference in Vienna. Kurt Waldheim, at that time still hoping to be re-elected UN Secretary-General, refuses to make a decision in the controversy. The US announces it will not attend UNISPACE 82 unless a satisfactory decision is made.

The controversy drags on for months, to be resolved only after Waldheim's bid for re-election fails. The US finally decides to attend the Vienna conference, and in January 1982 begins preparing for it, having lost months of time to bring together the right people and plan an effective representation.

June 1981: The Russians launch an unmanned satellite, *Cosmos 1267*. After an impressive number of orbital manoeuvres, the satellite is linked automatically to the Soviet space station, *Salyut 6*, which has been unoccupied by cosmonauts since April 1981. *Salyut 6* is a 21-tonne space station that was launched in 1977 and almost continuously occupied by two to four cosmonauts for more than four years. *Cosmos 1267* is a 15-tonne vehicle. In October 1981, *Aviation Week* magazine leaks US intelligence reports that *Cosmos 1267* is armed with missiles capable of destroying other satellites — including the space shuttle.

The US government has not confirmed these reports, although privately, administration officials admit that they are true.

August 1981: The Soviet delegation in the UN introduces a draft treaty calling for a total ban on all weapons in space. It refers specifically to the space shuttle as a weapon.

September 1981: At the annual meeting of the International Astronautical Federation, in Rome, the Russian diplomatic offensive against the shuttle moves into high gear, characterising the American space program as strictly a military operation.

B.G. Dudakov, a ranking member of the Soviet delegation, says: "American strategists' plans as regards handling other States' satellites in orbit can be characterised as piratic in essence. It seems as though some people are striving for the 'laurels' of such notorious sea-pirates of the past as John Hawkins, Francis Drake, Walter Railey [sic]."

Dudakov further says, "Without the consent of the State holding jurisdiction over the space object in orbit, not a single State is permitted either to investigate . . . or to get too close to them, violating a certain distance limit . . ."

•The US has no weapons in space. The Russians do. By the time the conference ends, the Soviets may well have convinced most of the world that they are entitled to take the offensive in space against the piratical Yankees

In other words, the Soviets are insisting that no-one may touch their satellites, inspect them, or even get to within an unspecified distance of them.

Vladlen Vereschetin, a member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences' branch on law (law is a science in the USSR, not an art), speaking at the same IAF conference in Rome, calls for a four-point program to strengthen and codify international space law. But he also says that while any astronaut in distress should be rescued and returned to his home country by any nation capable of making the rescue, military astronauts might not be returned as quickly as civilians.

The Soviets originally insisted on the immediate repatriation of rescued cosmonauts, in the 1972 accord on the rescue and return of astronauts. They were explicit: if a cosmonaut lands outside the USSR or is rescued in space by another nation, they want that cosmonaut returned home at once, even if he asks for political asylum in the rescuer's nation.

Now the Soviets are saying that a military astronaut might be detained. And of course, *they*, the Soviets, will decide who is a military astronaut, and which space missions are military in nature.

August 1982: The UNISPACE 82 conference convenes in Vienna. The purpose of this conference is to foster the peaceful utilisation of space technology, primarily for the benefit of the developing nations of the Third World. These nations, which have pushed the Moon Treaty, the Law of the Sea Treaty, and other legalistic moves aimed at establishing a "new world economic order," are seeking to gain the benefits of technology developed in the industrialised nations. One of their aims is to control the development of space resources through a UN bureaucracy that will monitor all space activities. At the Vienna conference, they want to explore political issues, such as the militarisation of space, ownership of the geosynchronous orbit (where communications satellites now generate billions of dollars' worth of revenues each year), and control of the data from Landsats and other observing satellites.

The US delegation, having had only a few months to prepare a rational American position, will be faced with Third World demands for a bigger slice of the wealth generated from space operations and for ever-increasing control of space technology. Meanwhile, the Russians will be sitting in the background, whispering that the American space program is "piratical in essence" and that it is strictly a front for the Pentagon.

The US has no weapons in space. The Russians do. By the time the Vienna conference ends, the Soviets may well have convinced most of the world — including many gullible Americans — that they are entitled to take the offensive in space against the piratical Yankees.

The space shuttle is their target. If the Russians cannot stop it through diplomatic machinations, they may be prepared to destroy it with missiles. ☐

SPORTS



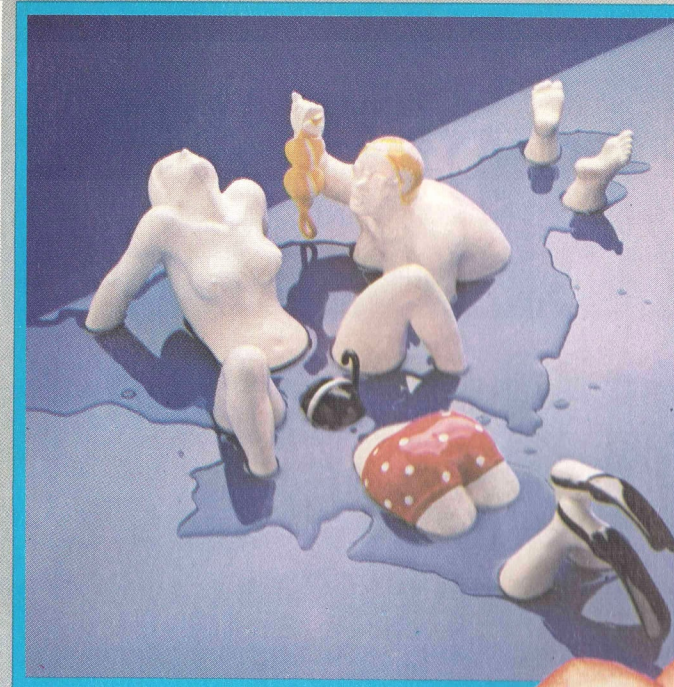
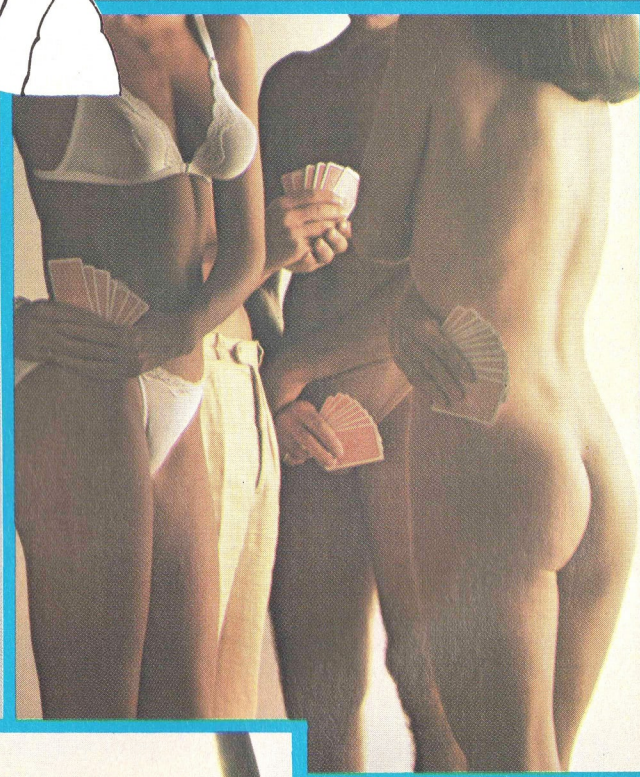
Eye injuries in sport are a growing problem for active Aussies. Tennis ace Bjorn Borg has lent his name to a range of sports sunnies which adapt to shock and temperature changes. In many styles and colors they're at Buckley's, Melbourne, Furley's, Sydney and Reflections, Brisbane.

If you can keep your gear on while those around you are losing theirs, you're a better man than I am, Gungadin. Apart from that you'll be a winner in Strip Jack. It's a deviated version of the old game, now including Pleasure and Punishment options. It costs \$11.95 and is available through William Moore Agencies on (03) 429 2144.

Jojoba (pronounced 'hohoba') is being touted as the miracle bean. Amongst ner things it's found its way into a range of shampoos by Sharyss. For about \$4.95 it's worth a try for scalp disorders and dandruff.



Japanese lacquer ware has been crafted since before the 3rd Century BC, so the Nips have had plenty of time to get it right. Lacquer objects make artistic gifts for yourself or others and Jeeburra on (03) 819 2108 have one of the widest ranges in Australia.

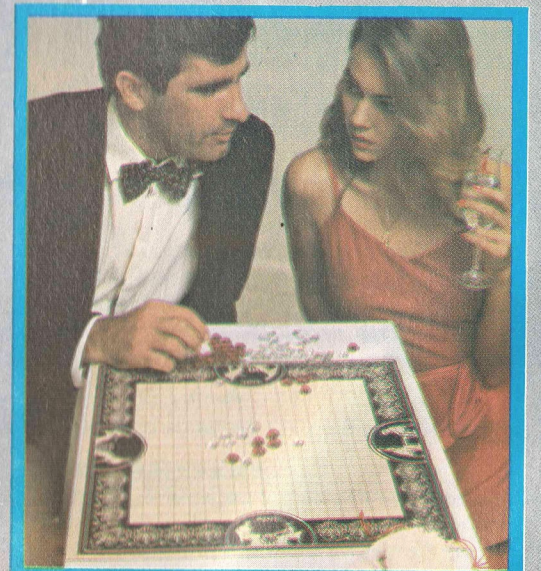


It's called adjustable sculpture — fun, decorative ornaments that appear to swim or melt into your coffee table. Distributors, Saywell Imports, tell us there are optional extras in the pipeline. They've got us guessing. Available across Australia.

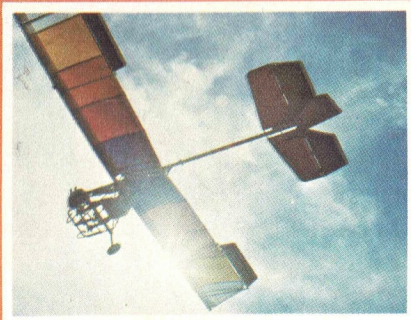


Self-taught sculptor and weaver, Eberhard Franke, recently exhibited his bronze and black coral sculptures in Sydney. His erotic works, priced from \$90, must be seen to be believed. His artistry is available through the Woollahra Art Gallery, Sydney on (02) 32 9947.

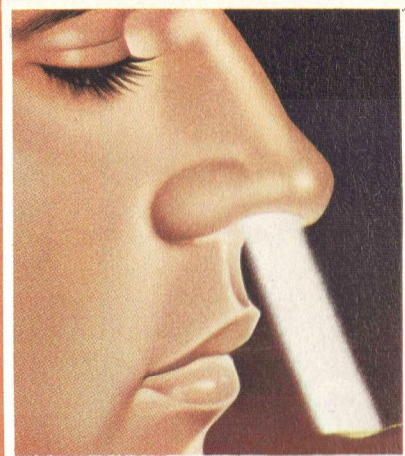
Yank trendies have gone apeshit over a game called Pente ('Pentay') and it's threatening to overtake Backgammon as the coolest way to fritter away an idle evening. It's just lobbed here and it's available for \$29.95.



A new way to ski without snow or ski boots is Techni-ski. Keeps those ski muscles in tone in the off-season and it's great fun. More info from Peter Taylor on (02) 44 4678.



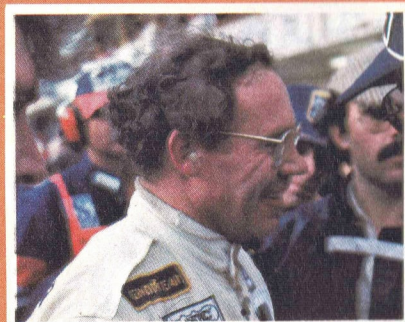
MINIMAL FLYING



COCAINE



PET OF THE MONTH



ALLAN MOFFAT

Who Owns Australia? — October *Penthouse* addresses this question by examining the effect on the Australian economy of a huge influx of foreign capital during the last four years. Foreign investment is a vital issue for all Australians, for while they dance to the tune of the Advance Australia television commercial campaign, they are becoming tenants in their own land. If you care about what happens to your country, don't miss this revealing story.

Pet of the Year Finals — You're invited to help choose the *Penthouse* Pet of the Year next month when we present new pictorials of the four Pets we've chosen as finalists. It's the ultimate glamor prize, and we want your vote on this year's selection of gorgeous gals.

The Great Bolivian Cocaine Scam — Bolivia runs on cocaine. Its government is vitally aware of that fact, which means that when agents of the US Drug Enforcement Administration recently pulled off the greatest sting operation in narcotics history, they ran into more than they'd bargained for. The full story of that marvellous scam and its unexpected results appears in October *Penthouse*.

Being on the Dole — It was never like this. A satirical study of what "dole bludging" really means these days, when every shonky rip-off merchant tries to lure the unwary into his clutches through the classified pages. If you're reading these lines in a newsagent because you can't afford the magazine, this article will definitely appeal to you.

Minimal Flying — October *Penthouse* looks at the new breed who've taken a giant step backward, to the days when you didn't need a licence to learn how to fly and getting airborne was a seat-of-the-pants experience. Taking to the skies in a "minimum aircraft" costs about \$2000, but before you start spraying the bucks around, remember that the method is purely trial and error.

Allan Moffat Interview — *Penthouse* talks to the early favorite for this year's James Hardy 1000 at Bathurst. Moffat is a big chance with a big mouth to match.

Pet of the Month — Bernadette Bryant, an 18-year-old brunette from Queensland, fills next month's centre pages with some outrageous statements and a body that backs them up, while at the other end of the spectrum the voluptuous 30-year-old Donna Barnes provides a lovely spectacle.

In the Flesh

Continued from page 109

"Wonderful," said Grossman, turning a page. "Very novel, very nice."

Fielding blinked.

It was unbelievable.

He stared at Grossman's fingers, those fat hairy tubes, saw them moving with surprising daintiness, touching the pages so lightly, an awed collector holding a Gutenberg Bible, a priceless jewel.

"Ah," said Grossman, reading. "Very elegant, very cleverly turned."

And the lip-smacking? The nose? The ear? The burp? The fart?

Grossman sat in his chair as graceful as Fred Astaire, as impeccable as an English king, reading Fielding's manuscript with joy and respect.

"Beautiful," said Grossman. And he was quick. In 30 minutes it was done.

"Ah," he said, putting down the last page. "What a pleasure."

He smiled up at Fielding, and then bashfully down, in awe of such talent.

"Very clever," Fielding thought, rallying quickly. "Very clever. What an act. Bloody Jews. You have to hand it to them. And now, having flattered me in his slimy way, he'll beat me down, make me haggle, force me to grovel in front of him before he peels off some greasy notes and flings them in my face. Dirty little Jew!"

Grossman stood up.

Fielding quickly the same.

Grossman opened a drawer.

"Thank you, Professor," he said. "A pleasure to deal with you."

And handed Fielding a brick of fifties so new they were like glass in his hand.

And twice the amount, at least, that Fielding had imagined in his wildest dreams.

Fielding was speechless.

Grossman bowed, showing him to the door.

Fielding began to cross to the elevator. The secretary at her desk glowed with freshness, smiled like a rose.

Fielding smiled in return, pressing the button to go down.

And then Grossman spoke again.

"Oh, Professor?" he called lightly.

Fielding turned.

"I wonder if next time," said Grossman, his voice a poem, "we could have just a little bit more . . . twat?"

Grossman's smile the epitome of politeness.

"If it's not too much trouble?"

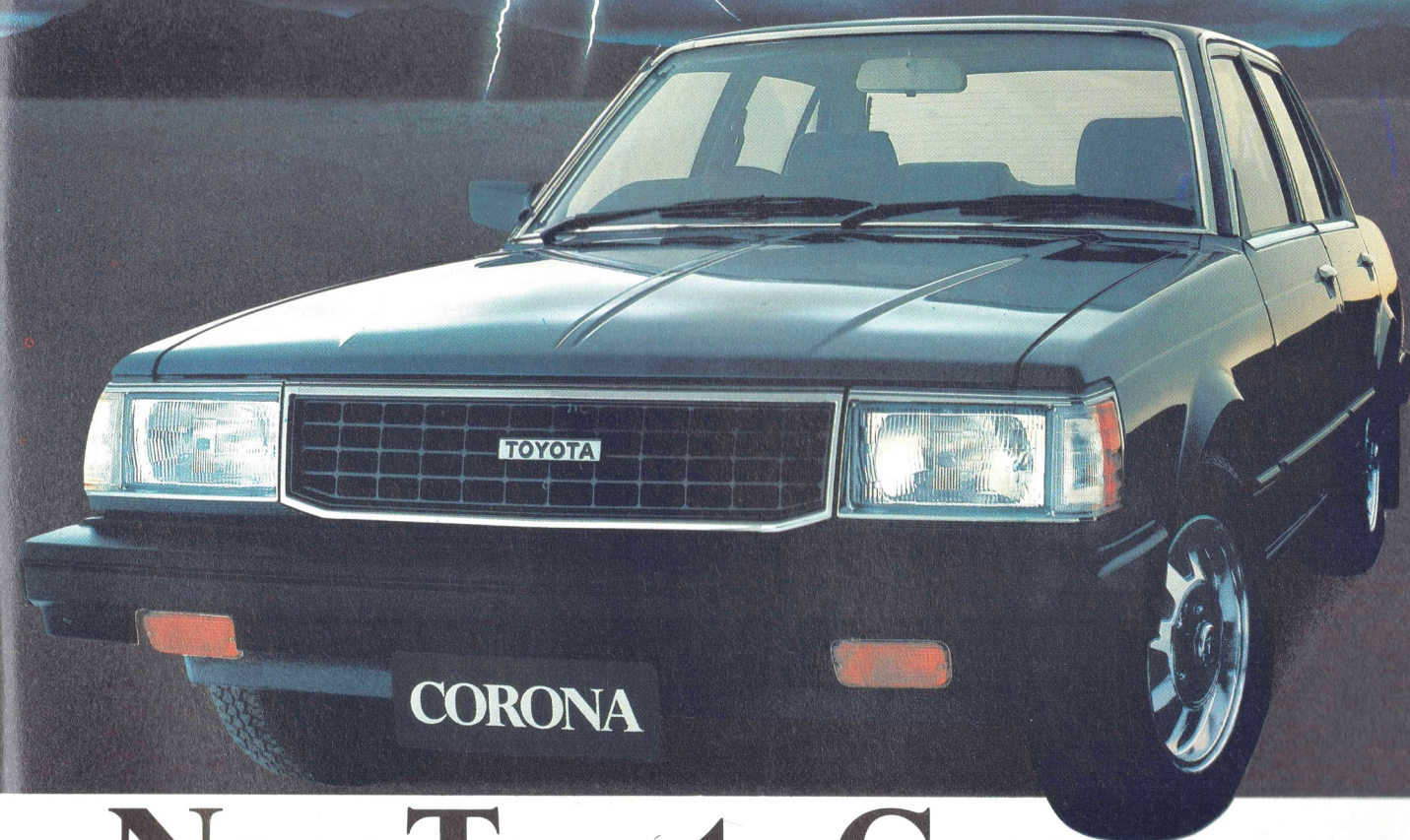
The eyes like death.

"Professor?"

STOCKISTS

Centrefold: Photography by Warwick Gibson. Clothes from Blochs, Sydney; Joan Barrie; Sydney; The Bead Company, Paddington, Sydney; Sportsgirl, Sydney and Melbourne.

The shock of the new.



New Toyota Corona.

You'll find some startling changes between the new Corona and its predecessors. Style strikes you immediately — refined lines with improved aerodynamics for less drag and greater fuel efficiency.

Inside, space is the big surprise. More headroom, greater rear passenger legroom and new, body contoured seats. The steering wheel and dash are also new, with highly styled dials for easy readability.

Out on the road, further revelations. Precise handling, thanks to Toyota Suspension Tuning, smooth, dependable 1.9 litre power and a quietness of ride that betters anything in its class.

The top-of-the-line XX model gets 5 speed transmission



matched to an all new 2 litre power plant with an alloy cross-flow head and electronic ignition. And the CS model has the option of 5-speed manual transmission.

The new Toyota Corona goes anywhere in style. And adds up to something special for you. With all you want and something more. Toyota quality. You can't get it anywhere else. Optional extra: Toyota Air factory integrated air conditioning.

Something special for you.

TOYOTA

AMF8271



John Player Special
Some things in life have a special quality